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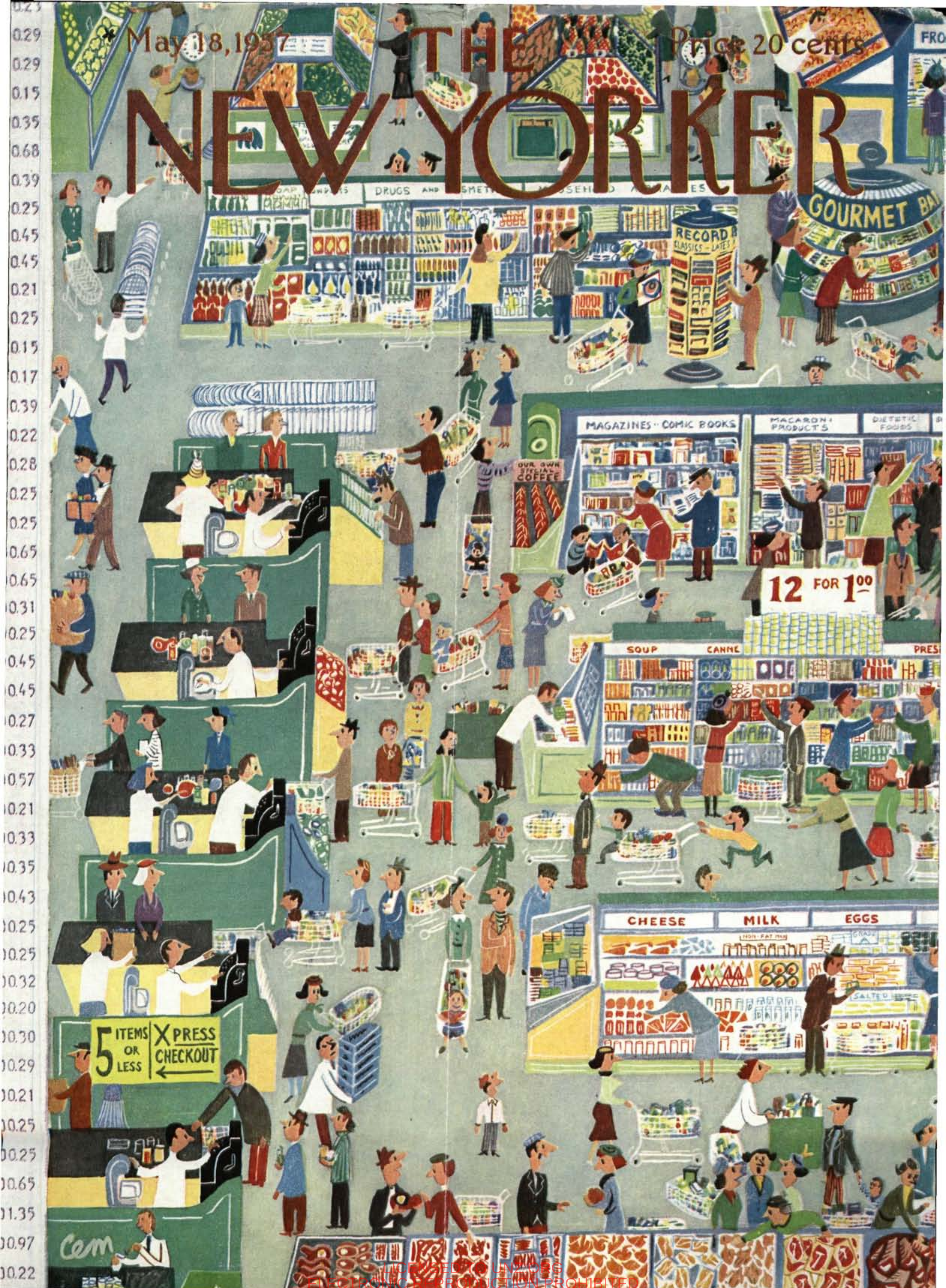
THE NEW YORKER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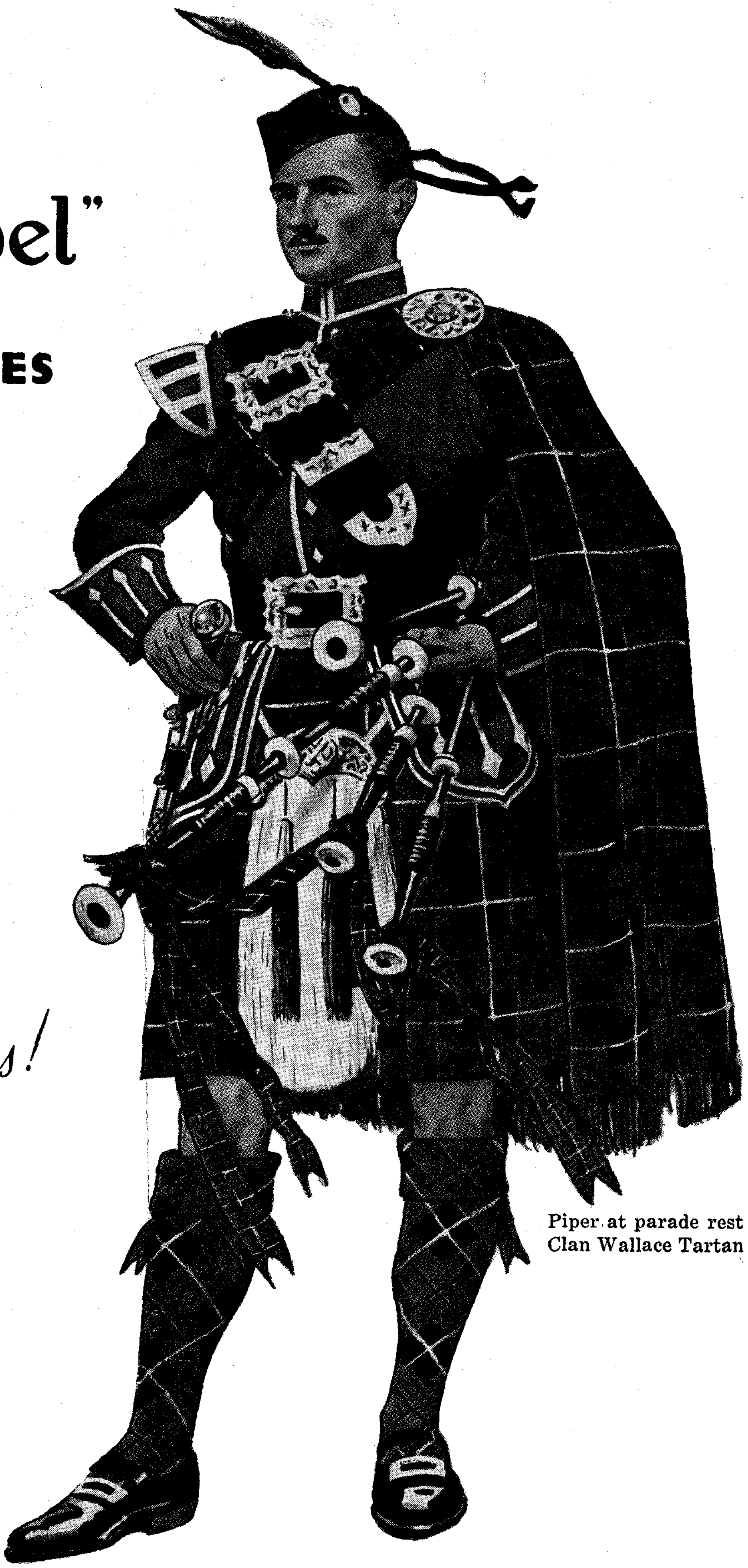

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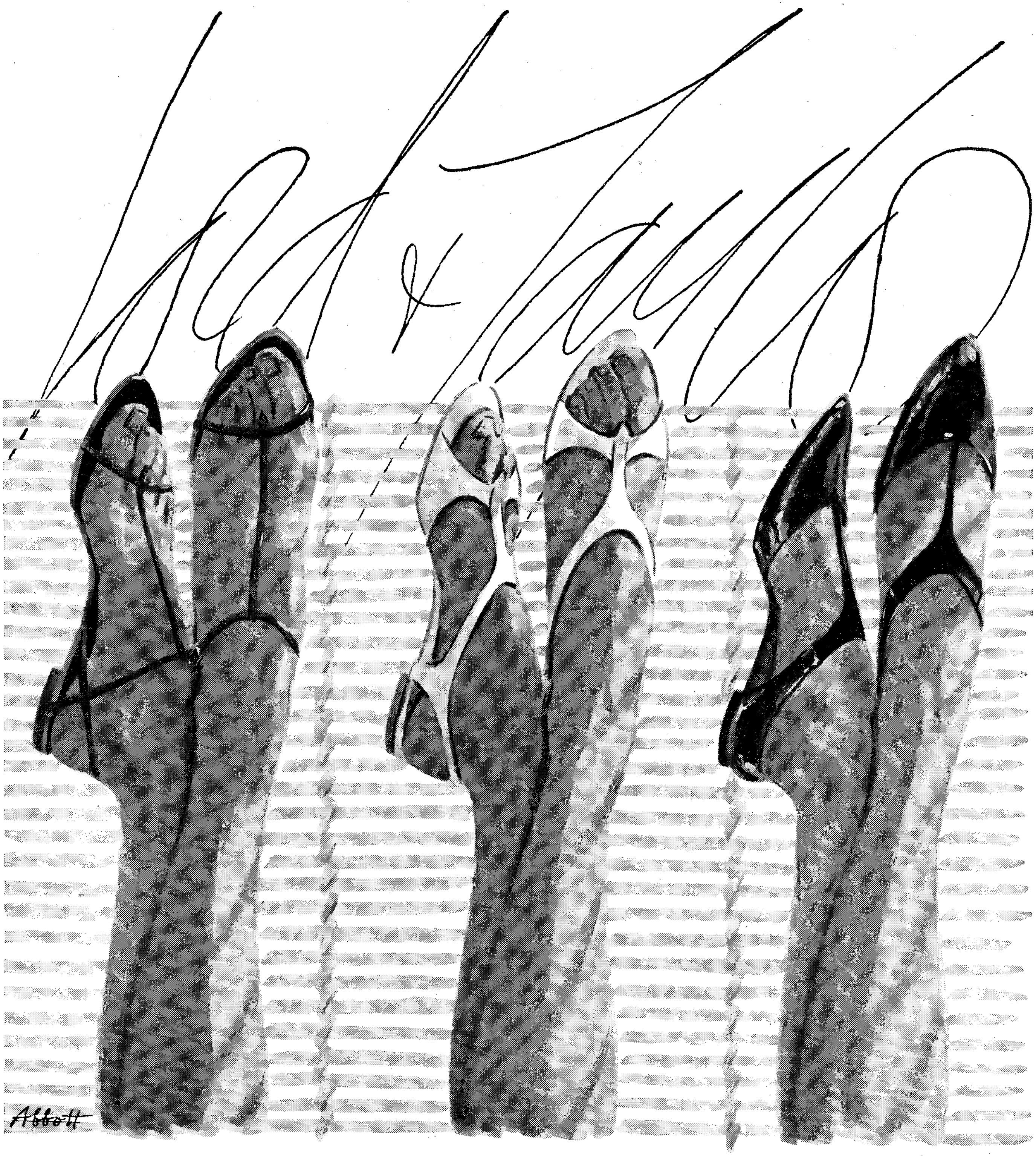

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Auntie Mame—Rosalind Russell is entrancing as the unorthodox heroine of this comedy, but it is just possible that the piece itself is a bit too arch to satisfy everybody. Adapted by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee from a novel by Patrick Dennis, the play also has Polly Rowles, Marian Winters, Robert Higgins, and Peggy Cass in its cast. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The First Gentleman—Norman Ginsbury's play about the Prince Regent who later became George IV is a rather baffling mixture of low comedy and wracking pathos, and is not quite successful on either score. Walter Slezak appears in the title role. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 18.)

The Happiest Millionaire—Kyle Crichton's adaptation of a book about the Biddles of Philadelphia, which he wrote with one of them, is occasionally funny but generally pretty laborious. Walter Pidgeon plays the freewheeling hero, and among his assistants are Ruth Matteson, Ruth White, Diana van der Vlis, and George Grizzard. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Hole in the Head—Paul Douglas is fine as a good-natured slob in Arnold Schulman's rather dull and inconclusive play about a fellow whose family considers him unfit to bring up his son, and there are other admirable performances by David Burns, Kay Medford, Joyce Van Patten, Lee Grant, and Tommy White. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Hotel Paradiso—This wild French farce, adapted by Peter Glenville from an 1886 original, hasn't quite the style of "The Matchmaker," but it is still very funny. Bert Lahr, at the top of his form, heads a cast that includes Angela Lansbury, John Emery, Vera Pearce, and Douglas Byng. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—Eugene O'Neill's monumental attempt to understand the tragedies of his youth makes an impressive and disturbing play. Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Bradford Dillman, and Jason Robards, Jr., are all superb as members of the haunted family, and José Quintero's direction is brilliant. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize and of an award from the Drama Critics Circle for the best American play of the year. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.)

Major Barbara—A really first-rate presentation of Shaw's comedy about poverty considered as a crime. Charles Laughton, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Burgess Meredith, Anne Jackson, and Eli Wallach head the cast, which Mr. Laughton directed, and the delightful sets were created by Donald Oenslager. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 18.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—Eugene O'Neill is writing this time about his alcoholic elder brother and the farm girl who tried to save him, but the play is by far the least effective of his autobiographical works. Franchot Tone and Wendy Hiller struggle heroically with the almost interminable leading roles, with an assist from Cyril Cusack. Carmen Capalbo directed. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15.)

Orpheus Descending—One of Tennessee Williams' tormented dreamers comes calling on a Southern lady who likes men a bit more than she probably should. The play may be something of a disappointment, but the production, starring Maureen Stapleton and Cliff Robertson, is superior. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 18.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

The Potting Shed—Graham Greene, who has a way with suspense stories, has applied his technique to an up-to-date miracle play, and the result is fascinating—sporadically, anyway. The performances, especially those of Robert Flemyng, Frank Conroy, and Dame Sybil Thorndike, are eminently praiseworthy. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 18.)

Separate Tables—The first play in this double bill by Terence Rattigan is a more or less routine effort, but the other, a study of two beaten people saved by their neighbors' compassion, is mature and sensitive. Eric Portman and Margaret Leighton are magnificent in the leading roles in both offerings. Among the supporting players are Beryl Measor, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, and Donald Harron. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Tunnel of Love—Joseph Fields' and Peter De Vries' adaptation of Mr. De Vries' novel about adultery and kindred amusements in Westport. It hasn't a great deal of taste, but it is often quite funny on its low-comedy level. Tom Ewell is excellent as a badgered cartoonist, and Nancy Olson, Darren McGavin, Elisabeth Fraser, and Elizabeth Wilson assist him very nicely. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Visit to a Small Planet—Gore Vidal's fantastic comedy about a Spaceman who drops in on a Virginia household is wonderfully comic and ingenious, and Cyril Ritchard and Eddie Mayehoff are superlative in the leading roles. Philip Coolidge, Sarah Marshall, Conrad Janis, and Sibyl Bowan also appear in the cast, which Mr. Ritchard directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**the diary of anne frank:** An account of the life of a fourteen-year-old girl in hiding in Holland because of the Nazis. Abigail Kellogg is now playing the young girl, and Joseph Schildkraut and Gusti Huber are her father and mother. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **inherit the wind:** A variant on the Scopes trial, with Paul Muni as Clarence Darrow, and Ed Begley as William Jennings Bryan. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 1.) . . . **middle of the night:** Edward G. Robinson in Paddy Chayefsky's play concerning a middle-aged man and a young girl. Gena Rowlands, June Walker, and Patricia Benoit are also in the cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 25.) . . . **no time for sergeants:** All about a Georgia boy who almost wrecks the Air Force. At present with Charles Hohman, Rex Everhart, Arte Johnson, Royal Beal, and Howard Freeman. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Bells Are Ringing—Judy Holliday is an inspiration to us all in this comedy about a telephone-service answerer who takes her work seriously. Betty Comden and Adolph Green are responsible for the rather thickly plotted book and the generally commendable lyrics, and Jule Styne did the score. Sydney Chaplin is featured in a cast that includes Jean Stapleton, Eddie Lawrence, and Dort Clark. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Happy Hunting—The return of Ethel Merman is just about all the good news there is concerning this big and rather foolish show, which has something to do with Philadelphia and Monaco. Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse ground out the book, and Matt Dubey and Harold Karr did the songs. The supporting cast includes Fernando Lamas, Virginia Gibson, and Gordon Polk. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Li'l Abner—Some funny songs and some fine dances do a lot to make this adaptation of the Al Capp comic strip at least intermittently good fun. The book is the work of Norman Panama and Melvin Frank, and Johnny Mercer and Gene de Paul wrote the lyrics and the music, respectively. Edith Adams and Peter Palmer head a cast that includes Howard St. John, Stubby Kaye, and Charlotte Rae. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Shinbone Alley—Eartha Kitt makes a handsome and rakish Mehitabel, and Eddie Bracken is pleasant enough as Archie, but otherwise this adaptation of Don Marquis's old newspaper columns is just another Broadway

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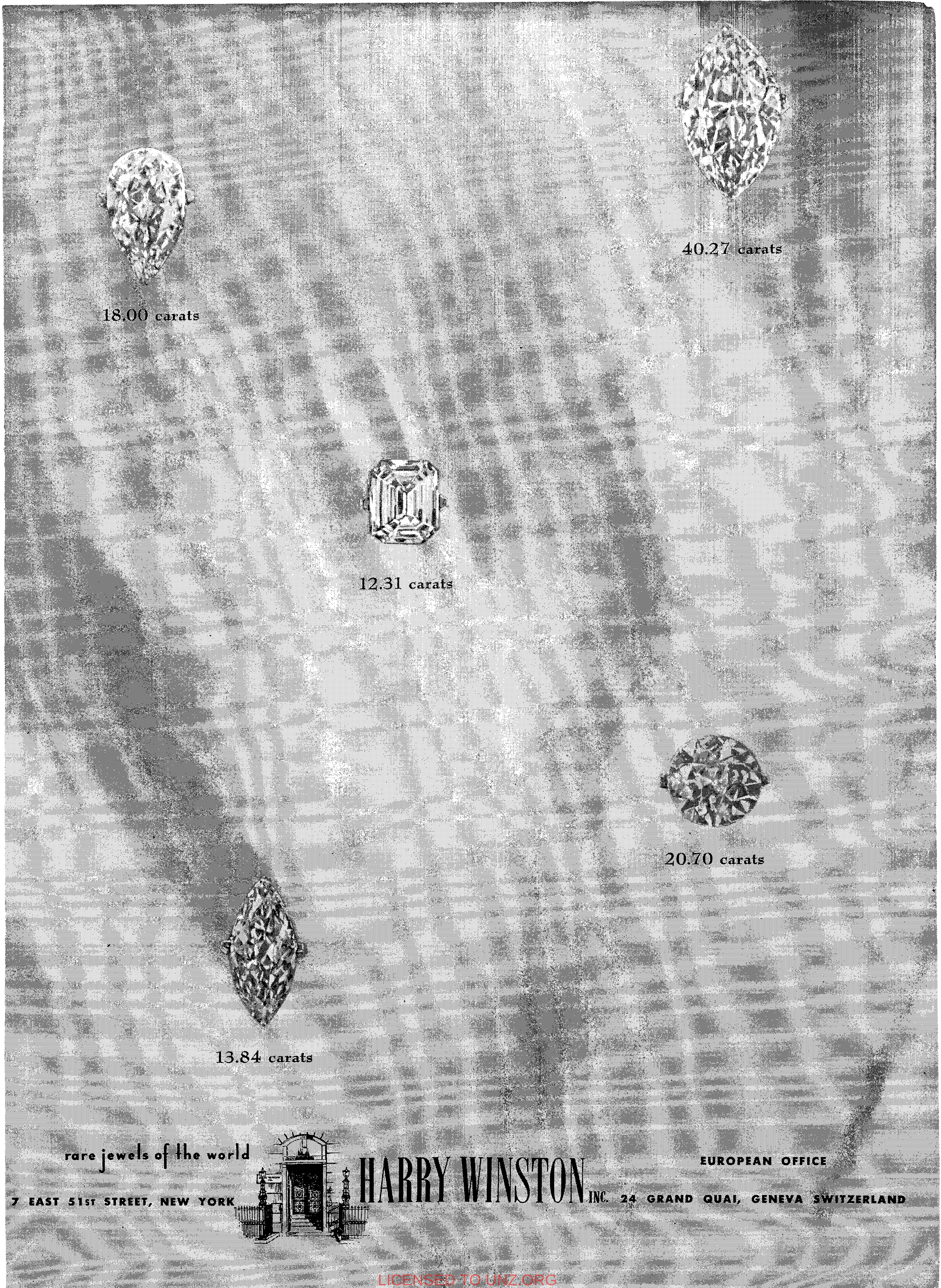
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

musical. Joe Darion wrote the lyrics and collaborated with Mel Brooks on the book, and George Kleinsinger composed the music. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ziegfeld Follies—In spite of Beatrice Lillie's heroic work and Billy De Wolfe's almost equally indomitable assistance, this offering is hardly superior to the average television program. The other performers include Harold Lang, Helen Wood, Micki Marlo, and Carol Lawrence, and Raoul Pène duBois designed the not always intentionally comic scenery and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**damn yankees:** George Abbott's and Douglass Wallop's adaptation of the latter's novel "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant." Gretchen Wyler is now the lady from Hell, Howard Caine her sinister boss, and Stephen Douglass her reluctant mortal admirer. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the most happy fella:** Frank Loesser's revision of "They Knew What They Wanted," Sidney Howard's piece about an old man's marriage to a young girl. Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Susan Johnson are in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **my fair lady:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the book and lyrics, and Frederick Loewe, who wrote the music. Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews head a cast that includes Stanley Holloway, Viola Roache, and Robert Coote. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

New Girl in Town—A musical by George Abbott, based on Eugene O'Neill's play "Anna Christie." Gwen Verdon and Thelma Ritter head the cast, and the music and lyrics are by Bob Merrill. Directed by Mr. Abbott and presented by Frederick Brisson, Robert E. Griffith, and Harold S. Prince. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

New York City Center Light Opera Company—"The Pajama Game," with Jane Kean, Larry Douglas, and Paul Hartman, is the last in this season's series of five musicals. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 26.)

Amato Opera Theatre—"Faust." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Tuesday, May 21, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Harry Bannister and Alvin Epstein. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Circle in the Square—Leo Penn and Farrell Pelly in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Downtown Theatre—The first New York showing of George Bernard Shaw's "In Good King Charles's Golden Days." (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Phoenix Theatre—"Livin' the Life," a musical version of Mark Twain's Mississippi River stories. Stephen Elliott, Alice Ghostley, and James Mitchell head the cast; Dale Wasserman and Bruce Geller wrote the book; Mr. Geller is responsible for the lyrics; and Jack Urbont did the music. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

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Seventh Avenue South—Charles Aidman in "Career," a play by James Lee. (Seventh Avenue South, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9205. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Shakespearewrights—Presenting the American Savoyards in a Gilbert and Sullivan repertory. Through Sunday, May 19: "The Mikado." . . . ¶ Tuesday through Sunday, May 21-26: "The Yeomen of the Guard." (Shakespearewrights, 264 W. 87th St. SU 7-2277. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava, Gerald Price, and Jane Connell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Theatre East—The Irish Players in three one-act plays by J. M. Synge—"In the Shadow of the Glen," "The Tinker's Wedding," and "Riders to the Sea." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-8930. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Roberto Iglesias—With his company of dancers, singers, and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, May 18, at 8:30.)

Ballet Theatre Workshop—The second of two programs of new ballets, this one made up of works by John Butler, Robert Joffrey, Valentina Pereyaslavec, and Enriquez Martinez, performed by their groups and supplemental dancers from the Ballet Theatre School. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Monday, May 20, at 8:15.)

José Greco and His Company of Spanish Dancers—A three-week engagement that will open on Tuesday, May 21, and run through Sunday, June 9. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

City Center Showcase—A benefit for the Center, consisting of bits from past productions of the drama, ballet, opera, and light-opera companies, including "Our Town," "The Glass Menagerie," "Valse-Fantaisie," "La Bohème," "Brigadoon," and "South Pacific." Helen Hayes, Marc Connelly, Maria Tallchief, André Eglevsky, Brenda Lewis, Celeste Holm, and Robert Rounseville will be among those taking part. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Monday, May 20, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, which represents Park Avenue before Park Avenue became an office building, gets along with placid dinner music until ten, after which Chauncey Gray's dance orchestra and a rumba brigade cut loose. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—All about the care, feeding, and photographing of goldfish. Charles Holden's orchestra and Freddy Alonso's rumba band never pause for breath.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, Celeste Holm, the picture of a modern Greek goddess, is doing an astute little musical drama at dinner and supper, and doing it with what looks suspiciously like perfection. The dance tunes are the work of an excellent band headed by Joseph Sudy and a rumba group headed by Alan Logan. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, hums music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre, a fairly de-luxe operation.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room offers Dorothy Shay, who proclaims herself a hillbilly singer, though she probably can't tell an Ozark from a cocktail onion. She's on hand at dinner and supper. The band of Ted Straeter, from which dance music flows like wine, and Mark Monte's smaller group are the other inhabitants of the place. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, much favored by devotees of the art of dining and dancing in state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Gunnar Hansen's orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's string orchestra holds forth at the cocktail hour in the noble old Palm Court, where tea is just as popular as the cocktail. No dancing. . . . ¶ The LeFleur group is also heard in the lofty council chamber called the Edwardian Room, in which dinner music (but no dancing) is the custom of the house.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Sammy Kaye's orchestra, largely a standard-gauge operation, is occupying the Grill. All is dark on Sundays.

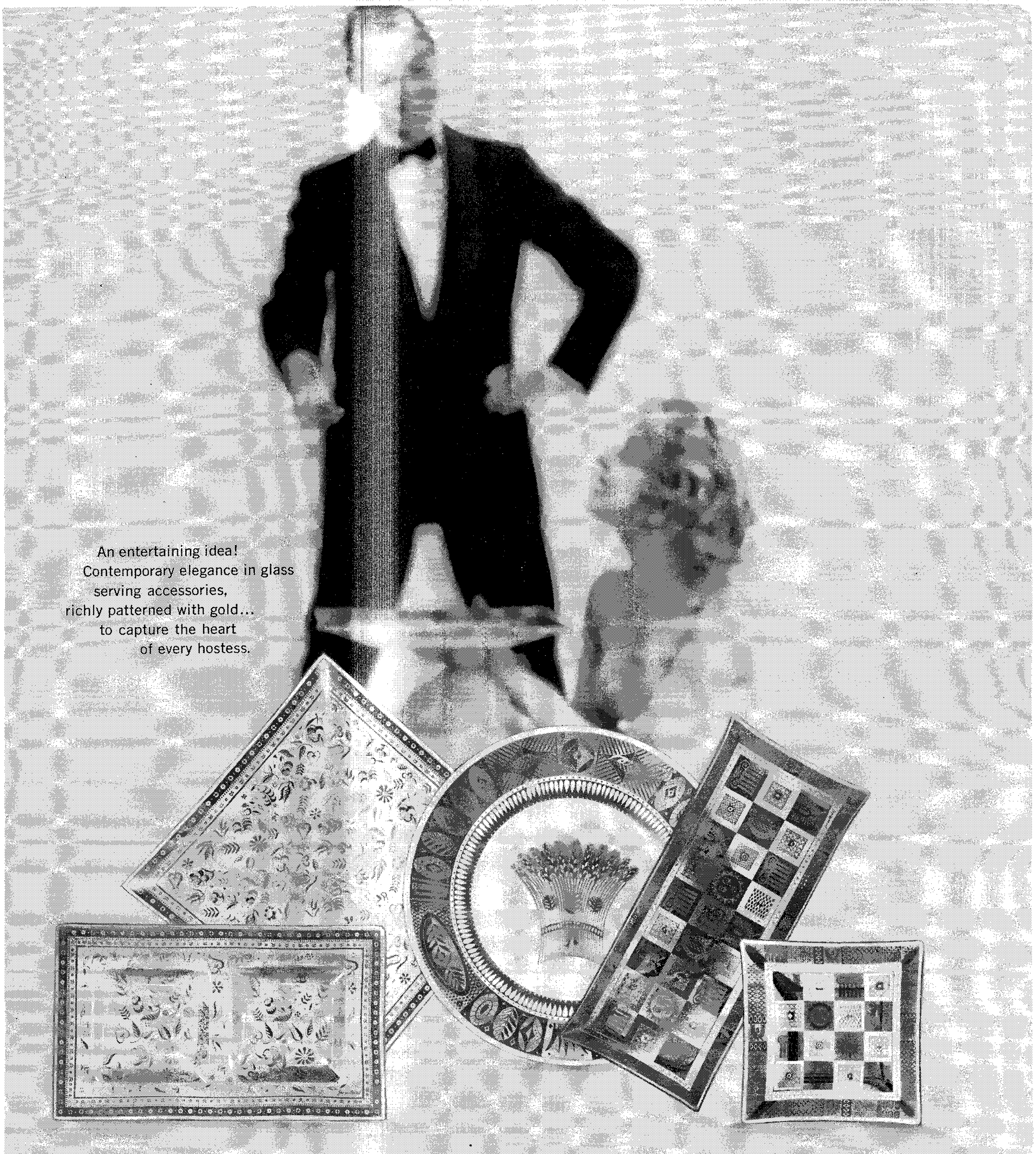
St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette is the perfect game preserve for the sort of wildlife personified by Julie Wilson, an offhand soprano who likes to get into her party clothes and pretend to be the wickedest woman in North America. Dancing to the bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari is, of course, a permanent fixture. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea, dancing.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—The huge Café Rouge is housing the Dorsey band, which at the moment is operating without benefit of Jimmy Dorsey. Closed Sundays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—A couple of small bands, one Latin and one Manhattan, make dance music for outdoor sports in the garden from dinnertime through supper.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Johnnie Ray, an amalgam of Holy Roller and rock-'n'-roller, is shaking the



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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SMALL AND CHEERFUL

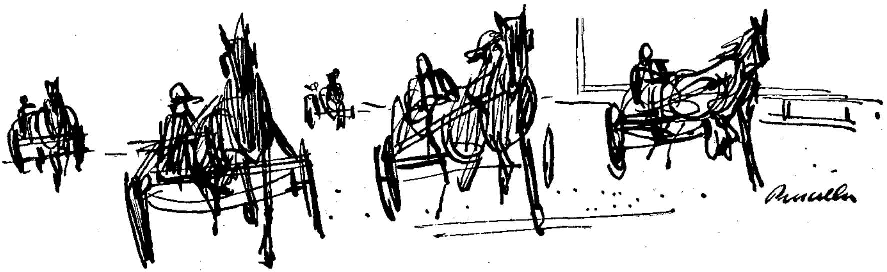
(No dancing, unless noted.)

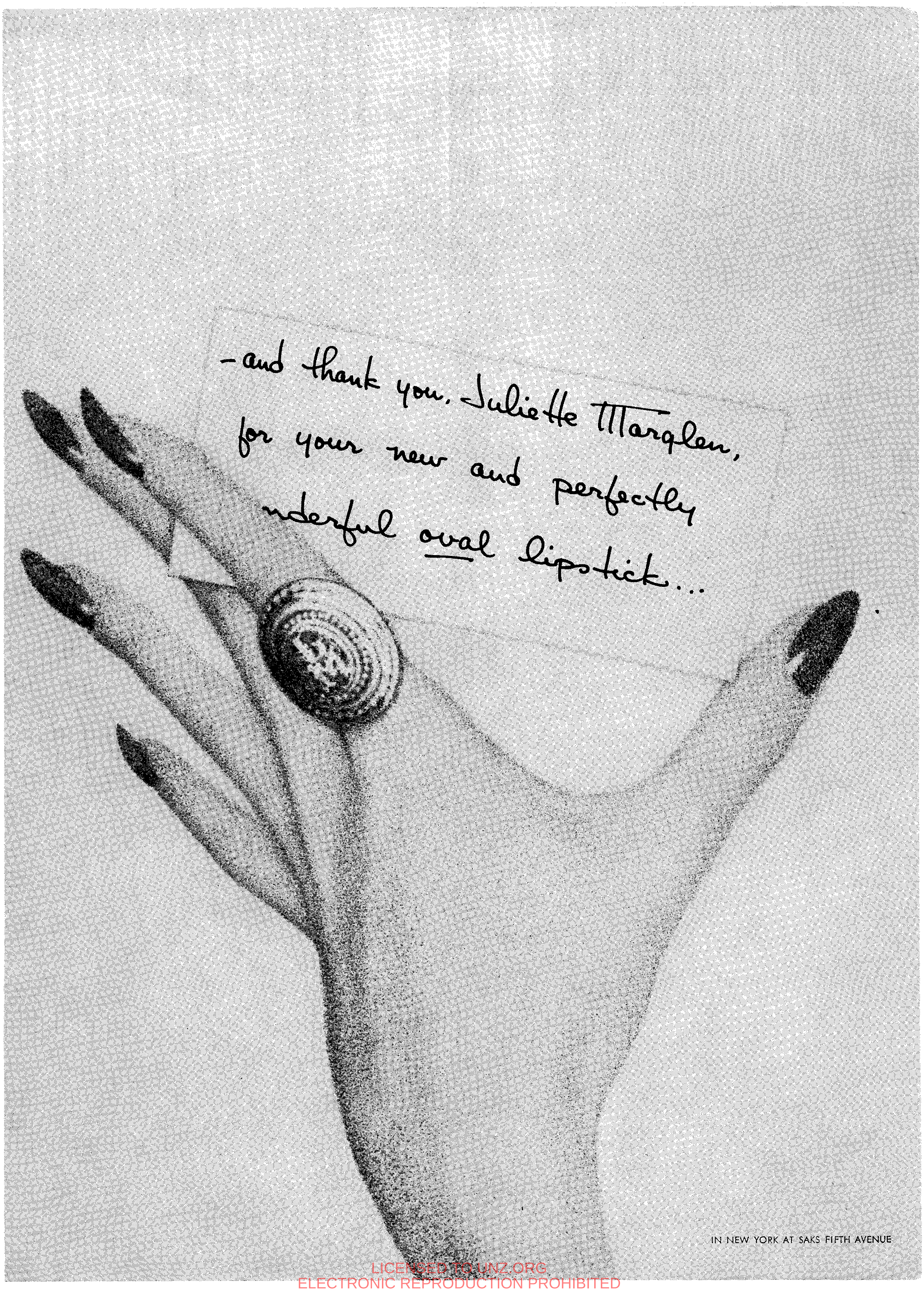
DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Under a meticulously manicured greenwood tree, Addison Bailey strokes a piano during cocktails and dinner and after the theatre. Paul Morse is the Sunday driver. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): At one end of this long-established water hole, lions and lambs sit down side by side to quench their thirst; at the other end, Kurt Maier plays piano all evening. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The alumni and alumnae of Goldie Hawkins' earlier pubs forgather here of an evening to pick up the latest campus gossip. This, along with hustle-and-bustle piano, is supplied by Mr. H.; more sentimental études are supplied by his alter ego, Wayne Sanders, whose work week ends every Thursday. Friday and Saturday, Bill Taylor is his fill-in. The music often begins at six, and where it stops, nobody knows. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A my-compliments-to-the-chef affair, combined with a gala holiday for strings (the violin choir of Teo Fanidi), which is in full force from dinnertime until one or two in the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): After the theatre, Jo Hurt, who represents a spirit of prankishness that has evaporated from too many supper-club sopranos, is singing like a bird in one of the smallest cages on record. Don Evans, another latecomer, plays the piano in his high-style fashion, and Don Carey, recently of the Bermuda *boîtes,* works the keyboard from cocktail time until far into the night. Miss H. and Mr. C. are at liberty Sundays; Mr. E. is free Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): In this lofty hall of mirrors, Renato Rossini's guitar speaks eloquently of amorous nights on the Spanish Main. He is mild from nine to eleven, fervent from eleven to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **GATSBY'S,** 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-1067): Fancy-free architects have had their way with this small but elaborate inn, where Maxine Thomas extracts quiet music from her piano at dinner and supper, and sometimes embellishes the proceedings with quiet song. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): King Arthur's knights slept here. Now it's a refectory in which Norbert Faconi and his come-fly-with-me violin make sweet music together, from dinner through supper, every night but Sunday. . . . **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Cy Walter, the father superior of the *entire congeries of drawing-room pianists* puts on a brilliant exhibition of his ten-finger specialties in the bar from six to eight and again from ten to one or so. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CO 5-8956): The Modern Museum never offered quite as tongue-in-cheek a display as do the walls of this gallery. The tone poems (vocal and pianistic) of Hubbell Pierce, world traveller, and the music of Lee Evans' trio are audible during the late-dinner and supper shift. The trio is on leave Sundays, Mr. Pierce on Mondays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spaniards going exuberantly native, which makes for some pretty fair song and dance. Dancing for the visitors as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Boudoir décor, French cuisine, and an air of ease, to say nothing of wandering minstrels whose music is all valentines. Closed Sundays. . . . **LE PÉRIGORD CAFÉ,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): It's really the fancy bar of the Sherry-Netherland, with regional American cuisine, regional Manhattan clientele, and (except Sundays) piano by Eva Iaci from dinner through supper. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Middle Europe in a quiet but gala mood, compounded of zimbalons, gypsy violins, schnitzel, light wines, and dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): Music by the yard and by the hour comes from an occasional contralto and a vigorous six-man band that doesn't mind taking a flying leap at an entire Lehár operetta. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with good old show tunes, is at the piano after eight in the faintly rumpled bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): A not too public and not too formal lounge, where there's always a spate of casual piano.

SUPPER CLUBS

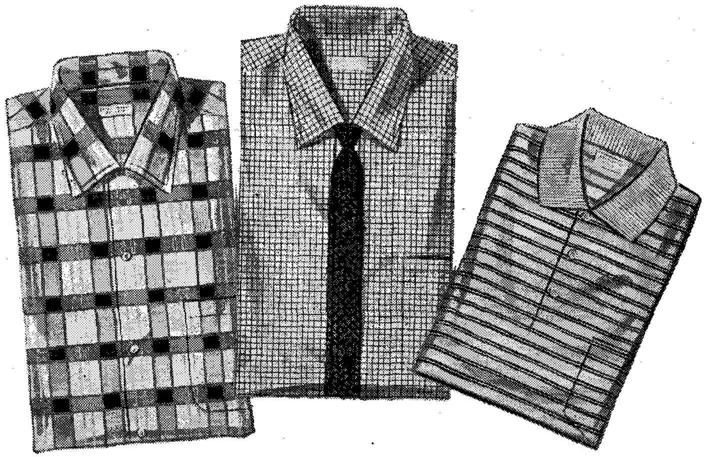
(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Orson Bean, a Cambridge don (Massachusetts, that is) whose wits are more than a match for any student body, begins his sabbatical on Monday, May 20, the night Bob Gibson does his final folk tune. Dorothy Loudon, who can wring merriment out of the weariest lyric, and Diahann Carroll, who can sing like a lark, remain in office. Next evening's arrivals will be Spivy, whose midnight musings were once an essential part of New York's life after dark, and Will Holt, possibly the funniest backwoodsman and guitarist of our time. The proceedings are underscored by the ardent pulsings of Jimmy Lyons' progressive trio and the piano of Bart Howard. . . . ¶ Except Sundays, Alex Fogarty cranks out quiet cocktail and dinner piano for the small fry in the lounge, where, from 2 to 4 A.M., except Saturdays and Mondays, the Lyons family does interesting experiments with geometric progression. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Julius Monk's school for comedy is holding its annual commencement exercises, which involve June Ericson, Ceil Cabot, Jack Fletcher, and Gerry Matthews (all of whom are most likely to succeed) in a revue constructed mostly of spoof. The words are the work of such semanticists as Ronny Graham and Bud McCreery; the music is the two-piano team of Gordon Connell and Stan Keen. The rites begin at ten-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The Garden of Eden in an impish new version that requires the services of two serpents—Stella Brooks, singing songs of sixpence in which nothing is sacred, and Blossom Dearie, sing-




-and thank you, Juliette Marglen,
for your new and perfectly
nderful oval lipstick...

IN NEW YORK AT SAKS FIFTH AVENUE



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ing songs of dalliance in the sweetest possible childish treble. The angel in the Garden is Daphne Hellman, who has her harp to prove it. The institution is connected spiritually (Julius Monk) and physically (staircase) with the Downstairs Room. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mae Barnes, who can roar like a lion and dance like a fool, is breaking up the local housekeeping. Her companions are Luc Poret, a French *paysan drolatique* who finds the English language no barrier at all, and Ruth Price, who sings. Clarence Williams' dance trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, is in action between shows. Closed Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Twelve o'clock midnight and all's well, for Bibi Osterwald, the most gleeful of our hardhearted Hannahs, is once more singing the hell out of her brass-plated lyrics; Sylvia Syms, the most resonant of our double bassoons, is once more being true, blue, and funny; and Jimmie Komack is again talking to himself in his bemused way. Also around are the dizzy music of Tiger Haynes and the Three Flames; and Jimmie Daniels' boulevardier chanteys. Closed Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): Matt Dennis, a literate and quick-witted barroom pianist and tenor, waxes sweet and low-down after ten-thirty. Sam Hamilton's nostalgic piano tunes begin an hour before. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED CARPET,** 130 E. 56th St. (PL 5-4718): A brand-new bit of merchandise from the West Coast—Kitty White, who's spent some years paying careful attention to her singing and piano lessons and making a name for herself. She's away Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): In the bar, where the twin pianos of Bob Downey and Harold Fonville have been rumbling these many years, there are also, from time to time, spurts of song and laughter by Mary Harmon, who acts up every night but Monday. Sunday, old-time movies are added; Monday is amateur night.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and Mr. Condon comprise the local varsity, which has now had an eleven-year winning streak without even a tie. Cliff Jackson is the interlude pianist. Jam sessions Tuesdays. The prevailing winds, as customary, are from the South. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The state of mind is convention hall, and the music might often just as well be Muzak. It's manufactured by the trio of Don Shirley, a piano pyrotechnician, and the trio of Johnny Costa, who are all hard workers. Sundays, when the regulars are off, the floor is held by other practitioners. There's cocktail and dinner piano every night, too. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Sidney de Paris, vice-president of the old music house of Wilbur de Paris, is running the show while the Maestro is away. He and his confreres—Cecil Scott, Eddie Gibbs, Vic Dickenson, and Herbie Nichols—never deviate from the traditional American norm. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Monday nights. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Behind the feverish bar is a quiet cenacle where the trio of Billy Taylor, master of the abstract piano, compels all hands to stop, look, and listen. There is also a threesome owned by Hampton Hawes, which might as well be just along for the ride. The Haweses are off Sundays, the Taylors Mondays. Johnny Mehegan, the Juilliard stalwart, is the piano modernist from six to nine in the evening, except Sunday and Monday, when he is there all night, and Saturday, when he is off. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Not the sort of place you'd like to live in, even if they gave it to you, but beyond the barriers is the eminent Oscar Pettiford's band and Sal Salvador's quartet, neither of which has ever heard of Dixie. On Thursday, May 23, the Pettiford group will be replaced by Dizzy Gillespie's world travel-

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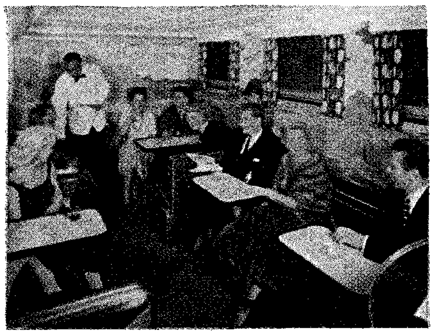

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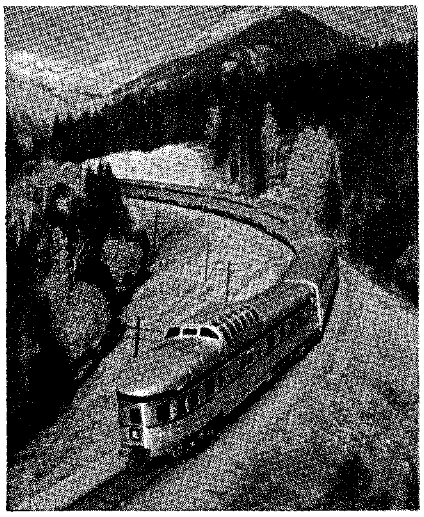
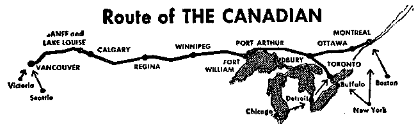


Route of THE CANADIAN



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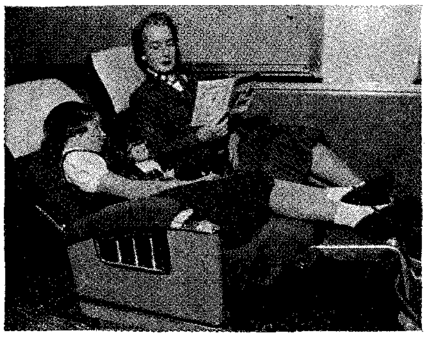

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lers. There are jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home in the clouds. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The hollow in the oval bar is filled, after ten, by Bobby Scott's trio, one of the newest and most promising groups around town. It has a commendable range of interests, from the blues to the contemporary styles. Absolute silence Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The anvil chorus is provided by the Billy Maxted band, the Voice of the South. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE PLAYROOM,** 130 W. 58th St. (CI 5-7878): A small conservatory of futurism headed by the life-giving trio of Cy Coleman, a piano man of infinite variety. There are usually other musicians underfoot, but they come and go like swallows. The first note is struck at nine every evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): This week (and every week thereafter), "East Lynne," or a rabid Dixieland parody of it that could easily knock your ears off. Among the players in a practically continuous performance are Ken Kersey, Tony Parenti, Sol Yaged, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Claude Hopkins, and Marty Napoleon. The row begins at 3:30 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, when it begins at 1:30 P.M., the Messrs. Parenti and Napoleon play host to Coleman Hawkins, Charlie Shavers, Pee Wee Erwin, Roy Eldridge, Zutty Singleton, and Russell Moore. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Jazz music that's a form of ancestor worship, or how to amuse the children over the weekend. On Friday and Saturday, May 17-18, the noise will probably be made by the Conrad Janis Tailgaters, Charlie Shavers, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Willie the Lion Smith, Dick Wellstood, Johnny Windhurst, Art Trappier, and Panama Francis. . . . **VOYAGER ROOM,** 353 W. 57th St. (CO 5-6100): A bit of the Henry Hudson Hotel is devoted, evenings from nine to one, to a six-man exposition of music from south of the border (Mason-Dixon). The moderator is Bobby Hackett, and among his advanced students are Dick Cary and Ernie Caceres. The intermission pianist is Teddy Roy, who's in keeping with the prevailing mood. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): An airport for the exclusive use of progressive but nonscheduled airlines. It's rumored that J. J. Johnson's quintet and Ronnie Bright's trio are there now, and that Jackie Paris will be singing on Friday and Saturday, May 17-18. It's absolutely definite, though, that the place is closed Tuesdays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

GEORGE BELLOWS—Landscapes and figures, mostly; through May 31. (Allison, 32 E. 57th St.)

DOROTHY DEHNER—The first solo exhibition of sculptures by an artist known hitherto for her water colors and prints; through June 1. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

ANDRÉ DERAIN—Drawings, most of them never shown before in America; through Saturday, May 25. (Galerie Chalette, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 6.)

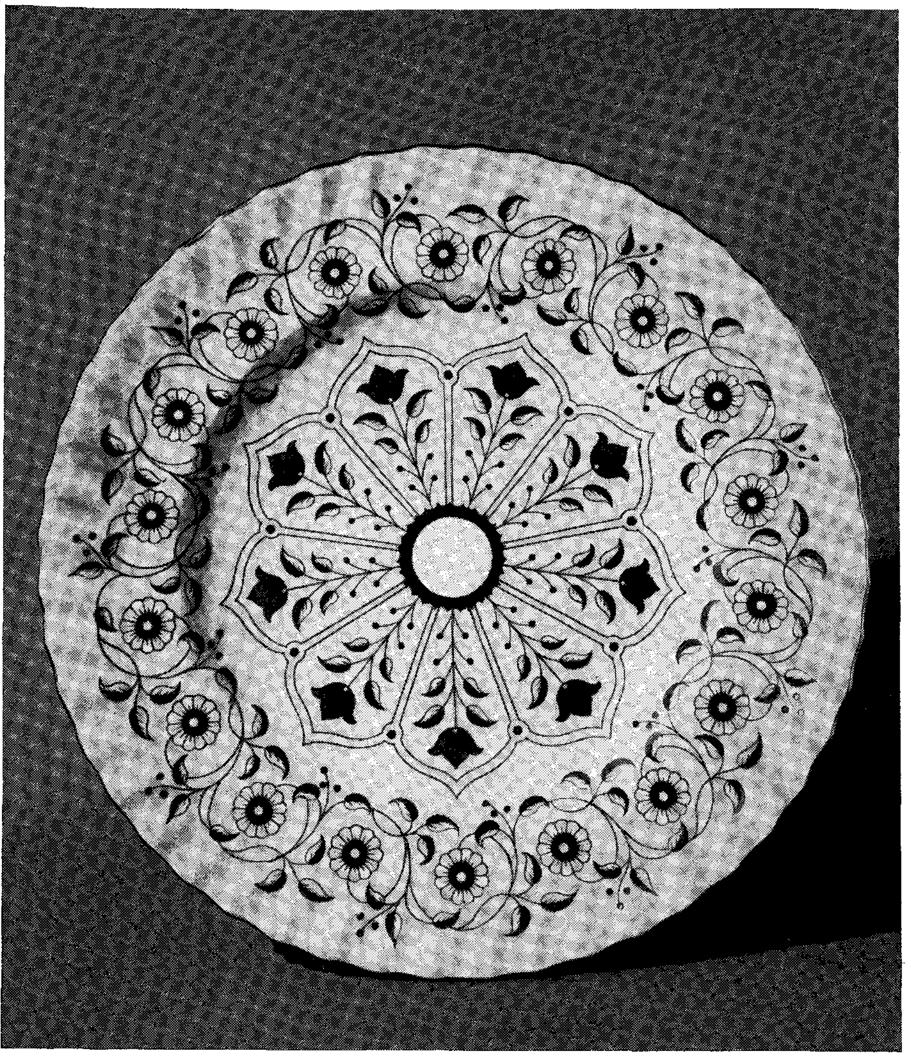
MAX ERNST—New paintings and sculptures, revealing interesting changes in his general approach; through June 8. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

JOHNNY FRIEDLAENDER—Etchings by a Paris artist. First one-man show in New York; through May 31. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

VINCENT GLINSKY—A retrospective exhibition of his neatly stylized sculptures; through May 31. (Wellons, 17 E. 64th St. Weekdays, noon to 7:30.)

J. M. HANSON—Cool, almost geometrically precise figure paintings and other studies; through Saturday, May 25. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

MARSDEN HARTLEY—Landscapes and still-lifes,



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PARIS NEW YORK LONDON

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

none of them recently shown; through June 14. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

HANS JAENISCH—Fancifully abstract oils by a contemporary Berlin artist. First one-man show in New York; through May 31. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

JACK LEVINE—New paintings, continuing his exploration of cities and their people; through Saturday, May 25. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

GIACOMO MANZÙ—Bronzes and other works by a leading Italian sculptor. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, May 25. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

MIRKO—Finely balanced bronzes by a leading Italian sculptor; through June 15. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

MAUD MORGAN—Portraits by an artist who has usually shown abstractions; through June 1. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

GRANDMA MOSES—An exhibition of paintings that has travelled to nine European cities during the past two years; through June 4. (Galerie St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT MOTHERWELL—Abstract Expressionist oils and collages; through June 8. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

ELIE NADELMAN—A small memorial show of sculptures and drawings in various mediums, plus etchings; through Saturday, May 18. (Hewitt, 29 E. 65th St.)

ARTHUR OSVER—Abstract paintings, mainly derived from natural themes; through Friday, May 17. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JULES PASCIN AND THE SCHOOL OF PARIS—Oils, water colors, and drawings by Pascin (1885-1930), supplemented by oils by Vlaminck, Dufy, Picasso, and others; through June 14. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

GORDON RUSSELL—Oils and drawings. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, May 18. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

GIUSEPPE SANTOMASO—Luminously colorful abstract oils and gouaches. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, May 18. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

SONIA SEKULA—Abstract water colors and gouaches; through June 1. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

JOHN SENNHAUSER—Neatly patterned abstract collages and water colors; through May 31. (Zabriskie, 835 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Weekdays, noon to 6.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN ARTISTS—Their sixty-fifth annual, made up of oils, water colors, sculptures, graphics, and miniatures; through May 26. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, except Saturday, May 18, from 1 to 5.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: The third annual "Painters and Sculptors of Promise" show, with items by Bruce Conner, Richard Hunt, and Dean Richardson, is the initial offering at the gallery's new location; through June 7. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Three young painters and two sculptors—David Lund, Alex Katz, and Burton Hasen, and Raymond Rocklin and Israel Levitan; through June 1. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Drawings by Stuart Davis, Georgia O'Keeffe, John Marin, and others; through June 1. . . . **FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES**, 41 E. 57th St.: Contemporary paintings by Arbit Blatas, Walter Barker, Henry Botkin, Hans Moller, and Manfred Schwartz; through June 14. . . . **GREENWICH**, 71 Washington Pl.: The gallery's opening exhibition, consisting of fifty paintings and sculptures by as many living artists, ranging from Milton Avery to William Zorach; through May 31. (Weekdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **MELTZER**, 38 W. 57th St.: Oils by, among others, Sigmund Menkes and George Constant; through Saturday, May 18. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.: A twenty-fifth anniversary exhibition, comprising paintings on loan from museums and collections, by Doris Rosenthal, Isabel Bishop, Dong Kingman, and others; through June 8. . . . **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St.: Adolf Dehn, Stephen Etnier, Ogden Pleissner, and other painters; through May 31. . . . **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: The May showing contains about fifty oils chosen by Herbert Katzman and Louis Bouché; through Friday, May 24. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . STABLE, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.: Among the painters and sculptors represented in the sixth New York artists' annual exhibition are Robert Motherwell, Franz Kline, Louise Nevelson, and William King; through June 1. . . . WHITE, 42 E. 57th St.: New paintings and sculptures by gallery members, including Jan Gelb, Charles E. Martin, and William Stipe; through June 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the CRESPI, 232 E. 58th St.: Oils by Alvin Sella, *Carlotta Petrina, Pachita Crespi, and others;* through May 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 5.) . . . DAVIS, 231 E. 60th St.: Oils, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Maurice Prendergast, William Glackens, and Corot; through May 31. . . . JACKSON, 32 E. 69th St.: Drawings in various mediums by twentieth-century artists, including Marin, Picasso, and Klee; through June 14. . . . ROSENBERG, 20 E. 79th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by French and American artists, including Karl Knaths, Fernand Léger, and Oronzio Maldarelli.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the GALERIE HERVÉ, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Canvases by Vlaminck, Utrillo, Lorjou, and others; through Aug. 31. . . . KOOTZ, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Several oils apiece by Soulages, Mathieu, Dubuffet, and three other artists; through June 1. . . . SAIDENBERG, 10 E. 77th St.: An exhibit arranged as a tribute to art historian and dealer Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler, with paintings by Picasso, Braque, Gris, and others; through June 7.

Sculptures—Examples by Barbara Lekberg, Juan Nickford, Robert Cook, George Cerny, and Nina Winkel; through Saturday, May 25. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

Abstract Art Before Columbus—Seventy-five architectural ornaments, urns, and other objects of clay, stone, gold, and jade dating from 1500 B.C.; through May 31. (Emmerich, 18 E. 77th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

African Art—A show entitled "Abstract Forms in African Art;" through June 1. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.)

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the BORGENICHT, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Jimmy Ernst; starting Monday, May 20. . . . HELLER, 63 E. 57th St.: Guiditta Scalini and Renato Cristiano; starting Tuesday, May 21. . . . WELLONS, 17 E. 64th St.: Paulette Cohen; starting Monday, May 20. (Weekdays, noon to 7:30.) . . . ¶ Group shows at the HEWITT, 29 E. 65th St.; starting Friday, May 24. KRAUSHAAR, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.; starting Monday, May 20. PETITE GALERIE, 129 W. 56th St.; starting Monday, May 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

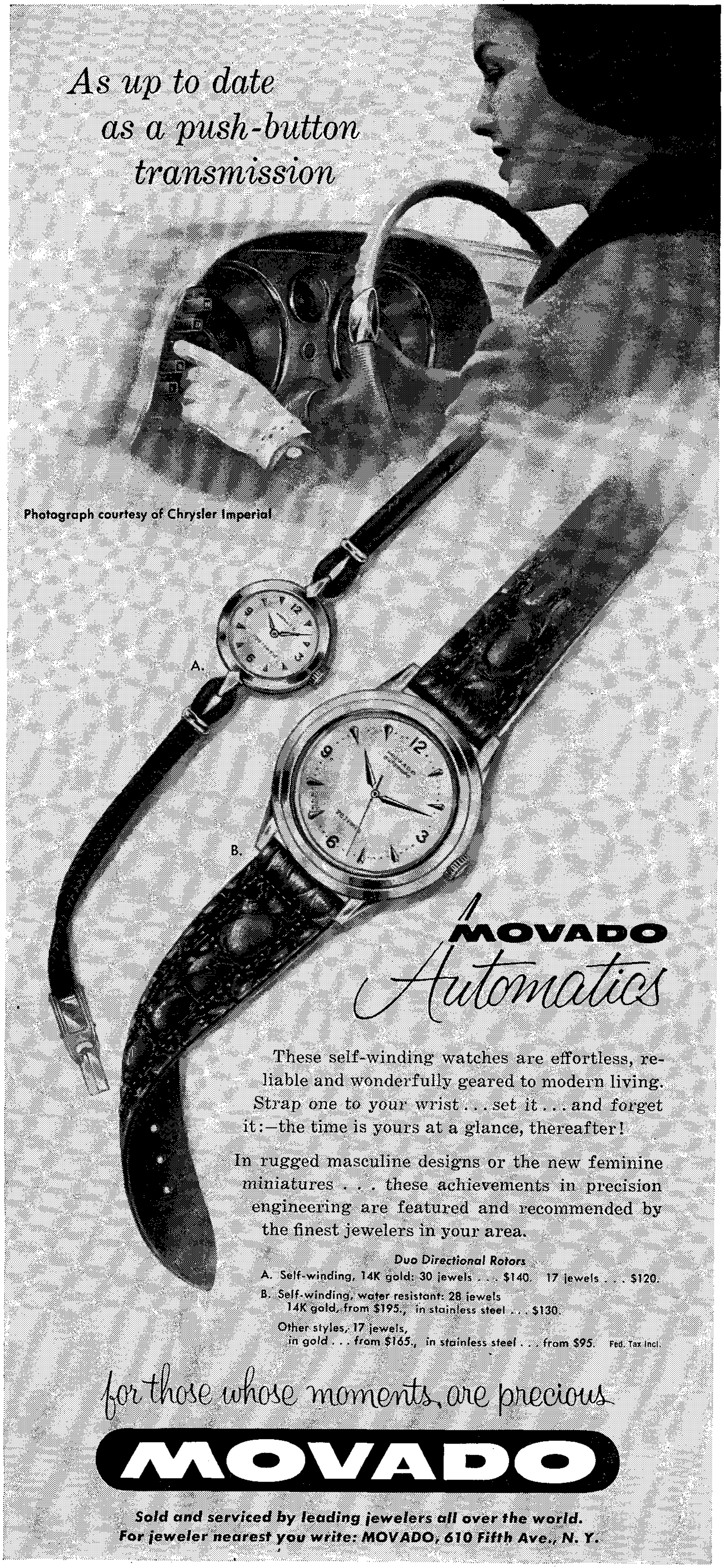
Note—An exhibition and sale of works by some forty contemporary Haitian primitive painters (including Wilson Bigaud, Hector Hyppolite, Philomé Obin, and Castera Bazile) will continue in the parish house of St. James' Church, 865 Madison Ave., at 71st St., through May 29. The show is for the benefit of the Episcopal Church of Haiti, and is open daily from 1 to 6.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Some seventy masterpieces of European art (by, among others, Titian, Goya, Cézanne, van Gogh, and Modigliani), lent by the São Paulo Museum of Art, in Brazil; through June 2. . . . ¶ Sixty-five Greek vases (principally Attic and ranging in date from the early sixth to the late fourth century B.C.) from the Hearst collection, purchased last fall by the Museum. . . . ¶ From the Museum's collections, sculptures and drawings by Auguste Rodin, a set of seventy-three sculptures by Degas, and works by Maillol, Brancusi, and others. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition in honor of Picasso's seventy-fifth birthday, containing more than three hundred of his oils, sculptures, collages, water colors, pastels, and drawings; starting Wednesday, May 22. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The nineteenth biennial international water-color exhibition is devoted to Italian and American



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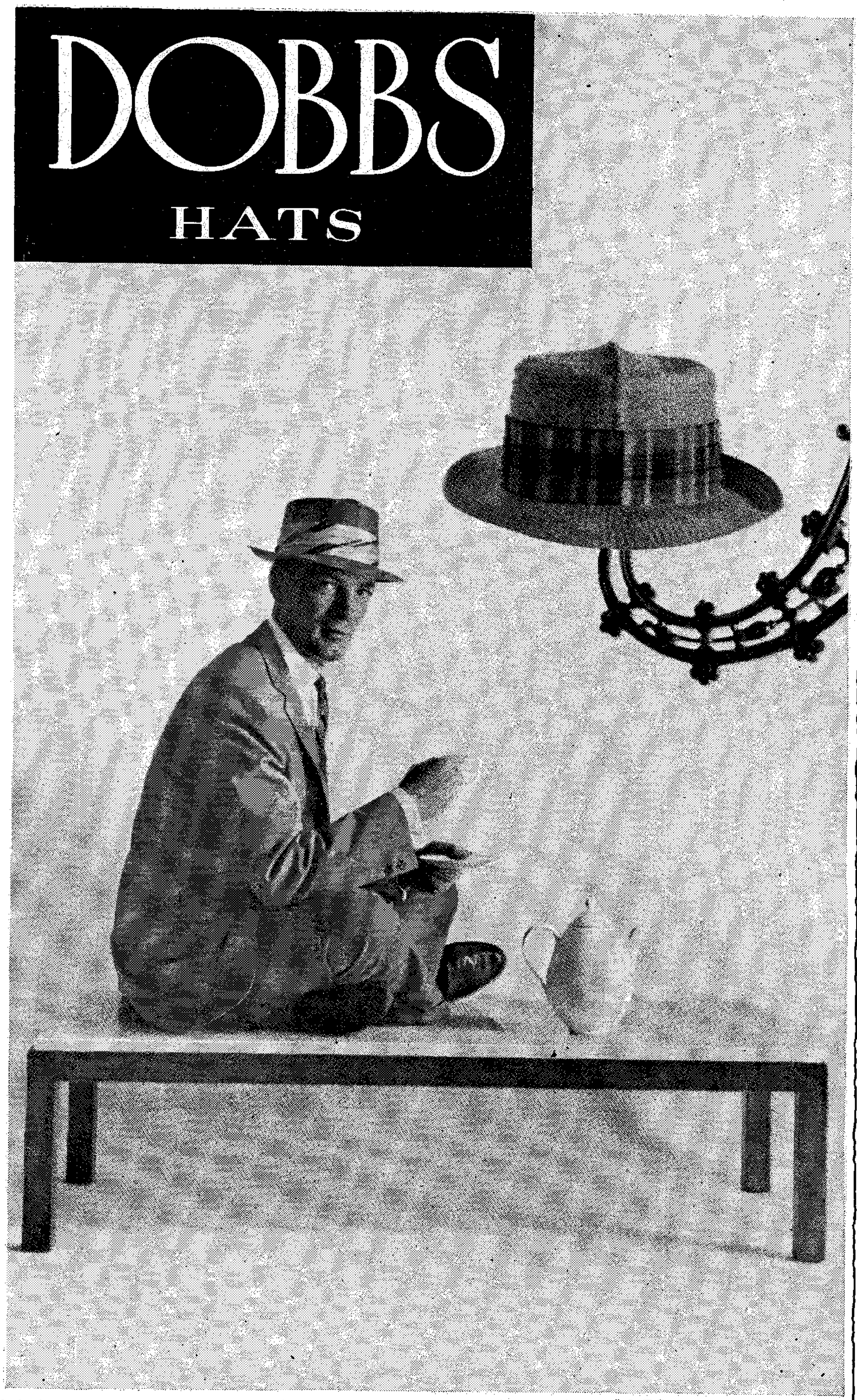

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

artists; through May 26. . . . ¶ Modern European drawings and prints, including pieces by van Gogh, Matisse, and Miró, from the Museum's collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 7 E. 72nd St.—The third selection of 1956 Guggenheim International Award candidate paintings, plus eighteen regional winners and the international winner, Ben Nicholson's "August 56 (Val d'Orcia);" through Sunday, May 19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective exhibition of oils, water colors, and drawings by the Abstract Expressionist Hans Hofmann; through June 16. . . . ¶ Eighty-eight works acquired over the past two years, comprising twentieth-century American paintings, drawings, and sculptures, with items by, among others, Charles Burchfield, Adolph Gottlieb, and Louise Nevelson; through June 23. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

"PANFILO AND LAURETTA"—The Columbia Theatre Associates and the Music Department of Columbia University presenting the final performances of a new opera by Carlos Chávez, with a libretto by Chester Kallman. Howard Shanet is the musical director and Bill Butler the stage director. (Brander Matthews Theatre, 420 W. 117th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2135. Thursday through Saturday, May 16-18, at 8:40.)

MUSIC FOR MODERNS—The third in a series of four programs, this one entitled "Variations on the Folk Theme" and involving Mahalia Jackson, gospel singer, and Martial Singher, baritone. (Town Hall. Sunday, May 19, at 5:30.)

MILDAH POLIA—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 23, at 8:30.)

TOM LEHRER AND ODETTA—Satiric songs by the former, folks songs by the latter. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave at 69th St. Saturday, May 25, at 8:40. For tickets, call JU 2-6155.)

"FAÇADE" AND "L'HISTOIRE DU SOLDAT"—In "Façade," Patricia Neway will recite Edith Sitwell's poems set to music by William Walton. Participants in the second work, by Stravinsky, will include an ensemble from the Mannes College of Music, conducted by Stefan Bauer-Mengelberg, and Martin Freedman, narrator. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, May 25, at 8:40.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, May 17, at 8:15, and Saturday, May 18, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Sunday and Monday, May 19-20, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Tuesday, May 21, at 8:15, and Wednesday, May 22, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Washington, Friday and Saturday, May 24-25, at 2. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Yankees, Thursday, May 23, at 8 (an exhibition game, for the benefit of sand-lot baseball). . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Giants, Friday, May 24, at 8, and Saturday, May 25, at 2.

CREW—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Princeton. Saturday, May 18.)

DOG SHOWS—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Garden City, L.I. Saturday, May 18.) . . . ¶ Morris and Essex Kennel Club. (Madison, N.J. Thursday, May 23.)

GOLF—Long Island Golf Association Open Championship. (Woodmere Country Club, Woodmere, L.I. Tuesday and Wednesday, May 21-22.)

HUNT RACING—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, May 18.). . . ¶ Adjacent Hunts Racing Association. For the benefit of the Boys' Club of New York. (Purchase. Saturday, May 25.)

RACING—At JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1:15;

through Tuesday, May 28. The Wilson Handicap, Saturday, May 18. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Saturday, June 1. The Jersey, Saturday, May 25. (A train leaves Penn Station at 11:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.) . . . **PIMLICO,** Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 18.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, July 31. (Buses to the track from the Mount Vernon station; special train from Grand Central at 7.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The Trusteeship Council is scheduled to reconvene on Monday, May 20. In the meantime, there are periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2, 2:30, or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to around 4:30 daily.

POETRY AND DRAMA READINGS—Sunday, May 19: Sybil Thorndike and Lewis Casson reading from English poetry. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, May 21-22: Christopher Fry's "A Sleep of Prisoners," read by John Astin, Alan Bergmann, Stefan Gierasch, and Martin Newman. Free tickets, limited to two per person, can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Evenings at 8:40.)

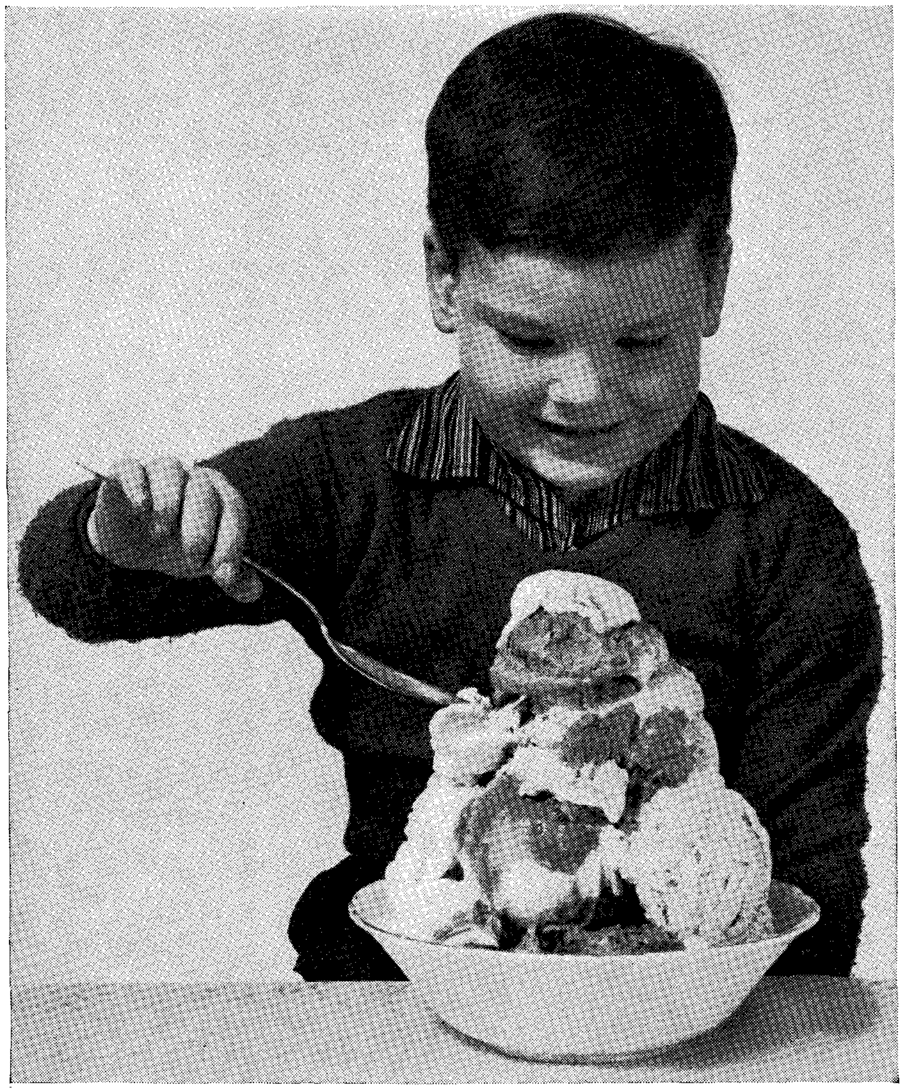
VARIATIONS IN MEDIA—An exhibition by seven artists (among them Joseph Meert, Henry Varnum Poor, and Richard Pousette-Dart) of work in their own fields and in related fields of crafts and fine art. Included in the display will be sculptures, pottery, paintings, drawings, jewelry, enamels, and stained glass. Starting Friday, May 17. (Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

NEW YORK ANTIQUES FAIR—In addition to furniture, glass, silver, china, and the like, the show will offer such unusual items as a headhunter's basket and a voodoo sword. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Sunday, May 19, from 2 to 10; Monday through Friday, May 20-24, from 1 to 10; and Saturday, May 25, from 1 to 6.)

ARMED FORCES DAY—Saturday, May 18: Twenty-five thousand representatives of the armed forces will march down Fifth Avenue, from 95th Street to 62nd Street, starting at 1:15. . . . ¶ The Navy will open to public inspection the battleship Iowa at Pier 90, W. 50th St., and the carrier Valley Forge at Pier 88, W. 48th St., on Friday and Saturday, May 17-18, from 1 to 4. A number of smaller ships may be visited at the same hours at Pier 56, W. 14th St.; Pier 45, W. 10th St.; and Pier 26, Beach St.

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "The Sun in Action," deals with the power and influence of our nearest star. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night, except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, May 17-18, at 1:45: American and English furniture, Georgian and other silver, porcelains, and American and English paintings; from several collections, among them that of the late Walter J. Salmon. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, May 21-22, at 1:45: First editions, standard sets, art books, three volumes autographed by Mark Twain, and other literary material; the property of Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Liebman and others.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—Michael Todd's variation on a long Cook's tour. Derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne, the piece is both funny and colorful, if perhaps a bit protracted. David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas head a worthy cast. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Gold of Naples—A number of enormously entertaining residents of southern Italy are caught in all kinds of interesting dilemmas in this Italian film, directed by Vittorio De Sica. There are four separate episodes, and the cast includes such talented people as Sophia Loren, Totò, Silvana Mangano, Paolo Stoppa, Pasquale Cennamo, and Mr. De Sica himself. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Great Man—Some of the unsavory aspects of the television industry as set forth in a film written by Al Morgan and José Ferrer. Mr. Ferrer also directed the picture and, for good measure, serves as its leading character—a commentator probing into the background of a deceased television luminary. The cast, which is fine, includes Keenan Wynn, Dean Jagger, and Ed Wynn. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through May 18, tentative. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through May 21, tentative. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; May 19-21, tentative.)

Lust for Life—As handsome a color film as we're likely to see for some time to come. It deals with Vincent van Gogh (well played by Kirk Douglas) and his colleagues, among them Seurat, Pissarro, and Paul Gauguin. The last is splendidly depicted by Anthony Quinn. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Rack—A courtroom drama that probes into the motivations of an American Army captain who has collaborated with the enemy during the Korean War. The film is honest and, for the most part, effective, and Paul Newman, in the role of the captain, is very good indeed. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; May 17-18. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; May 20-21, tentative.)

The Red Balloon—An appealing fantasy about a small boy who wanders all over Paris trailed by a balloon that has become his pet. The picture was written, produced, and directed by Albert Lamorisse, and the small boy is played by Pascal Lamorisse, the creator's son. Unfortunately, the film, which is about half an hour in length, is coupled with a dim travelogue called "The Lost Continent." (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; through May 20.)

The Silent World—An absorbing French documentary that describes, in full color, the assorted marvels encountered by Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau in his underwater explorations. With an English narration. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; May 17-18.)

La Strada—This strange Italian film deals with the fortunes of a subhuman professional strong man, a half-witted girl who serves as his slave (he buys her from her mother for ten thousand lire), and a carnival clown more prescient than most. Directed by Federico Fellini, the picture is full of sharp passages, even if it does go on rather lengthily. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

The Ten Commandments—Cecil Blount deMille, an old hand at religious interpretations, cutting a colorful swath through the Old Testament country. Very freely adapted from the Bible, the film includes quite an assortment of dancing girls, notables like Moses, Joshua, and a couple of Pharaohs, and many flamboyant wide-screen effects. Charlton Heston is Moses, and Yul Brynner, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Anne Baxter, and Yvonne De Carlo are also prominent in the cast of millions, or what seems to be a cast of millions. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 8; Saturdays at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

12 Angry Men—In this more than usually successful adaptation to the movies of a television show, an oddly assorted group of jurors have to decide the fate of an eighteen-year-old accused of patricide. Written by Reginald Rose and directed by Sidney Lumet, the picture has a fine cast headed by Henry Fonda. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting May 22.)

We Are All Murderers—A French film that inveighs against capital punishment with telling effect and gets a lot of melodramatic distance out of its polemics. Marcel Mouloudji, Raymond Pellegrin, Antoine Balpetre, and Julien Verdier, among others, help make the picture an absorbing affair. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through May 21, tentative.)

Wee Geordie—How a ninety-seven-pound weakling becomes one of the strongest men in Scotland and the best hammer thrower on earth. A pleasant British film in which Bill Travers, Alastair Sim, Norah Gorsen, and Paul Young perform happily against some beautiful Scottish scenery. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through May 21, tentative.)

REVIVALS

Animal Farm (1954)—An English cartoon film derived from George Orwell's acid allegory about totalitarian ways. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through May 21, tentative.)

Bad Day at Black Rock (1955)—Spencer Tracy as a mysterious stranger who visits a California cowtown and throws the place into the jitters. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; May 19, tentative. . . . ¶ Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; May 20-21.)

Black Fury (1935)—Paul Muni in a violent sketch of the coal pits. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; May 19.)

Diabolique (1955)—A chilling description of how the wife and the mistress of a cad join forces to bring about his elimination. A French film, with Vera Clouzot, Simone Signoret, and Paul Meurisse. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; May 16.)

For Whom the Bell Tolls (1943)—Technicolored version of the Hemingway book. Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Moulin Rouge (1953)—José Ferrer plays the artist in John Huston's celluloid biography of Toulouse-Lautrec. (Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting May 22. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting May 22, tentative.)

The Robe (1953)—The story, in CinemaScope, of the worries and woes of the early Christians. With Richard Burton, Victor Mature, and Jean Simmons. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; May 19-20.)

The Rose Tattoo (1955)—Tennessee Williams' adaptation of his own play. Anna Magnani is the dishevelled Italian lady of the bayous, and Burt Lancaster is the truck driver who catches her eye. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through May 18.)

Strawberry Blonde (1941)—That old play "One Sunday Afternoon." James Cagney and Olivia de Havilland. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; May 19.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through May 18: "What a Widow" (1930), with Gloria Swanson and Owen Moore; and an excerpt from "Music in the Air" (1934), with Gloria Swanson. . . . ¶ May 19-22: "Nothing Sacred" (1937), with Carole Lombard and Fredric March. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Something of Value," Rock Hudson, Dana Wynter.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Little Hut," Ava Gardner, David Niven, Stewart Granger.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"The Oklahoman," Joel McCrea, Barbara Hale.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Untamed Youth," Mamie Van Doren, Lori Nelson.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Designing Woman," Gregory Peck, Lauren Bacall.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through May 22 (tentative): "The Way to the Gold," Jeffrey Hunter, Sheree North.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Desk Set," Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"This Could Be the Night," Jean Simmons, Paul Douglas.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Bachelor Party," Don Murray, E. G. Marshall.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays through Fridays at 2:40 and 8:40, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The Devil's General" (in German), Curt Jurgens, Marianne Cook.

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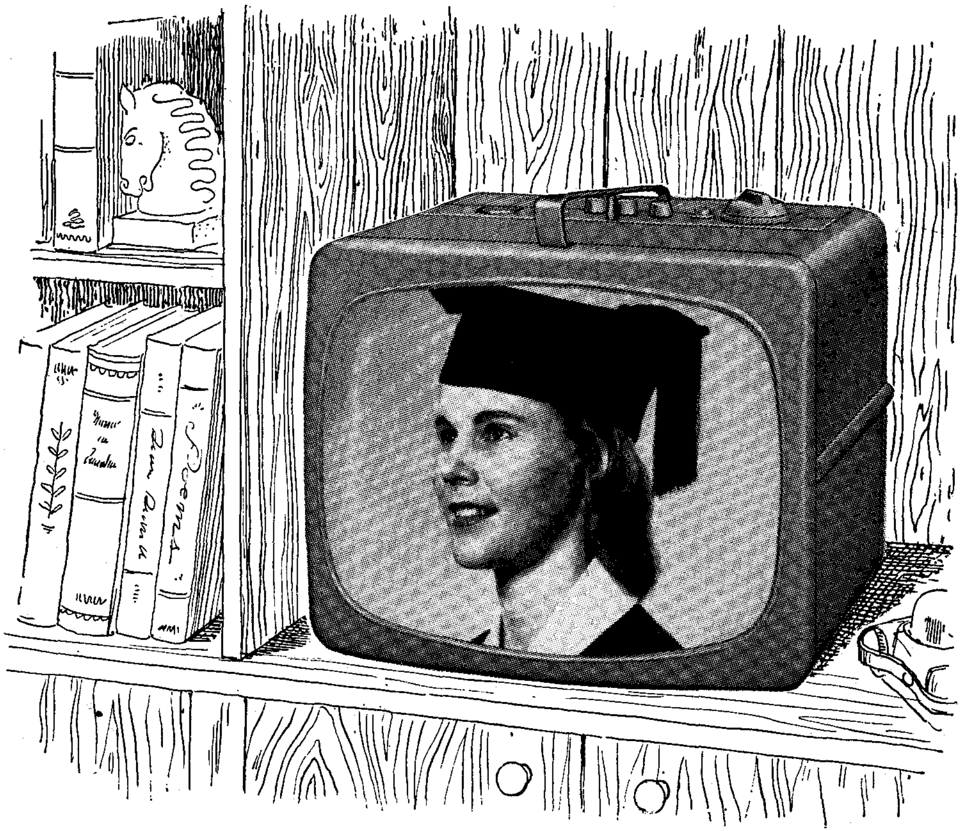

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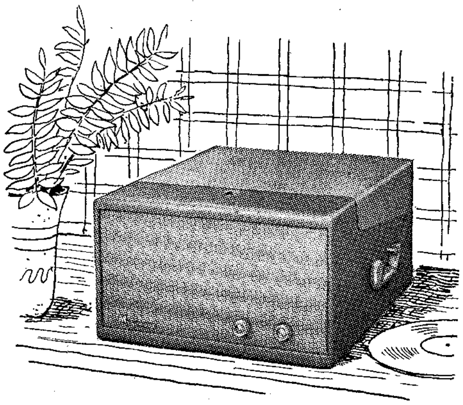

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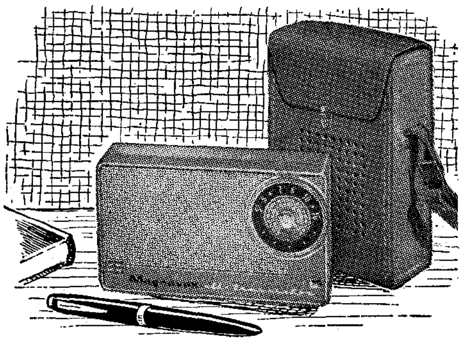

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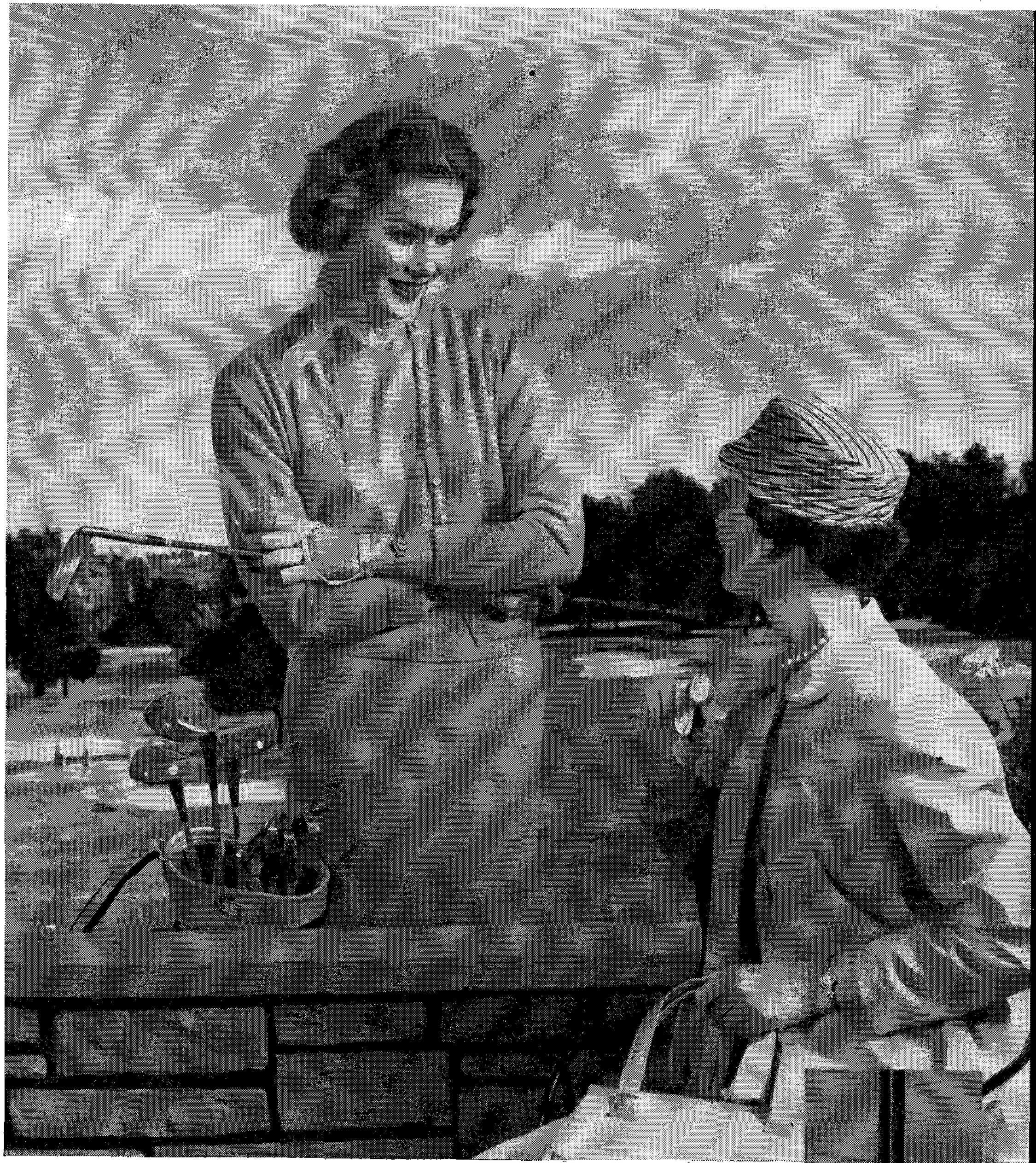

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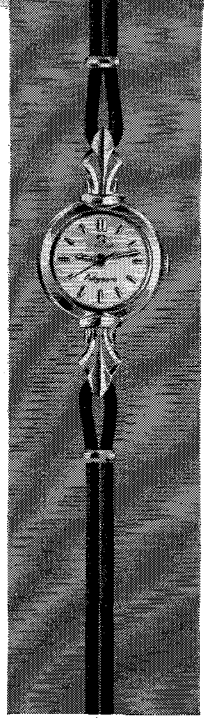

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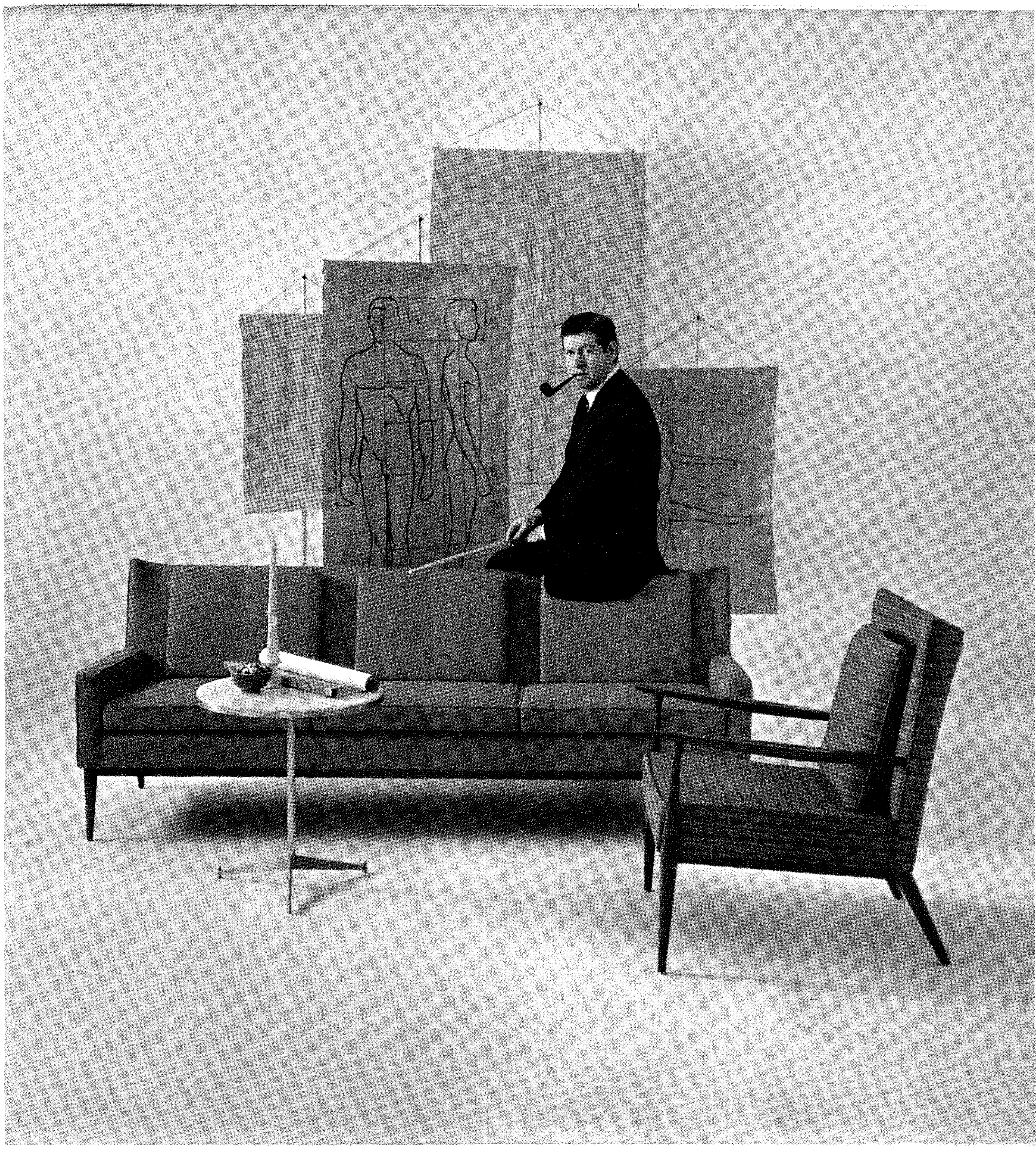

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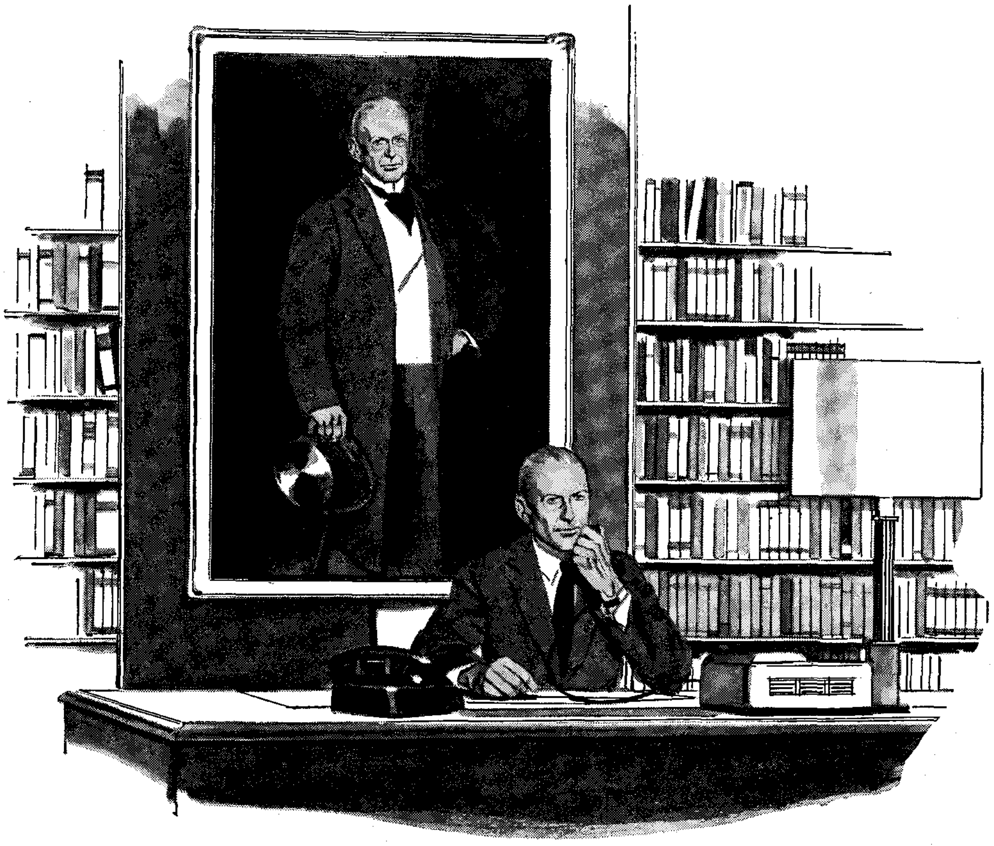

NEW *approaches* TO NEW *risks*

American investment habits have undergone a tremendous change in the past generation. Many a family, identified for decades with a single industry, has found reason to broaden and diversify its holdings. Some that looked upon bonds as *the* medium for conservative funds have, in recent years, turned more to common stocks. Still others have found part of their answer in tax exempt bonds.

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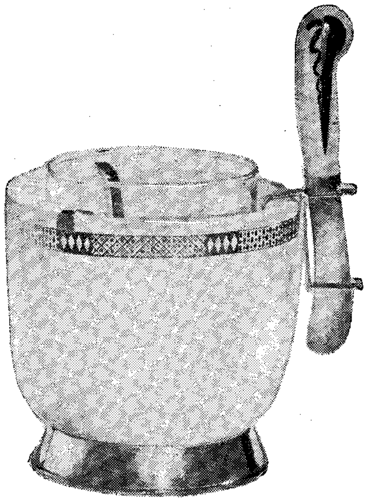
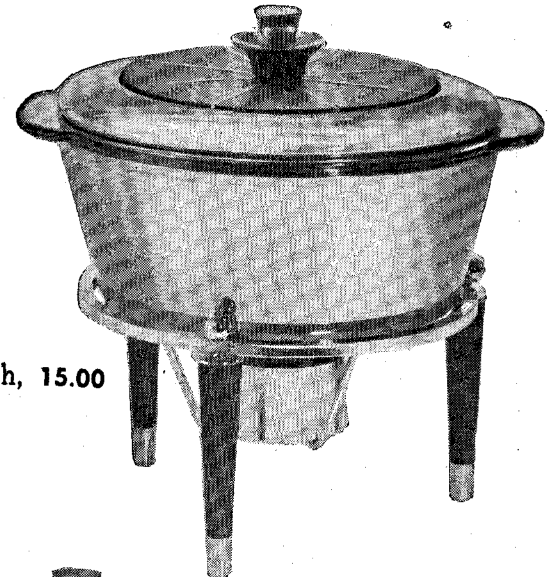
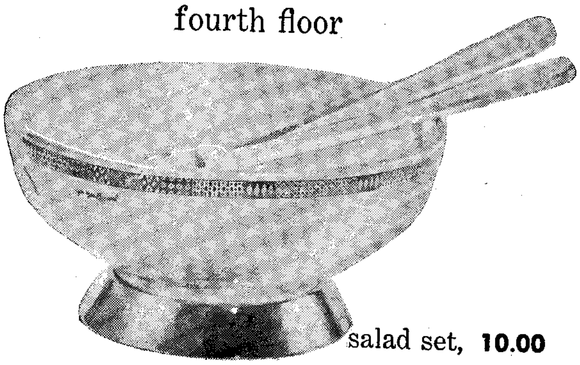


iced server, **7.50**

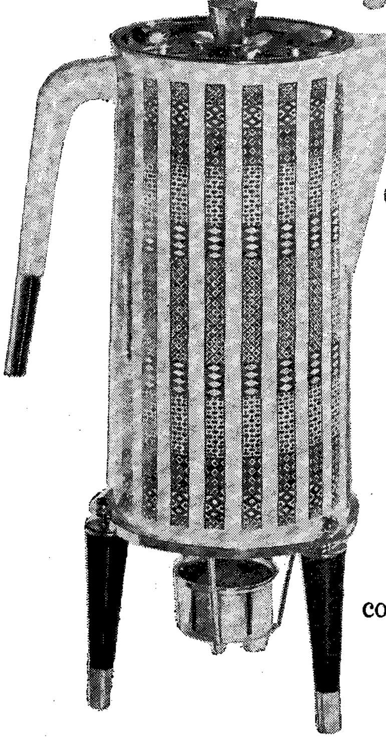
Oh, the golden glitter of these Riviera buffet accessories by Georges Briard . . . combinations of ovenproof glass or ceramics with brass, brass plated metal or walnut. Altman gift shop, fourth floor



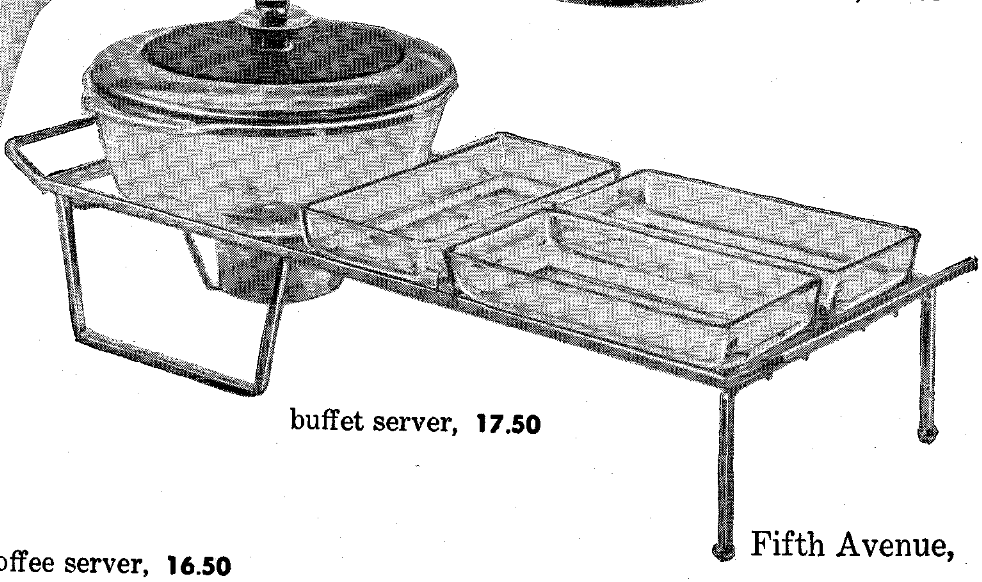
chafing dish, **15.00**



salad set, **10.00**



coffee server, **16.50**



buffet server, **17.50**

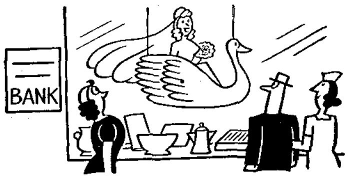
Fifth Avenue,
White Plains,
Manhasset,
Short Hills

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

NOBODY can say where it will all end. Once having burst the bonds of traditional conservatism, the local banks and savings institutions are cavorting around like so many young goats turned out to pasture. Now it's the Rockefeller Center branch of the New York Savings Bank, which is currently featuring an elaborate window display of bridal costumes and other objects calculated to evoke a hymeneal atmosphere, is planning to keep them there for the duration of May, and has adopted as its motto for that period "It's more fun to *marry* when you save." In the main window, facing on Sixth Avenue, are an array of typical wedding presents (sheets, table linen, silver, china), a collection of bridal dolls (Queen Elizabeth II, Princess Grace of Monaco), and—suspended some ten feet in the air by wires attached to the ceiling—a scale-model bride riding in a white swan boat. The window facing on Forty-ninth Street contains dime banks, a wedding cake, ancient bridal veils, and a sugar replica of Notre Dame Cathedral; hanging above these things are eighty clear plastic balls, each containing an item of merchandise of interest to a bride and obtainable, according to a leaflet that mingles with the deposit slips on the bank's counters, at Saks Fifth Avenue.



We went up to the New York Savings Bank the other morning, and—after a whirlwind tour of the display, in the company of Richard L. Maloney, Jr., the bank's president, a florid-faced man with a pixyish look, and Mrs. Isabel Barringer, the designer of the show, a red-headed lady who was wearing a flowered hat—we somewhat dizzily followed our two guides up a short flight of stairs to a room that contained chairs and a conference table. Seated at it, we asked Mr. Maloney to explain what his institution had in mind. "Our bank is pretty sentimental about brides, and not without good reason," he replied. "Thirty-eight per cent of our depositors are female, and twenty-eight per cent of our female depositors are unmarried, and therefore potential brides. We've scored another first, we think, in dramatizing the connection between regular savings and the pink clouds of sentiment. Mrs. Barringer did a couple of shows for us earlier—a Christmas one last year, and a preview for spring back in January. The motto of the last one was 'It's more fun to shop when you save,' so for this one all we had to do was change 'shop' to 'marry.' "

"Dick and I think up the mottoes together," Mrs. Barringer informed us. "I'll bet no bank has ever had a bride in a swan boat floating from its ceiling before."

"When Mrs. Barringer presented us with the idea of the bride show, I thought it was splendid and immediately embraced it," said Mr. Maloney. "Some of my fellow-trustees winced momentarily, but they said, 'Let's try it and see what happens.' After all, they know merchandising. One of them is president of Allied Stores."

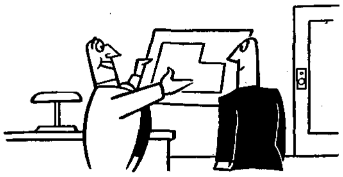
Our eyrie overlooked the banking floor, and our attention was caught and held by a policeman down there bending to fill out a deposit slip against a background of lace. The policeman's expression was inscrutable, so we asked Mr. Maloney about depositor reaction to the show. "Very favorable," he said. "It gives them something other than a material interest in the bank. New accounts aren't flowing in, because the show doesn't include a giveaway feature, but the long-term effect should be good. As for Saks, which supplied all the merchandise, they're delighted; they've had a run on dime banks ever since we opened. I suggested to F. Raymond Johnson, Saks' exec, that they advertise their part in our show with the slogan 'Saks Fifth Avenue Comes to Sixth Avenue,' but he wouldn't buy it."

"We plan three more shows," Mrs. Barringer said. "An outdoor-living show, for June, a back-to-school show, for August, and an 'anticipation' show, as a sequel to the bride show, for October."

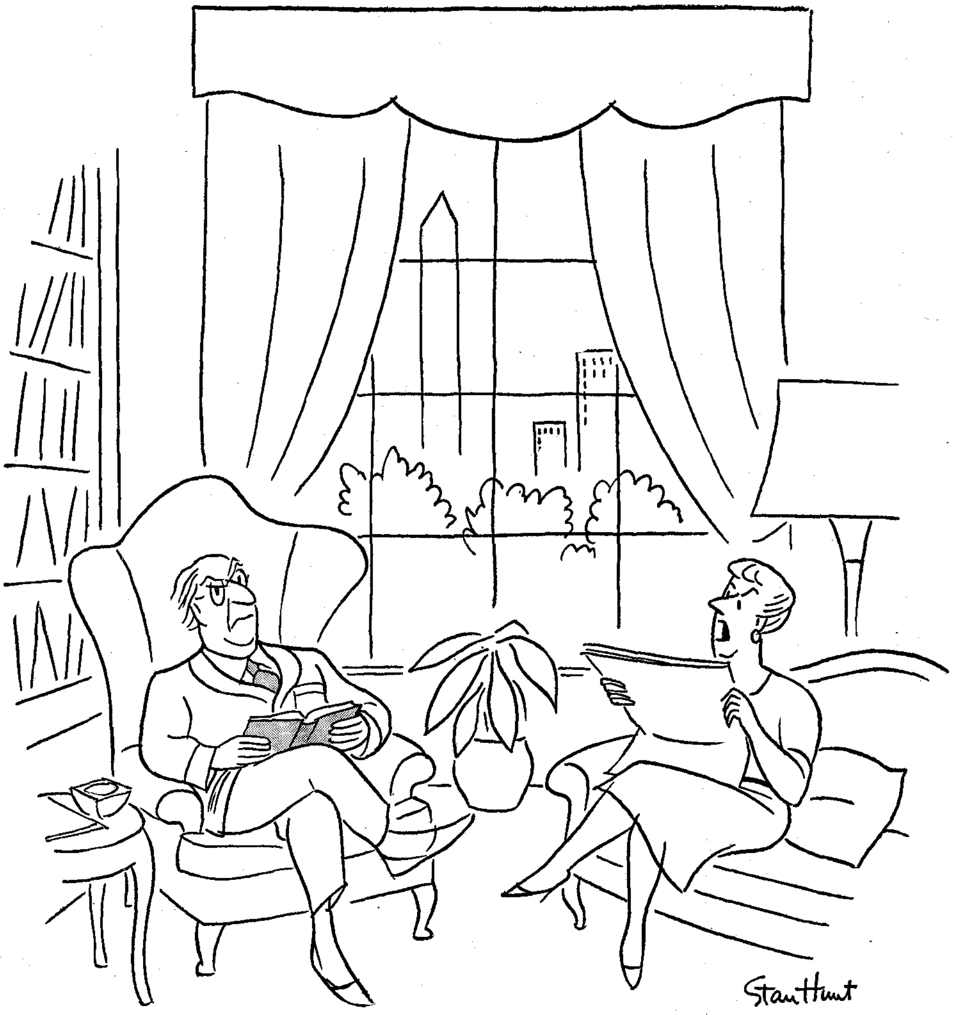
We asked Mr. Maloney whether his institution intends to keep this sort of thing up indefinitely. "Mrs. Barringer hopes so," he said, with a thin smile, and we found that it eased our dizziness to hear him say something cryptic, calculating, faintly menacing—in short, bankerlike.

Guggenheim's Euclid

IN a talk we had with Frank Lloyd Wright last spring, he informed us that the building contract for the new Guggenheim Museum had been let to the Euclid Contracting Corporation, so, mindful of the fact that this remarkable structure is now beginning to take shape on upper Fifth Avenue, we've just been to see Mr. George N. Cohen, Euclid's founder, president, and general manager, at the firm's headquarters, on Park Avenue. He proved to be full of enthusiasm for his current project and its instigator, a man he refers to in business letters as "the great Architect with whom it is our privilege to be associated."



"There's no wasted space," Mr. Cohen said. "The basement of the exhibition building—there's also an ad-



"Why don't you initiate some legislation once in a while? All you ever do is attach riders!"

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ministration building—contains a three-hundred-seat auditorium. The heating pipes, electrical facilities, air-conditioning, and other utilities are all built into the concrete. The concrete becomes the finished structure. That's unusual. Most public buildings have façades of marble, limestone, or aluminum. Here's a fine, old-fashioned, homely material—concrete—that Mr. Wright is putting on Fifth Avenue and making beautiful. This man is also a great engineer. To do business with him, you should be an admirer of his. It's not like working for the city or the state, for which we've handled, or co-handled, such jobs as the three-mile reinforced-concrete deck of the Tappan Zee Bridge, the Staten Island Ferry Terminal's foundation, the East Harlem General Hospital's foundation, and a section of the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway. We ourselves are doing the actual structure of the Museum—the reinforced concrete that *becomes* the architecture—and are subcontracting the rest. We've farmed out the glass dome and perimeter skylights of the exhibition building to Fisher Skylights, in Brooklyn, which specializes in domes as well as skylights. Henry Hope & Sons, an English firm that has a branch here, is making and installing the hand-wrought doors and windows of the administration building and the doors of the exhibition building, which has no real windows. It's to get its outside light through the dome, the skylights, and some portholes. I've found Mr. Wright not the least bit difficult to get along with. He's agreed to a few changes in the original plan, for the sake of practicality—an extra stairway, to conform to the fire laws, and the elimination of a second basement, for storage, since the first one, which goes twenty feet down, stopped just short of hard rock. As it is, we're in soft. You can get into real trouble below the surface in New York. We had to go down two subcellars doing the excavation, piling, and foundation for an addition to Mt. Sinai Hospital in 1949, and got into very bad ground, with quicksand, right on Fifth Avenue."

Mr. Cohen, a stocky, vigorous man of fifty with bushy black eyebrows, started out as a concrete subcontractor after graduating from Cornell. He is married, has two little girls, and lives in a ranch house in Scarsdale designed by a former Wright pupil, Edgar Tafel, through whom he met Wesley Peters, a Wright son-in-law and associate, through whom he met the great Pooh-Bah himself. "Other companies submitted vague bids," he told us. "I believe our proposal was the only one that was firm. We like doing one big job at a time. I started out with the Eureka Fireproofing Company, and when I established my own company, I gave it the first other Greek name I could think of beginning with 'Eu.' Look at these blueprints of the Museum."

Leading us to a table, Mr. Cohen riffled through a set of seventy-five, which he said constituted only the basic documents. "Five complete sets of plans—architectural, structural, plumbing, heating and ventilating, and electrical," he said. "Our working drawings are out in the field. We have literally hundreds of plans. The engineering that went into this! Among other things, we have to turn over seventy thousand cubic feet of air a minute. That requires a lot of machinery. We'll install a Carrier absorption machine, about twenty feet long, to utilize the facilities of the Consolidated Edison steam lines for the air-conditioning. You have to time the delivery of a huge machine like that. The horizontal surfaces of concrete will be poured, the vertical and circular surfaces will be shot with a cement gun from the inside, to a thickness of five inches, against bent plywood. We said we'd do the job in a year and a half, and, barring acts of God, we will. We have around a year to go. There's nothing I like better than a reinforced-concrete job of an unusual nature, and that's certainly what this is."

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MILITARY INTELLIGENCE: A printed placard outside the telephone booth in the PX at Ramey Field, Puerto Rico, says, "If this telephone is inoperative or does not work properly, call No. 9807."

Honest Demons

OUR latest investigation of club life concerns the Norwich Terrier Club, an outfit whose members are not terriers but people, like Mr. and Mrs. J. Stillman Rockefeller, Mrs. Stevens Baird, Mr. Oakleigh Thorne, the Dean Bedfords, and Mr. Alden Blodgett, its president. Informally known as the American Norwich, to distinguish it from the British Norwich, the club is devoted to the improvement of the breed and the general promotion of the Norwich terrier—a relatively recent canine creation, descended from various kinds of terriers, among them Staffordshire, Bedlington, Cairn, Border, Yorkshire, and Irish. The Norwich was at one time called the Jones terrier, after Frank Jones, an Englishman who in the early nineteen-hundreds helped develop its particular strain by crossbreeding. Mr. Jones carried this work on in Norwich, England, where he was employed by a hunt known as the Norwich Staghounds, and the Norwich terrier officially became the Norwich terrier in 1932, when it was recognized as a separate breed by the British Kennel Club. Four years later, it was recognized by the American Kennel Club. It is a small (twelve pounds is ideal), wiry-coated, courageous, affectionate, persistent dog, usually reddish but sometimes wheat-colored, black-and-tan, or grizzled. It comes in two packages—drop-eared and prick-eared. It is a hell of a ratter, an occasional groundhogger, inquisitive, companionable, gay, obedient, sensible, and active without being quarrelsome or restless. Its star is rising in this country, where approximately a thousand specimens now flourish, mostly in the doggier sections of New Jersey, Long Island, Westchester, Massachusetts, Maryland, and Virginia. We are indebted for this information to Mrs. Baird, the vice-president of the American Norwich and the proprietress of Castle Point Kennel, in Bernardsville, where she breeds and sells these paragons. We met her, by prearrangement, in the Manhattan apartment of friends, Mr. and Mrs. Seymour L. Cromwell—owners of two Castle Point drop-eared Norwiches, Havoc and Porter, both of whom were present during our interview.

"Havoc is by George out of Hurry," Mrs. Baird said. "I try to keep the genealogical nomenclature alphabetical, to avoid confusion. I recently sold Zenobia, a puppy whose mother was Zinnia, for two hundred bucks—my usual price. I normally have around twenty-five of these dogs out at my place, in my father's old coach stables. I have converted the big box stalls into pens painted primrose yellow and dark blue, the family racing colors. Norwiches love chasing rats—they break their necks and throw 'em—but I can't *get* rats."

Mrs. Baird sighed, Havoc growled, Porter nuzzled our leg, and Mr. Cromwell produced drinks for the non-canines.

"I just find these dogs are no trouble at all," he said. "They're easy to feed, you can leave them alone, and they're easy to walk. I don't feel like a damned fool walking them, the way you do walking a poodle."

"I named Castle Point Kennel after my family's place in Hoboken, which was originally built by Colonel John Stevens after the Revolution," Mrs. Baird said. "The house now belongs to the Stevens Institute of Technology, which was founded by my grandfather, Edwin Augustus Stevens. You know, they breed the brains out of most dogs; most terriers are ruined by the show ring. The Norwich Terrier Club is trying to keep the Norwich terrier to his original type—small, game, and hardy. He's a demon for his size. He doesn't eat much, he doesn't catch cold if he gets wet, and he's very honest—won't go down a groundhog hole if no groundhog is there. He's the perfect 1957 dog."

Havoc and Porter looked at us honestly, and we took our leave.

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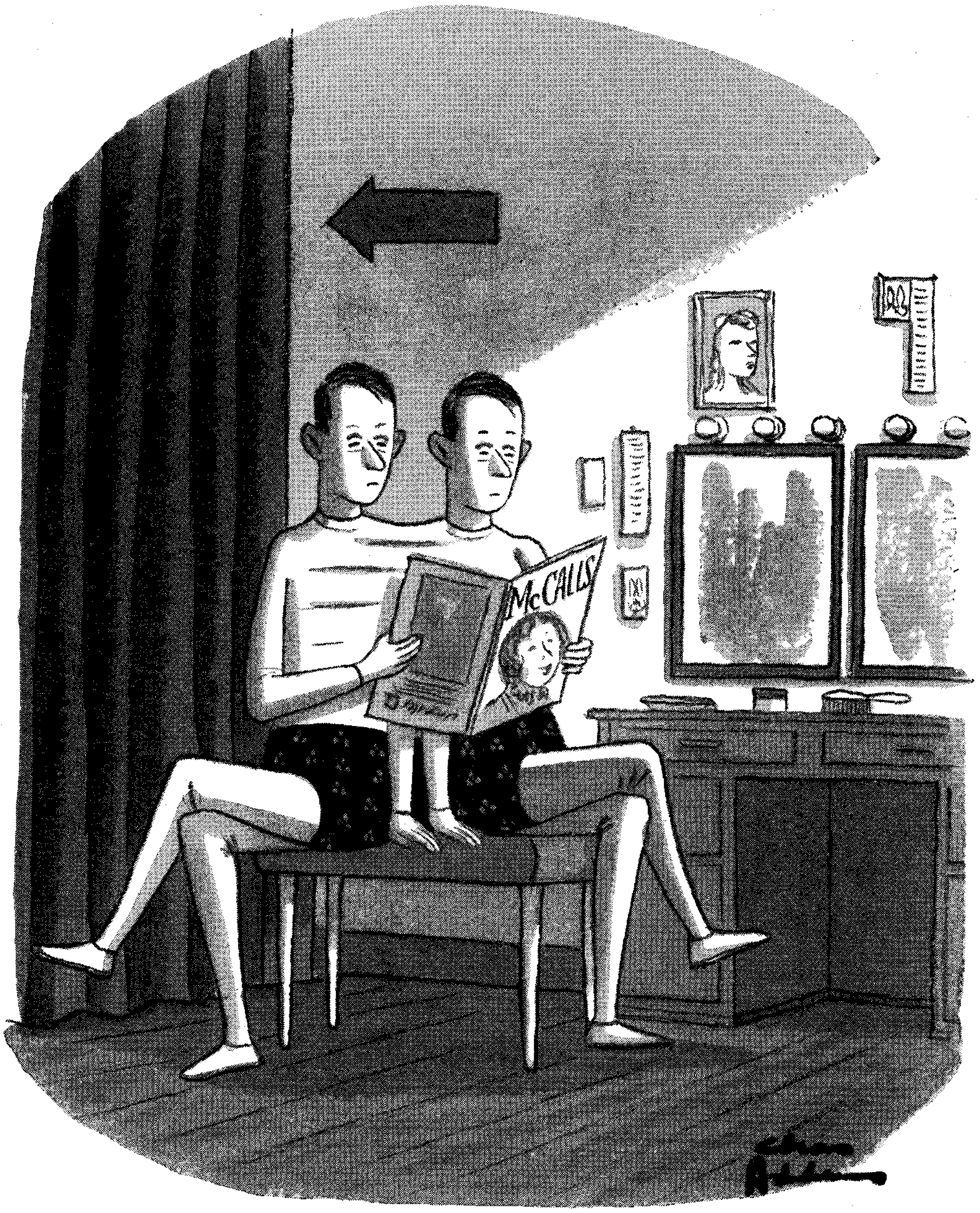
A SIGN in the elevator of an apartment house on East Sixty-eighth Street says, "For sale: Twelve-foot statue of Grover Cleveland. Glows in the dark. Reasonable."

Mycophile

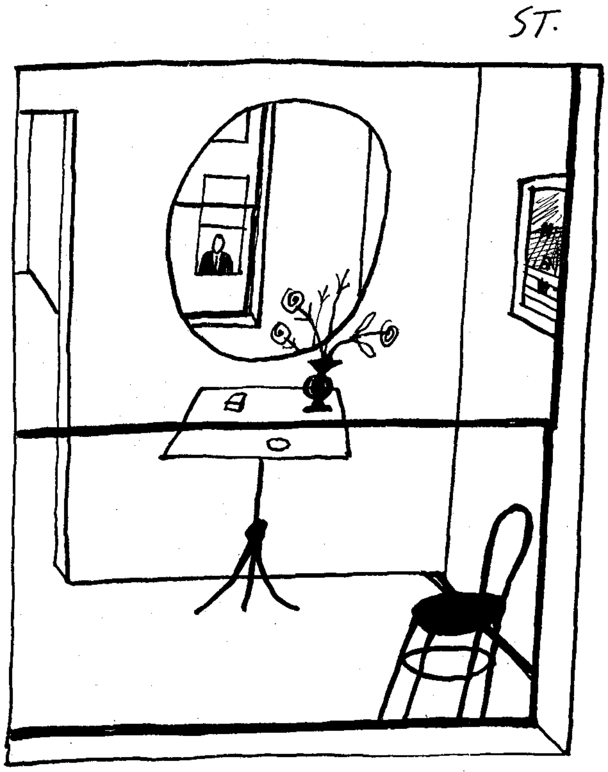
WHAT'S the latest novelty in the literary world? Why, the publication, by Pantheon Books, in an edi-



tion of five hundred and twelve copies, of "Mushrooms Russia and History," a two-volume, ninety-three-plate, thirty-years-in-the-making, hundred-and-twenty-five-dollar work on "the rôle played by mushrooms in the daily lives of the varied European peoples," written jointly by Valentina Pavlovna Wasson, a lady pediatrician whose only previous book was "The Chosen Baby" (two dollars), a guide for adoptive parents, and her husband, R. Gordon Wasson—a vice-president of J. P. Morgan & Co., a director of Morgan et Cie., in Paris, a trustee of Barnard and of the American Academy in Rome, secretary-general of the French Institute, here in New York, and chairman of the Visiting Nurse Service of New York—whose only previous book was "The Hall Carbine Affair: A Study in Contemporary Folklore" (six dollars), a scholarly refutation of the charge that the elder Morgan sold obsolete muskets to the federal government during the Civil War. We called up Mr. Wasson to find out how he had strayed from mythology into ethnomycology, and were rewarded by an invitation to lunch in a private dining room at Morgan's. "No booze," he said when we arrived. "Buttermilk?" Over a capital sequence of cherrystones, spring lamb, veg, salad, and melon, to say nothing of buttermilk, he unfolded an unusual tale, to wit:

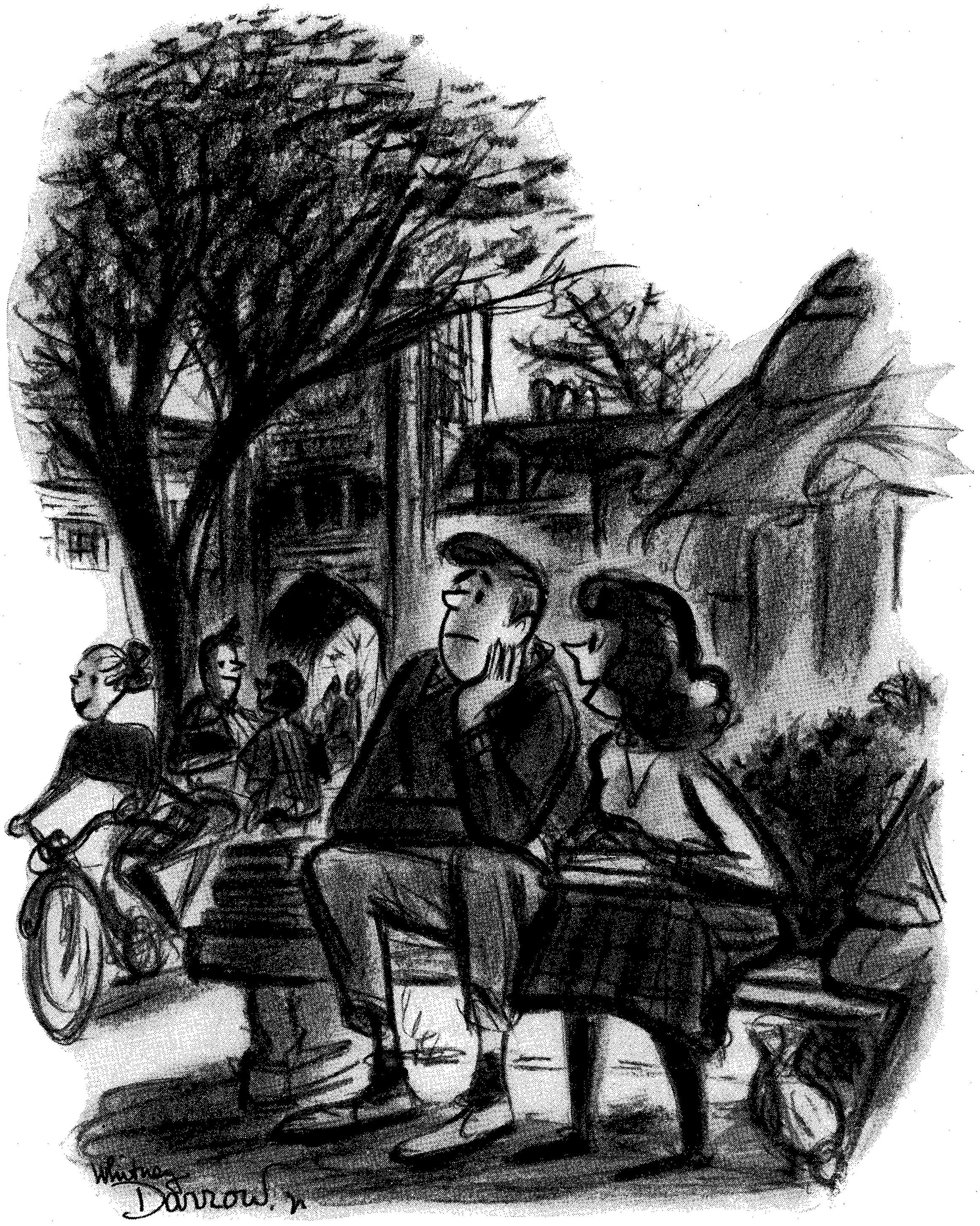
"It all goes back to an August day in 1927, when Tina and I were taking a walk near Big Indian, in the Catskills. We'd been married less than a year and were feeling on top of the world. I was a financial reporter on the *Herald Tribune;* this was my first vacation since our marriage; a friend had lent us his lodge. Suddenly, an episode took place that revealed a minor cultural fissure separating us. Here I should explain that my wife is a Russian, whose family left their country in 1918; I was born in Montana and brought up in Newark, where my father was rector of St. Stephen's Protestant Episcopal Church. We'd met in London; I was studying at the London School of Economics on a Pulitzer Travelling Scholarship, and her father was a vice-president of Westinghouse Electric International there. She was studying to be a doctor, and we put off marriage until she had taken her degree, at the Westminster Hospital Medical School. Well, on this walk she came across a cluster of mushrooms and went into ecstasies over them. She knelt down and caressed them, murmuring endearing Russian names to them. I was astonished; we'd been engaged for five years, and mushrooms had never been mentioned. I was also horrified, because I thought the mushrooms she was caressing were toadstools. She made fun of my protests, gathered the mushrooms, took them back to our lodge, cooked them, and ate them. She ate them alone. I was sure I'd be a widower. I've since come to realize that Russians are mycophiles; Anglo-Saxons are mycophobes. Russian literature is saturated with talk about mushrooms, all friendly. Inedible mushrooms are called 'little pagans.' 'Anna Karenina' contains three moving episodes that hinge on the gentle art of wild-mushroom gathering. In English literature, I have not found a single reference to mushrooms that is appetizing. Chaucer and Milton ignore them. Shakespeare refers perfunctorily to mushrooms once, in 'The Tempest,' and in 'Troilus and Cressida' a character dismisses another with the epithet 'Toadstool!' One of Smollett's villains is M. le Marquis de Champignon. The references to mushrooms in Sterne, Keats, Tennyson, Spenser, Shelley, Emily Dickinson, Conan Doyle, and D. H. Lawrence are, without exception, pejorative."

Mr. Wasson shot an indignant glance at us, took a sip of buttermilk, and continued, "The people of Europe and Asia are divided into these two ethnomycological groups—mycophobe and mycophile. Why this difference in attitude? That is the question my wife and I began to try to answer thirty years ago. Our quest led us into fascinating research in Mexico, Lapland, Friesland, Provence, and remote sections of the Spanish Basque country, where we studied mushroom terminology, history, and customs. It led to this book, which is our first report. We hope to get a second one out in ten or fifteen years. The origins of religion may well be involved. We believe mushrooms played a conspicuous part in the life of our remote ancestors. The Chinese have something called 'the divine mushroom of immortality.' What did Suetonius say? 'Mushrooms are the food of the gods.' What did Buddha *probably* eat just before being translated to Nirvana? Mushrooms! The Aztec word for mushroom means 'God's flesh.' What do the mushroom stones of pre-Christian Guatemala show? A god speaking from a mushroom. The cult of the divine mushroom is a cherished secret among the remotest tribes of southern Mexico, and my wife and I have shared in it. I have taken the divine, or hallucinogenic, mushroom four times. It tastes awful. You are shaken by the experience. You feel as though you were on the brink of eternity. You see marvellous architectural and moving visions, all in color. Your soul soars, your body is left behind, and you see skies like El Greco's."



Mr. Wasson added that he has communicated his experiences as an eater of hallucinogenic mushrooms to *Life*, and continued, "I have to go to a good many cocktail and dinner parties for Morgan's. I'm a vice-president in the foreign end. Our book—my wife did most of the research and is senior partner—came as a surprise to many of my colleagues here; they had known little about my interest in mushrooms. If you rule out television, movies, golf, cards, and crossword puzzles, as we do, you have plenty of time for mushrooms. These are the sacrifices you have to make. Oh, the smell of wild mushrooms! It's glorious. Mushrooms aren't worth cultivating—cultivation tends to destroy the aroma. Tina and I serve many kinds as hors d'oeuvres, and use them in soups and sauces. Truffles, which, of course, are mushrooms, should be eaten as vegetables, not in a pâté. The only all-mushroom store I know of in New York is the Reliable Mushroom Company, on Rivington Street. They supply all the great hotels, Soulé's, and so forth. A splendid, appetizing place!"

We asked Mr. Wasson what one does about reviewers' copies of a hundred-and-twenty-five-dollar book, and he said precious few were sent out. "The London *Times'* Lit. Supp. and the *Saturday Review* are each getting a copy, and so are *American Antiquity* and *American Anthropologist*," he said. "We hope for discussion in learned circles. We're very much interested in reviews, favorable or unfavorable, from people whose ethnomycological opinions we respect."



"Darling, I don't care if you're sixty per cent water!"

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Hospitality

A LADY we know, who insists on Scotch-and-soda as her tipple, tells us that on a recent aerial trip from Manhattan to Vicksburg, for a wedding, she found herself with a forty-minute wait between planes at the airport in Memphis. As so often happens, the airport coffee shop there doesn't serve liquor, but our friend had a dollop of Scotch in her bag, and requested a setup.

"7-Up or ginger ale?" her waitress asked.

"Club soda," said our friend.

"Well, Ma'am," said the waitress, "I wouldn't guarantee we got any of that," and she disappeared for a while. Presently she returned with ice and a quart bottle of soda.

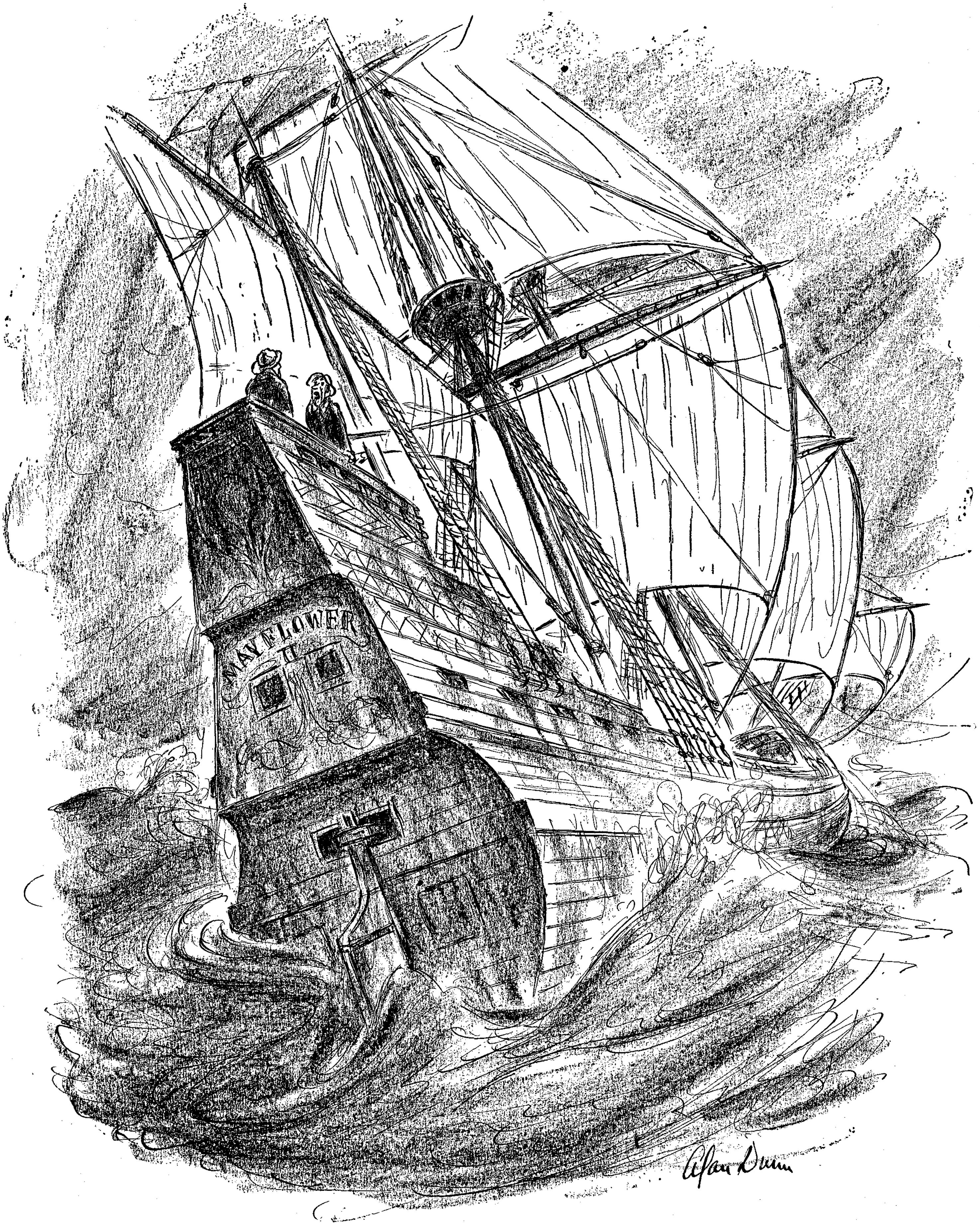
"My God," our friend protested, "I don't need all that!"

"It's the only one we got around, Ma'am," the waitress said.

Our friend mixed a drink and went her way, after paying thirty cents for the soda and ten cents for the ice. A couple of days later, homeward bound, she found herself once again in the Memphis-airport coffee shop. She had barely seated herself when the waitress who had attended her before rushed to her side. "I know just what you want," the waitress said, and quickly produced a nearly full quart bottle of soda, along with some ice.

"Is this the same bottle you gave me the last time?" our friend inquired.

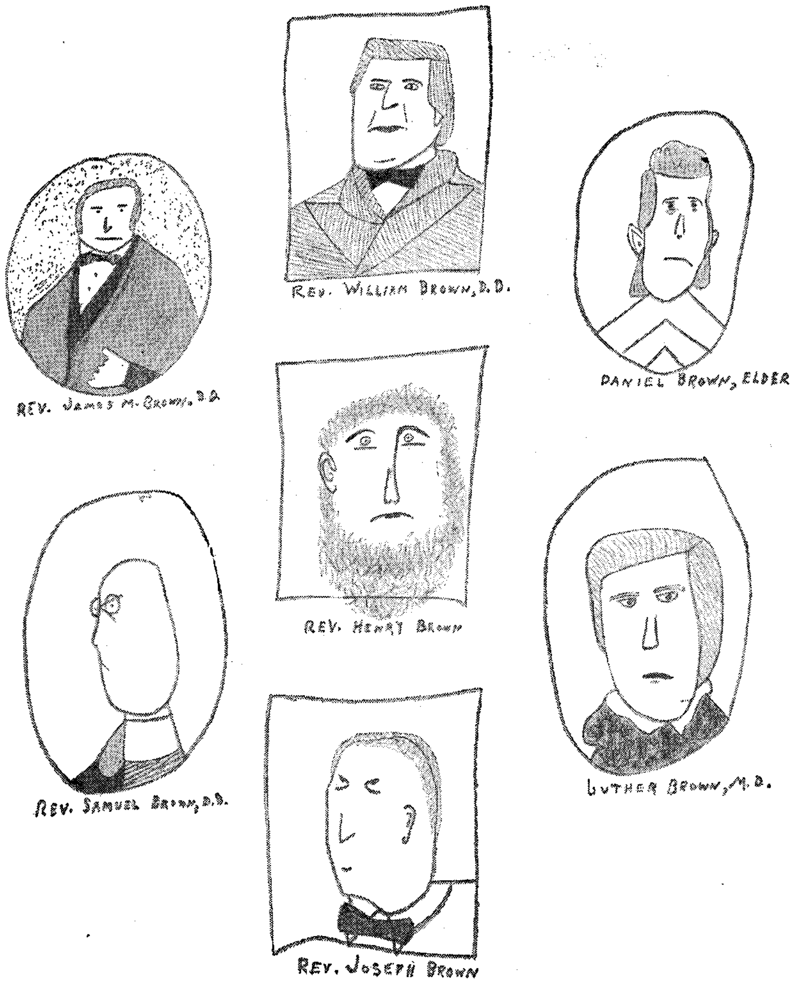
"Bless your little heart, of course it is," said the waitress. "But this time all I'm going to charge you for is the ice."


MAYFLOWER
II
Alan Dunn

"Begging your pardon, sir, would it be cheating to take a Dramamine?"

THE PRESBYTERIAN CALL SYSTEM

When my great-great-grandmother, Mary Moore, returned to Rockbridge County, Virginia, after being a captive of the Indians, she was thirteen years old. Nine years later she married a Presbyterian clergyman, the Reverend Samuel Brown, and began having the family that was to represent to those of her great-granddaughters with whom I was acquainted (my mother and her four sisters) a record of achievement which probably would never be equalled by anybody but which still was something for them to shoot at. She had eleven children, of whom seven sons and two daughters lived to maturity. Five of the seven sons became Presbyterian clergymen, one became a successful farmer who was a Presbyterian elder, and one became a physician. One of the daughters married a Presbyterian clergyman and the other married a physician.


REV. WILLIAM BROWN, D.D.
DANIEL BROWN, ELDER
REV. JAMES M. BROWN, D.D.
REV. HENRY BROWN
REV. SAMUEL BROWN, D.D.
LUTHER BROWN, M.D.
REV. JOSEPH BROWN

THE SEVEN SONS OF MARY MOORE
(FROM THE ORIGINAL PORTRAITS)

The first thing for my mother and her sisters to do, of course, was to marry Presbyterian clergymen. Their situation in this respect was favorable. Their father was a Doctor of Divinity who was a member of the faculty of the Union Theological Seminary at Hampden-Sydney, Virginia, and they lived in a house on the campus. One after another, they married the graduates and began emulating Mary Moore to the best of their abilities. In the opinion of my mother and her sisters, the next-best thing their sons could do if they didn't become clergymen was to become physicians, and if the daughters didn't marry clergymen, the next-best thing they could do was to marry physicians. To become college professors was third as a preferred career for sons and for daughters' husbands. If daughters didn't marry at all, teaching school was thought to be the best way out for them. My mother considered journalism as a possibility for sons who did not become clergymen, physicians, or college professors. This was partly because my father had for a time been editor of the *Presbyterian Standard* and the *Presbyterian Quarterly* and had been called "the greatest journalist the church had produced," and partly because his father's brother, my Great-Uncle St. Clair, was editor and part-owner of the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* and wore a mink-lined overcoat. The profession of law was not admired. The sisters were faithful readers of Dickens' novels and felt much as he did about lawyers. For sons to become plain, substantial citizens—property-owning farmers or even businessmen—was condoned as long as they also became elders of Presbyterian churches and helped handle the financial problems of the churches and the pastors. But the primary objective of the sisters was to somehow propel their sons into the Presbyterian ministry.

A difficulty that lay in the way of sons becoming clergymen was that men couldn't do that unless and until they had received what was known as "the call." They could receive the call almost any time, but they usually got it, if they were going to get it at all, about the time they finished preparatory school and were ready to go to college. Sometimes men got it after they had started on some other career, whereupon they had to drop everything and start over, but this was unusual. Men could get the call anyplace, but it always happened to them when they were alone. They might be out walking or riding horseback or milking a cow or hunting quail or paddling a canoe or doing their homework or saying their evening prayers. When they got it, they knew what it was. From then on, they had no doubts about what career they were going to follow. The call entailed a direct communication between the recipient and God, and it was a private affair between the recipient and God. Nobody knew much about the precise nature of the procedure except God and the men who had themselves received the call, and those men, even if they were a woman's father or husband or brother, wouldn't talk about it much except in inexplicit terms. They might say, "It was then that I got the call," or "The call came to me at that time," or something like that, but no more. In giving them the call, God evidently exacted a promise of secrecy, for some reason known only to God.

My Cousin John was the first one of the sons of those great-granddaughters of Mary Moore to get the call. His mother, my Aunt Fanny, was my mother's second-oldest sister. The only thing Cousin John would tell his mother or his aunts was that he had got it. Although his mother and his aunts gladly helped him pack his grip and joyfully saw him off on his journey to the family clergyman factory at Hampden-Sydney, they nevertheless wished they could know just how the thing had occurred and exactly what God had said to him. He only kept repeating cheerfully that he had got the call. He was raking leaves on the lawn of his father's manse in Petersburg, Virginia, when he received it. "It was then that I got the call," he said. His mother and my mother and the other aunts felt that fuller information on the subject might help them know better how to bring about the issuance of calls by God to all the other sons in that particular cluster of Mary Moore's descendants. Among them, the five sisters had seventeen sons.

My mother was the youngest of the sisters and hadn't married until she was twenty-six. She was twenty-two years younger than her oldest sister and twelve years younger than the sister closest to her in age, with the result that by the time her own three sons were growing up in Washington, D.C., in the early nineteen-hundreds, the achievements of her sisters had been chalked up. Unless some very late calls were issued, the record would stand as it was, and my mother didn't consider it an impressive one. When compared with Mary Moore's record, it was piddling. My mother's oldest sister, Mary, who had married the Reverend Parke Poindexter Flournoy, D.D., in 1866, had raised six sons and one daughter at the manse in Bethesda, Maryland, where Uncle Parke ran a church and wrote essays and books on theological subjects. He had a beautiful clipped white beard. He was a life member of the Victoria Institute of London and had twice received the Gunning Prize for his writings on the history of the Scriptures. His best-known works were "The Search Light of St. Hippolytus" (1896), "New Light on the New Testament" (1903), and "The Bearing of Archeological and Historical Research Upon the New Testament" (1913). Because Aunt Mary had been in poor health for many years, the one daughter, the eldest of the children, had taken over the responsibilities of the household and hadn't married. Of the sons, not one had got the call. Two had become architects and had designed, among other things, a number of Presbyterian churches in Washington and Baltimore and some of the new buildings at Washington and Lee University, in Lexington, Virginia; one had become an authority on international law and was a solicitor in the State Department; one had become an engineer and was doing well at it; one had become a college professor with a Ph.D.; and one was an invalid. They were all members of the Presbyterian Church but none of them was an elder. So much for the Flournoys. My Aunt Fanny, who had married the Reverend John Rosebro, D.D., in 1873, had raised five sons and no daughters. Uncle John had been pastor of a number of churches in Virginia, and around 1910 had a church in Georgetown. His eldest son, my Cousin John, had, as I've said, got the call, and another son, my Cousin Frank, had also got the call, but Cousin Frank's had turned out to be an Episcopalian call and couldn't be counted. Of the other three, one had become a physician, one a businessman who was not an elder, and one a mechanical engineer who was an elder. The next sister, my Aunt Em, had married a graduate of Hampden-Sydney who had chosen to follow an academic career instead of a clerical one. He was Professor Addison Hogue, Litt.D.—not D.D.—of Washington and Lee, and they had no children. They were my favorites among the uncles and aunts, but that is neither here nor there. The sister closest to my mother in age was my Aunt Elizabeth, who had married the Reverend John Alexander Preston, D.D., in 1878. They had raised two sons. One of them had become a lawyer and federal-government official and the other was starting out as a promising newspaper reporter in Atlanta, Georgia, when he died of typhoid fever at the age of twenty-two.

My mother knew her sisters had done everything they could think of to get

WARNING TO HABERDASHERS

In the Dobbs Profile we've shaped the crown to resemble a teardrop.... Shown above in Moon-Glo, Dobbs new blue-grey color, Profile is a style we think will become standard around town.—*Adv. for Dobbs Hats in The New Yorker.*

Tear-shaped and colored like the moon
  (Though trimmed with one courageous feather),
Now Felts for Gentlemen will soon
Down all the avenues at noon
  Parade along together.

Picture them, then, these dubious symbols,
  These rash and allegoric hats,
Bobbing past Cartier's, Tripler's, Gimbel's;
  Slung onto pegs in Automats;

Ransomed from check girls, fair but cynical,
  At Shor's, Schrafft's, Sardi's, Michael's Pub;
Surrendered duly at the Pinnacle,
  Though not, perhaps, the Union Club;

Glimpsed through revolving doors, in lairs
  Where admen spin upon their axes;
Stowed deftly under theatre chairs;
  Battered in subways; lost in taxis;

Touched, courteous, when fellows meet;
  Convulsive-clutched at windy corners;
In sun, in rain, on gritty street,
  Printing both natives' brows and fore'gners'—

Only at evening dispossessed,
  When custom orders their removal,
Behold them, whimsically pressed
  Into the tear's abiding oval.

Then, cognizant how often matter
  Can get the better of the mind,
Bid Mr. Dobbs, the maddened Hatter,
  Recall these Profiles he designed,

Lest, wakening to its own despairs,
  In lamentation fall the town.
Ah, doomed, uneasy, full of cares
Forever lies the head that wears
  A teardrop for a crown!

—PHYLLIS McGINLEY

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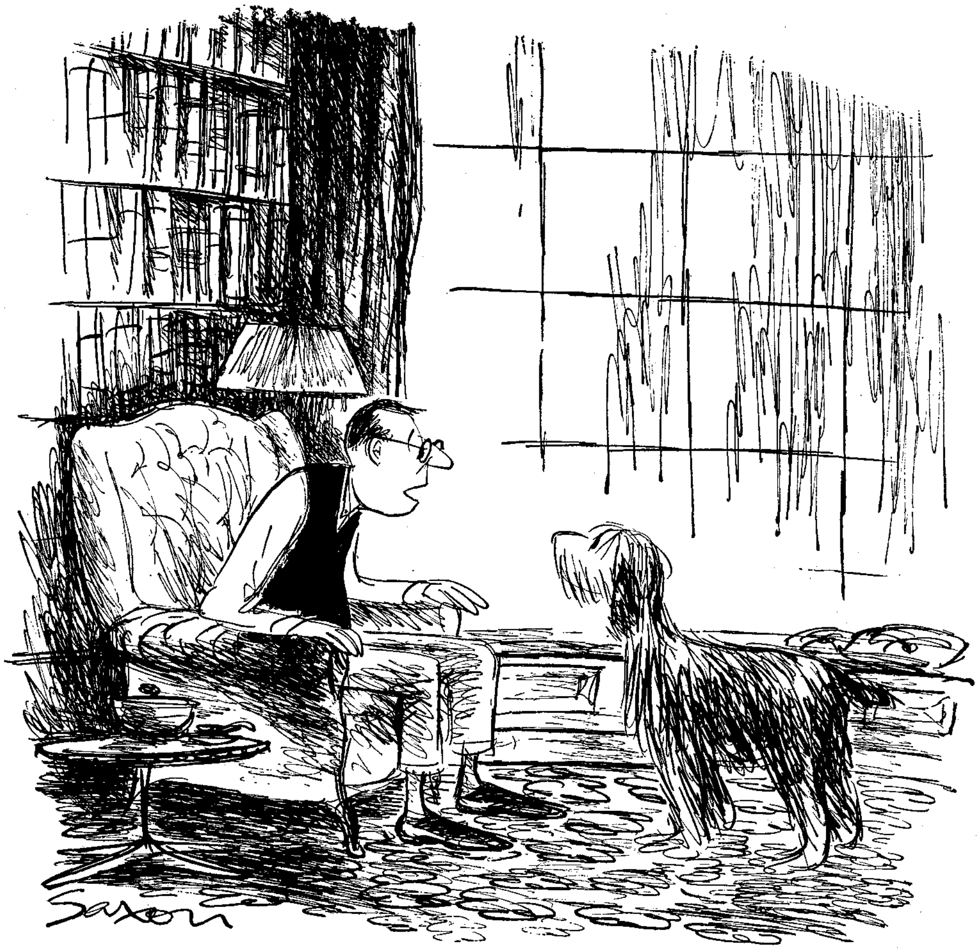

"You're selfish, arrogant, ungrateful, impertinent, and completely unworthy of my love and loyalty."

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the call for their sons. Their sons had been carefully brought up, had learned the catechism and knew the Bible, had joined the Presbyterian Church, and so on. Any one of them, except the one who was an invalid, would have been capable of receiving, accepting, and carrying out the call if God had issued it. She knew her sisters had prayed to God that their sons would get the call. She knew that some of the sons had themselves prayed to God, asking that they be given the call, and nothing had happened. They had reported resignedly that they hadn't got the call and had gone about the business of becoming physicians, college professors, architects, lawyers, and so forth. In some ways, the call system was a comfort to my mother's sisters because it was generally understood that, although they might feel disappointed, they had no reason to feel guilty or to blame their sons if the sons didn't get the call. In the final analysis, the issuance of the call, they told themselves, was up to God. It was God, they felt, who had to take the initiative.

My mother wasn't satisfied with the call system and tried to bring about its revision, or in some manner get around it, in the case of her own three sons. She was accustomed to taking the initiative in things herself or, if it was initiative of the kind a woman couldn't properly take, seeing to it that her husband or her brothers-in-law or her nephews or her sons took it. She had a troubling suspicion that many of her nephews may have got the call and through some lack of perception on their part, or through some kind of slipup in the method by which it was issued, the call hadn't registered. My father and all the uncles were positive that couldn't happen, and told her so. They also intimated that women, even such a woman as my mother, probably would never fully understand the call system, because it was something entirely between men and God. After all, no woman had ever received a call from God in the Presbyterian Church. Nevertheless, my mother asked God every now and then, in roundabout ways, to change the call system. One of Mary Moore's sons had written of his mother that she always led the family prayers when her husband was away from home, and my mother followed her example in that. She would slip in respectful references to the call system on those occasions. "And in asking God's blessing on these three sons," she would say, "I ask also that God enlighten me as to how best to guide my sons into His service in an era when the old established customs and systems by which they might be called upon by the God of their fathers to serve Him may have been diminished in their effectiveness with the passage of time." She once impulsively proposed to my father that the eldest son be sent to the seminary at Hampden-Sydney even if he hadn't got the call, on the ground that his being there might bring about its issuance. My father put his foot down on that proposal, and my mother didn't argue, knowing that precedent was against her. There were portraits of the seven sons of Mary Moore around the house and Mother used to study their faces and urge her sons to do the same. She also read aloud to her sons, from family records, the facts about those seven sons of Mary Moore. "The Reverend James Moore Brown, D.D.," she would read, "couldn't go to Princeton Seminary, where he had intended to go after he got the call, but pursued his theological studies under the Reverend George A. Baxter, D.D., and was licensed to preach in 1824. The Reverend Henry Brown went to Hampden-Sydney and was licensed to preach in 1829. The Reverend Samuel Brown, D.D., went to Princeton Seminary and was licensed to preach in 1832. Daniel Brown joined the Presbyterian Church in 1822 and became a ruling elder in 1841. The Reverend Joseph Brown went to Princeton Seminary and was licensed to preach in 1835. The Reverend William Brown, D.D., went to Princeton Seminary and also to Hampden-Sydney and was licensed to preach in 1835. Luther Brown went to the University of Virginia and became a physician in 1843."

No calls came through. And my mother's three sons appeared to be extraordinarily wavery about what other careers to undertake. The oldest was at first determined to become what was called in those days a "scientific farmer" and earnestly attended the Virginia Polytechnic Institute at Blacksburg with that purpose in mind, only to wind up, after serving as a lieutenant of infantry in the First World War, as a newspaper editor of distinction but not an elder. The second brother, a gay sweet-tempered lad who went to dances when in high school and smoked cigarettes long before he came of age, quit the University of Virginia when he was a freshman in order to serve in the war as a naval aviator. Afterward he decided to become an industrial engineer. To that end, he studied at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and went to work for the Grinnell Sprinkler Company in Providence. Then, at the rather late age of twenty-three, he got the call. He once told me it had come to him during working hours. He was supposed to be learning the sprinkler business from the bottom up, and his job at that time was to stand beside a conveyor belt on which small lengths of copper wire moved up to him at regular intervals. He was supposed to pick up each length of wire, bend it a certain way, and put it back on the conveyor belt. After he got the call, he finished out the working day and telephoned my mother that evening to give her the news. (Like Mary Moore's husband, my father had died of a heart attack at the age of fifty-two.) He then went to the Union Theological Seminary, which by that time had been moved to Richmond and was in the charge of a cousin, and was licensed to preach in 1926. He had a short, happy life, was the only chaplain in the Navy during the Second World War who had the right to wear pilot's wings, and, like his father and his great-great-grandfather, died of a heart attack in his early fifties.

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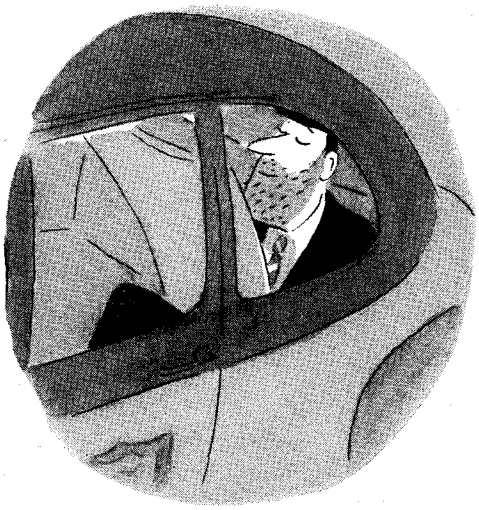

I WAS the third son. I was ten years younger than the eldest brother and seven years younger than the second brother, and was thirteen when my father died, in 1918. Before that, I had thought not a little about the possibility of getting the call. I frequently came to the conclusion that I was destined to get it, that there was not much question about it. I felt this way when I was in a lugubrious frame of mind. There was a story that was read aloud to me when I was five or six about a boy who threatened to "go out in the garden and eat worms." I knew exactly how he felt, only I would go out in the back yard and think about getting the call. It seemed to offer a solution to everything and at the same time an effective, though entirely acceptable, method of getting back at everybody and putting them in their place. I soon outgrew this notion, just as I had already outgrown earlier and absurdly childish daydreams of getting back at everybody and putting them in their place simply by killing them. By the time I was fifteen and in my second year at high school, I no longer wanted to get the call, but, when feeling lugubrious, I suspected there was still a chance that I might get it. I began to look forward to this possibility with a kind of dread. If I got it, I felt, I would have to accept it. The idea of anybody getting the call and turning it down was too outlandish to be considered. It had just begun to dawn on me that my life was in my hands, and I wanted to keep it in my hands. "You're quite sure, son," my mother would sometimes ask me, "that you haven't had a kind of indescribable feeling that your destiny is to enter the pulpit like your father and your forefathers before you?" I would tell her in all truthfulness that I hadn't received the call.

The upshot was that, all at once, it seemed to become my desire not only to fail to become a clergyman but also to fail to become a physician, a college professor, a substantial citizen who was an elder, or even a journalist. I ran away from my Presbyterian home without finishing the second year of high school, and stayed away for five months, supporting myself mostly as an apprentice stevedore in Jacksonville, Florida, and as a night counterman in a railroad restaurant in St. Augustine. I came home only after my mother, my older brothers, and those of my uncles and aunts who were still alive had agreed that I need not go back to school and that I could go to work. I got a job as an office boy in the business office of a newspaper, the Washington *Herald*. I was promoted fairly rapidly, with raises in salary, to stockroom clerk and

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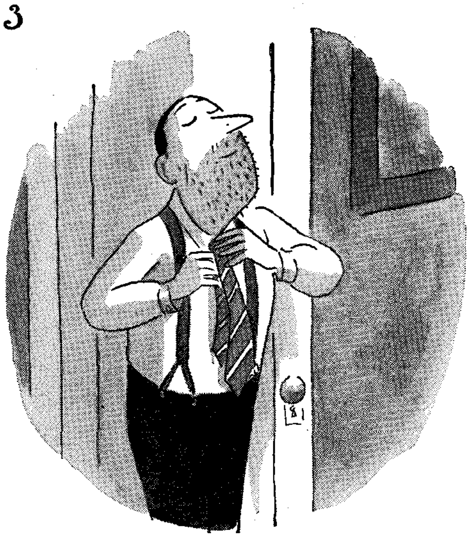

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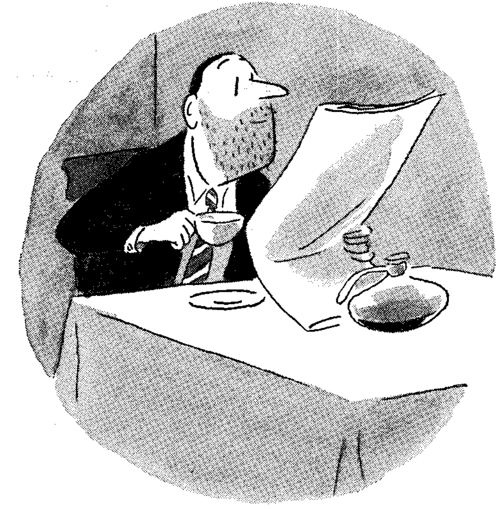

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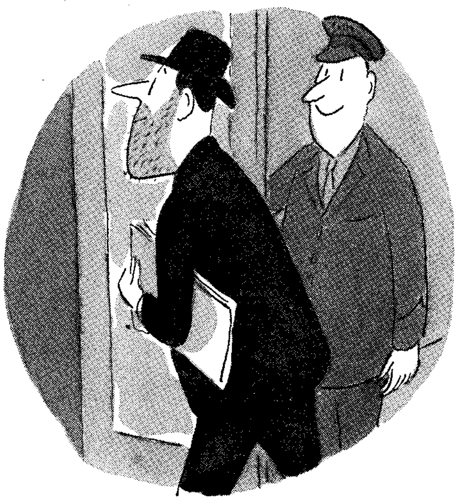

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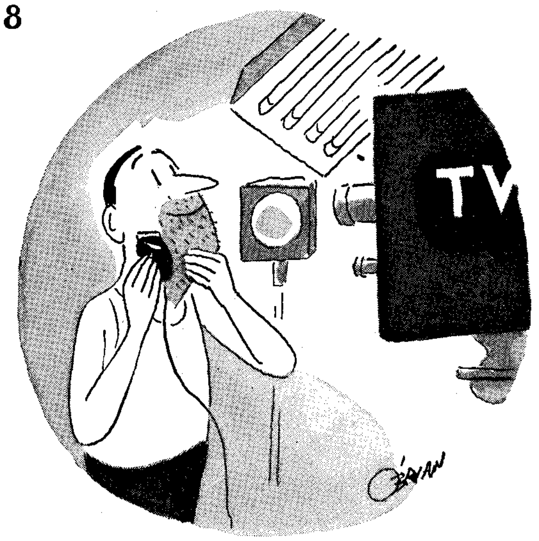

then to an assistant bookkeeper. I took a correspondence course in cost accounting with the intention of eventually becoming a certified public accountant. Nobody in any branch of the family had ever been a certified public accountant.

I was by then nearly seventeen. I still had a lingering fear that I might unexpectedly get the call and, like my second brother, would have to turn around and go to the Union Theological Seminary. Even more disturbing than the fear of getting the call was the fact that when I was particularly upset or discouraged by some problem having to do with my personal life, I would discover myself at least partly possessed by that earlier notion that getting the call might, after all, solve everything. I looked upon this feeling as a weakness, a tendency to give in.

As it happened, a brass rail became to me a symbol of the particular sanctuary I appeared to be seeking. It was waist-high, and it enclosed a preferential space in the business office in which I was employed. Behind the brass rail were the cashier's cage, a counter at which worked the comptroller (a C.P.A.), the desk at which sat the publisher of the newspaper, and one more desk, at which sat the payroll clerk. The payroll clerk was only a few years older than I was, and had been an assistant bookkeeper like me before he got that job. I was determined to succeed him if he got fired or quit or was promoted or was the victim of some disabling or fatal accident. His duties were to make out the payroll sheets for the various departments and, once a week, draw several thousands of dollars in cash from the bank and stuff it into the pay envelopes. If he made a mistake and didn't come out even, he had to look into all the envelopes, discover where he had made his mistake, and rectify it. It was a tedious job, but it was a position of trust, and the desk at which it was accomplished was behind that brass rail. I followed all the rules and tricks that ambition feeds on. I worked overtime at night on my ledgers and was never late getting to the office in the morning. When my salary was raised from twenty-five a week to twenty-seven-fifty, I took advantage of the ceremony attending its announcement by the publisher to have a short talk with him about my future, and I indicated my desire to be payroll clerk should that post become vacant. That same year, the payroll clerk was promoted to the job of cashier, and I, with still another raise in salary—this time to thirty dollars a week—moved to the desk inside the brass rail. Once there, I got over my fear of the call.

My mother was impressed by my industry and told me she was proud of me. "The ways of God are indeed past finding out," she said, and it seemed to me she said it in a rather perfunctory fashion. In any case, she stopped asking me if I was sure I hadn't got the call. I think this was probably because she had herself received what amounted to a call in a field of endeavor even broader in scope than the Presbyterian Church—the field of national politics. She was inextricably wrapped up in the woman's suffrage movement, and was on her way to becoming a power in the League of Women Voters, and she believed and stated publicly that any number of antiquated systems she and other members of her sex had had to put up with were at last on their way out. She took on an air of secret self-satisfaction that was characteristic of men who had got the Presbyterian call, and, like them, was often carried away by overoptimism. "That training in finance you are receiving, son," she said to me, "will be of inestimable benefit to you if you should someday become Secretary of the Treasury."

—St. Clair McKelway

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High temperature 66-72. Rain gradually ending Wednesday night followed by clearing and Thursday.—*Asheville (N.C.) Citizen.*

And so on and on and on.

THE BROMLEY TOUCH

I WAS having lunch at the Faculty Club with Joe Nordyke, who is the only close friend I have left from undergraduate days. Twenty-five years ago, as seniors, we roomed together. He stayed on for advanced work and so did I. He is head of the Classics Department now, and I am Director of Admissions. He complains about the calibre of students, and I complain about the amount of mail I have to handle. We love, respect, and put up with each other.

Despite the mounting pressures, or possibly because of them, my job has grown more interesting with the years. It is not so easy to get into college as it used to be, and there are a lot of people, too many people, trying. Fathers bring their boys to the office, and the sessions often get to be fairly intense. Many an affectionate "Johnny" has been conferred on me by former classmates who used to call me Madeira, if they spoke to me at all. Others demand to know why there is no longer room in the old college for the Average American Boy. Still others are torn between a craving to appear successful and the need, real or faked, to draw on scholarship funds. Last year, a Las Vegas man talked at length about the frightful influences his son had been exposed to since birth and how much the lad stood to benefit from attending a fine New England college like ours. With traditions. Before I had a chance to tell him that on the basis of all the available data the boy appeared to be superbly qualified and we had, in fact, already decided on admission, he offered me an outright bribe of five thousand dollars.

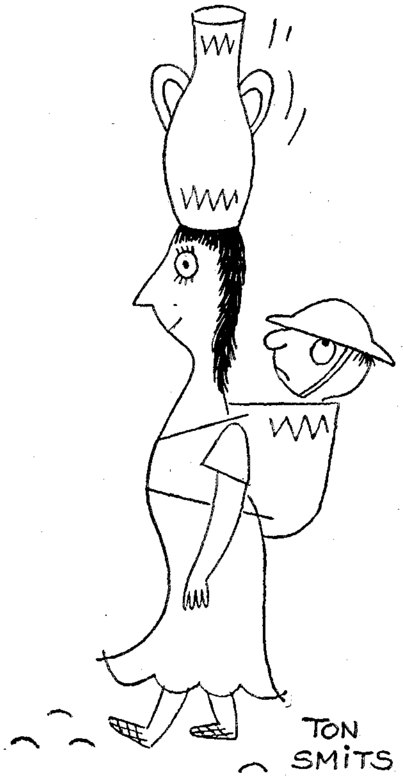
Joe said, "Our president has been having a house guest. Old friend of yours. Don Bromley."

"Oh?" I said. Then added, thinking how absurd that after twenty-five years I should still have to make a small effort to sound casual, "And Mrs. Bromley?"

"No. Just Don. He's been in the Old Man's office all morning. Some kind of stupendous deal cooking. Billions of dollars. Whole new School of Industrial Relations. Or something. One of Don's clients appears to have seen the light. A baby-food baron? Hair tonic? I forget. You can bet there won't be a dime in it for Classics. Still, it was nice of Don to— I don't suppose we'll get to see him, you and I. Flew up here in his own airplane. Twin-engined Cessna."

DON had not belonged to either of the two distinct groups of friends I had as an undergraduate. The first consisted of Joe Nordyke and one other bemused classics major, while the second included about half of the wrestling team. Both groups were light-years removed from the *jeunesse dorée* that Don went around with. I could not then and I cannot now see how he found time to do the things he did. He made Phi Beta Kappa in his junior year. He ran a signed column in the campus newspaper. He was a wheel in the Dramatics Society and managed the football team.

I don't believe we were so much as nodding acquaintances until our third year. I thought of him, when I did, primarily as the owner of a red Chrysler convertible. The first talk we ever had was in the wrestling room. Don had come down there with the notion of scaring up material for a column about one of the obscure teams. His idea, a strange one for the man about to take over as football manager, was that too much attention had been lavished on the major sports. He found me alone, the others having taken off to the showers. I was trying to make weight, in one of those putrid rubber shirts. Don squatted on the edge of the big mat, and we talked for an hour or more. I showed him how to apply a windmill hip lock. He told me he was worried about how to keep Telford, our best halfback, in college for senior year. Telford's family had run out of money. "I may have to put the arm on some alumnus," he said. And that is just what he did, as it turned out.



He wrote a splendid column on the wrestling team, with the result that at the next meet we played to a gallery of thirty or so, instead of the usual six or eight. Don himself came and brought a girl from out of town, an exceedingly pretty girl, too, as I recall. But the girl who made me really wish, for the first time in my life, that I were someone else, someone like Don Bromley, was the one he brought to our Spring Dance.

I had never seen a girl like that, and I contrived all my movements so I would not have to take my eyes off her. This was not so hard as it sounds. She was scarcely ever away from the dance floor, and I could worship her from any number of vantage points. I had not brought a girl of my own. Come to think of it, I didn't have a girl of my own.

After a long, unconscionably long, waltz that she danced with Don, he left her and went to the washroom. I followed him, hoping perhaps he would offer to introduce her. We had just had a chance to say hello when Coley Frahn burst in and headed straight for Don.

"Listen," he said. "That God-damned call girl Hank brought. She's all liquored up and yelling her fool head off. We got to get her away from here—and *now*. Before she gets out on the floor and does a strip. Hank's plastered, too. No shape to drive. We got to get her the hell out of here. I can't handle her."

"Where are they?"

Coley pointed toward the ceiling with his thumb.

"I'll take a look," Don said. "Keep your shirt on."

They left together, and I wandered back to the floor to search for the girl I loved. She was nowhere to be seen.

I was consoling myself with some non-alcoholic punch when Don came down. He took me by the elbow and steered me to a corner.

"Look, Madeira," he said. "You're stag, aren't you?" He noticed things like that. "Can you do me a big favor? That girl of Hank's is worse than Coley said. I've got to drive her back to the city. Or wherever she's willing to be dumped. Can you look after my girl while I'm gone? I'll be back as soon as possible. She's really very nice."

"Yes," I said. "Be glad to. Certainly."

"I've explained to her."

He led me to the Music Room, where Abby Hill was waiting, and introduced us.

"Don't be gone long," she said.

She kept her head turned toward

him until he was out of the room, and then said, "Do you mind if we don't dance for a while? That waltz made me sort of dizzy. I'd love to take a little walk, if you would."

It turned into quite a long walk. The air was warm, but a heavy fog had moved in on the campus and dimmed the lines of all the familiar trees and benches. I have no idea if Abby Hill knew how beautiful she was that night. But she may perhaps have noticed how she was likely to affect young men of a certain kind, because she took the lead in such talking as we did.

"What are you studying to be?"

"I'm going to be an archeologist."

"Oh, how lovely. Don says he's going into politics. My father thinks he ought to get through law school first. My father says if you lose an election, you need something to fall back on. He says there's no longer much room for a gentleman in politics. Do you think there is?"

"I don't know. Not in my home precinct, probably. But I've heard the Governor is. A gentleman, I mean. I don't know."

"I'll tell him," she said. "He'll be flattered."

"Do you know him?"

"He's my father."

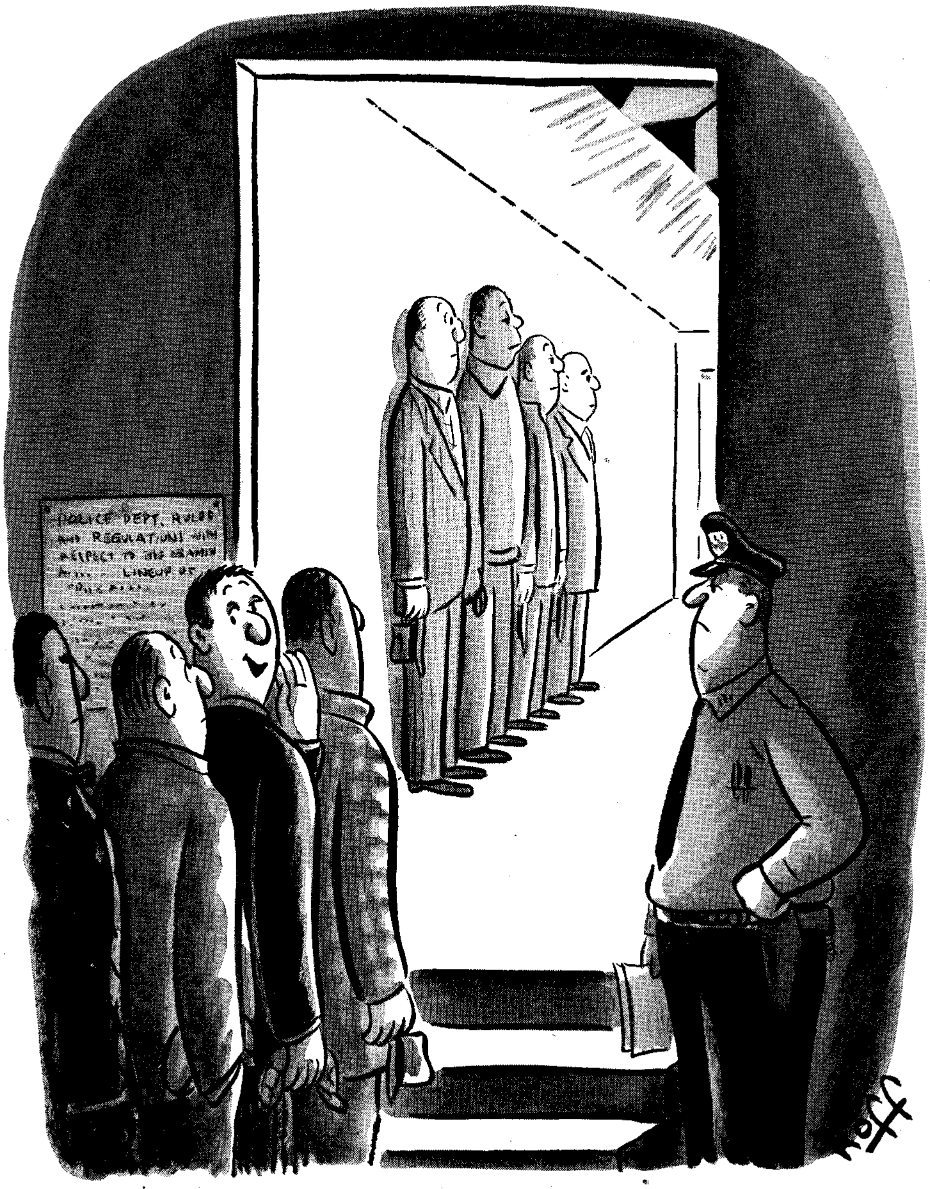
Abby Hill, I thought. Governor Hill. Of course. I felt stupid.

"What are you going to be?" I said.

"Somebody's wife. Somebody's terrible wife. I'll do all the wrong things for the children."

You've never done a wrong thing in your life, I thought. Nor ever will. If I could only remember the lines in that poem and say them as my instructor in Freshman English had: "Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves a shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me." And something about a gold fin in a porphyry font. If I could just think of the right things to say, I thought, she would love me, and I would never trouble God with another prayer, not one.

We went back and drank two glasses of the lousy punch, and people started dancing with her. She passed from hand to hand until Don came back. I asked him if things had worked out all right with Hank's lady, and he made a circle with his thumb and forefinger. No question about it, Don could certainly fix things, even then.



"As many times as I've gone on, I still get butterflies in my stomach."

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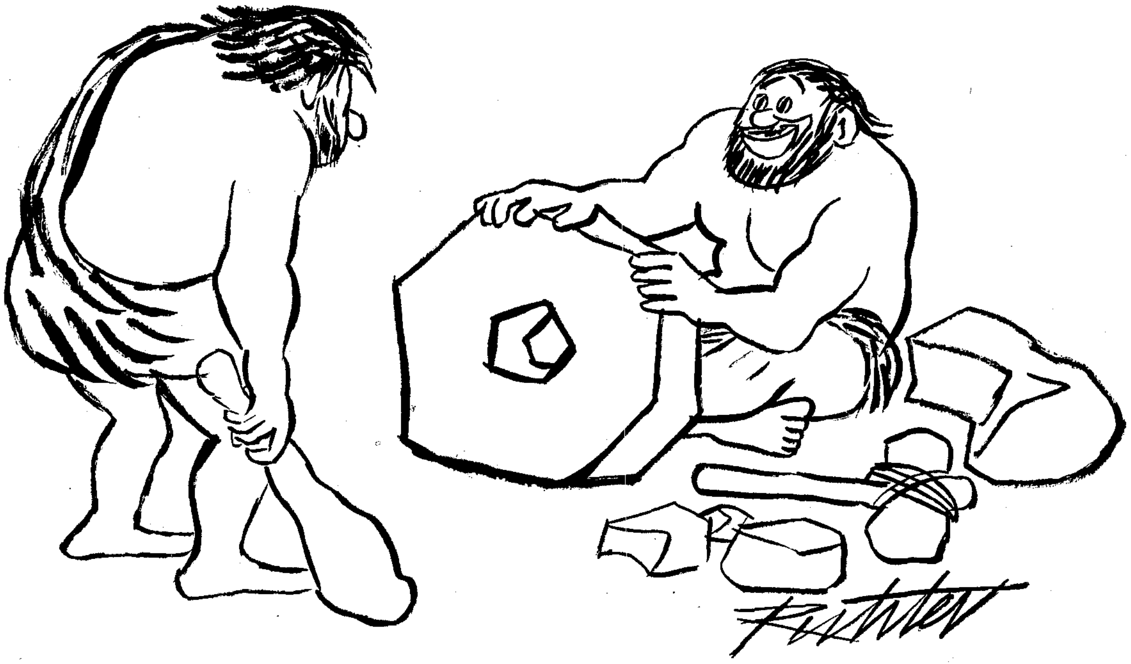
I NEVER saw Abby Hill again, and I never became an archeologist. I worked for my degrees, I taught a little, I held down a series of jobs in the Admissions Office. Shortly before Pearl Harbor, the Air Force made me go on active duty with my R.O.T.C. commission, and that lasted four years, almost to the day. Two of those years were spent in the Pentagon, where I shuffled papers and large rectangular pieces of cardboard for the Assistant Chief of Air Staff, Personnel.

It was there that I first began to be called Johnny by a number of men who remembered that they had always thought well of me at college. The office of the Assistant Chief of Air Staff, Personnel, was a fine place to arrange for various changes of status, transfers, and the like. Coley Frahn had discovered me and spread the glad tidings. Coley was in the Navy, had a job something like mine, and I could almost gauge an old college friend's current station in life by the urgency in Coley's voice over the phone. It could be assumed that Don had made out extraordinarily well when Coley, instead of ringing up, came all the way across the Potomac to my desk.

Coley seemed astonished that I had not heard of Don in the ten years since graduation. But then, he noted, Don was not the kind to write in to the *Alumni Bulletin*. Not that the boy didn't have plenty to write about. Hadn't I really ever heard of Donald Bromley Associates? No, it wasn't an advertising agency. Nor even a public-relations firm, exactly. What Don did was, well, it's hard to describe. He took personages and changed them into personalities, you might say. Like this Karl Doremus. Who ever heard of Karl Doremus before Don took over? Just another clown who had made a lot of money in real estate. Couldn't even talk English. Like Goldwyn. People



"Of course, I haven't got all the bugs out of it yet."

laughed. Now look at him. When he flies back from England, reporters meet him and he's quoted on the front page of the *Times.* A statesman. Conditions on the Continent and all that. Signed articles in all the magazines. Ghosted by some of the greatest writers in the country. Names that even Doremus might have heard. Not that he has anything to do with them directly. He just pays Don an annual retainer—somewhere in six figures, you may be sure—and the rest is history. I'd be surprised to see a list of the people Don has handled. Coley wasn't, he said wistfully; he had learned not to be surprised by anything Don did. That boy had talent. And just as important, he had had the advantage of a very good start. In Coley's book, marrying the Governor's daughter was as good a start as any he could think of offhand.

Mind, he wasn't implying that Don had married Abby Hill for anything but love. Nice girl. Those two had been as crazy about each other as any couple Coley knew. They have a house in Larchmont and a kid almost school age. Nice boy.

Now, here was the problem. Don had an assignment as intelligence officer in a bomber group at Westover Field. They were due for shipment in a week or less. Don liked the outfit, liked the assignment, but he just had to have another month in this country. It was a matter of whipping his firm into shape to operate on some kind of basis in his absence. If he couldn't have a month, he'd sure as hell have to start all over after the war. Officers have received hardship leaves on much flimsier grounds, and all Don asked for was a month. A month from now, Coley thought, the outfit might still be at Westover.

"Not at Westover," I said. "Those groups have all been committed. You can't get a leave once your outfit is ready to ship."

"He's got to have one," Coley said. "If you knew Don as I do, you'd know it wasn't gangplank fever. This office can do it, if anybody can."

"Not at my level. It would take a major general to yank someone from an outfit ready to take off from Westover." I was a captain.

"You tell him. I can't."

"Is he down here?"

Coley nodded sadly. "On a twenty-four-hour leave. Half of which must be over."

He left, and about an hour later Don showed up. Don was a captain, too. He looked years younger than Coley, very fit; as spruce as he had to be but no more so. He repeated the things Coley had told me, and I told him the things I had told Coley.

"What major generals could do it?" he asked.

I named two. "But they wouldn't."

"Do you know them?"

"I don't even know any buck generals."

"Well, thanks," he said. "If they're in the building, maybe I can get to them somehow. Look, Madeira. I don't pretend this is important to anyone but me and a few of the people who work in my shop. It's just that I don't want to see the whole operation fall apart."

After he was gone I remembered that he had not called me Johnny. I liked him for that, and I wished I had had enough sense to warn him against trying to get to either of those generals. I wished I had at least made it plainer that asking to have your name taken off shipment at Westover was not going to be like getting rid of Hank's girl, or even like making a statesman out of Karl Doremus.

ABOUT five weeks later Don called up and asked me over for a drink at his apartment in the Mayflower. He had been transferred to Washington, he said, and put on liaison work with the British.

I was puzzled enough to blurt out, "How did you get off shipment?"

"It wasn't too hard," he said. That is as much as I have learned about it.

For some reason I thought he had asked me to have a drink with him alone, but when I got there I found some fifteen people in the room, among them an Air Force brigadier, a rear admiral, a sprinkling of R.A.F. brass, and half a dozen well-turned-out women. There were a couple of civilians. One of them, a pink-faced man from Boeing, held forth about what the B-17s had just done to the Focke-Wulf assembly plant at Marienburg. "There's your daylight precision bombing for you," he said to the R.A.F. men at large. "Broad daylight. Altitudes between eleven and thirteen thousand. Not a building or a hangar left undamaged. Two lost out of a hundred."

The R.A.F. men were rather more civilized than I would have been in their place. The Air Force brigadier said very little; he already knew the results of the previous day's raid over Schweinfurt, where we lost sixty-two out of two hundred and twenty-eight. The women talked a lot but the room was big enough to hold it.

Don had been in the city less than a week. It was remarkable that he should have been able to arrange for a suite at the Mayflower, where during the war even single rooms for overnight guests had to be reserved far in advance.

Yet he held on to that suite throughout his Washington tour of duty, which lasted well over a year. He entered it a captain and left as a lieutenant colonel on his way overseas to join General Spaatz's staff.

Between those dates he must have given a great many parties. I was asked to four or five myself, and always accepted with pleasure. After a day with the rectangular cardboards in the Pentagon I welcomed such amenities as the Mayflower had to offer. Besides Don's usual mixture of the city's flower and chivalry, I remember meeting Robert Sherwood there and Vincent Bendix and Jerome Kern, all of them good talkers, and a Supreme Court justice who kept spilling whiskey, and a high-octane Free Frenchman who stood on a chaise longue to make a speech about truffles. I remember Don's introducing me to an enormous man with "Here's Woody Johnson. He can build a ship in less time than it would take you to translate an eclogue." I had to explain to Mr. Johnson about eclogues; he seemed interested, a little.

Some years after the war there was a flurry of headlines about this Woody Johnson. A magazine had published a series devoted to his shipbuilding empire, with particular attention to the number of retired admirals who had cropped up on his boards of directors. I was at the long table in the Faculty Club when one of our sociology men, an inveterate trend-spotter, discussed the series to the accompaniment of many raised eyebrows. He offered a five-dollar bet that there would be no Congressional investigation. And there has not been, to date. Probably no reason why there should be. There are numerous gifted admirals, easily capable of running a shipyard, and Johnson must have known a good man when he saw one. I wondered how many of them he had met through Don.

I thought about those Washington parties again in the barbershop while I was reading a syndicated chatter column and came across this item: "Since last week's Senate hearings, the press has not been kind to Earl Hughes, the big uranium man from the wide open spaces. Someone ought to slip him the word. He's badly but badly in need of the Bromley Touch."

The gatherings at the Mayflower had been part of the Touch, then, as carefully planned as a sales campaign or the lilt of a phrase in a singing commercial. Yet it was hard to reconcile this notion with my image of Don as a host—so attentive to the lame ducks that turned up, so unaffectedly easy with everyone there, so often lapsing into moods of almost total detachment. And if the parties had been planned as purely utilitarian in character, why had he asked me? Surely not in payment for the tip about the two major generals. Surely not for auld lang syne; we had done no reminiscing to speak of.

Whatever his reasons, I always went, always with the fervent hope of meeting Abby Hill, and at one of the parties I asked Don why she never came.

"Abby?" he said. His face took on that look I can only call detached. "What would she be doing down here?"

I went to only one more of those Mayflower parties, and after that I did not see Don for about twelve years.

At the Faculty Club, I said to Joe, "How long has he been stopping with Meade?" Dr. Meade is the president of our college.

"Since night before last."

"I wish he'd look me up."

"If he does," said Joe, "put in a word for Classics. What the hell do we need a School of Industrial Relations *for*? I mean why can't workers just go on strike the way they used to? If we have no strikes at all one year, the Russians will only say our people don't *dare* walk out. I'll let you know if I think of some more good arguments."

In the middle of the afternoon I got a call from Dr. Meade. He said, "Here's an old comrade-in-arms wants to talk to you." He handed the phone to Don, who said he would stop around if I had a little time for him.

He came over alone in Dr. Meade's car. I saw him park it, without hesitation, in one of the reserved places, and again I wondered if that, too, was part of the Touch. I watched him walk up the Lindsey Hall stairs, and at a distance it seemed he had changed very little. He had not put on weight, and his movements were brisk. But when he came into the office, I was somewhat shocked to see his face; no more, though, than he must have been to see mine. He did not look any older than his years. It was simply that, for the first time since I'd known him, he did not look any younger, either.

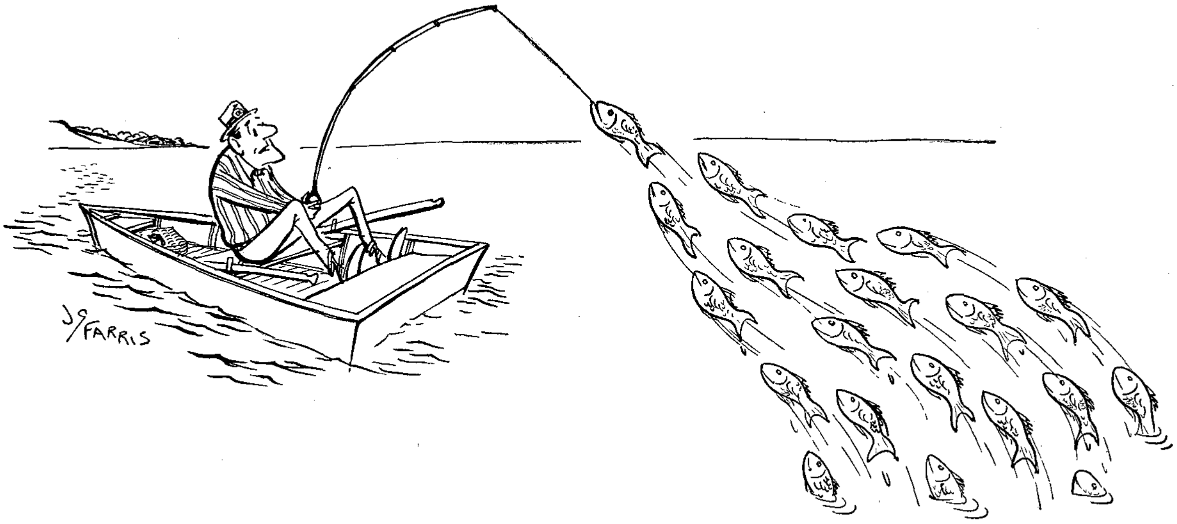
We talked about his tour on General Spaatz's staff, and about mine with the Tenth Air Force in China. He said he still saw a few of the people he had served with. One of them had taught him to fly the little Cessna, but now he was sorry, because he wasted a lot of time tooling around in it. I told him what Joe Nordyke had said, and he laughed.

He said, "Industrial Relations it will have to be, I'm afraid. Worse than that, it will have to be named after my stumblebum. He's no baby-food baron, you can tell Professor Nordyke. Molybdenum, with a side interest in tractors, combines, and such. My next job is to explain to him why he can't hire his own faculty. One of those."

I found some rye in a bottle I had almost forgotten about, and we had a drink. Don walked over to the window. He looked up at the sky.

"That ceiling is coming down," he said. "I may not be able to take off tonight. Say, if this project does go through, I hope they stick the building somewhere on the other side. I shouldn't care to see this spoiled. This looks nice from here."

I thought of the weather closing in,



and fog, and I asked him how Abby was.

He glanced at me over his shoulder, then turned back toward the window. “You must not get to see the New York papers up here. Or maybe you just missed the story. Abby killed herself five years ago.”

Like an imbecile, I said, “My God! Why?”

Don continued looking out of the window. “Why? Good question. If that ceiling keeps coming down, we might spend the night hashing it over. She didn’t leave a note, you see, so it’s a subject I’ve had to give a certain amount of thought to. I’m full of ingenious theories. Governor Hill has a simple one: I neglected her. Too simple, you think? You’d be startled at the number of adherents it has . . . notably my son Matt—whom I would like you to meet this Saturday. If you can work us in. Her psychiatrist, now—you may be sure his theories were not simple at all.”

“All right,” I said. “It was a damnfool question. I’m sorry.”

“Don’t you want to know what her psychiatrist had to say? With all the shoptalk cut out, it seems she was punishing herself for having yearned to kill *me*. Furthermore, he observed, predominantly Catholic countries have a high homicide rate but very few suicides, while with Protestant countries it’s the other way around. And Abby was brought up Presbyterian. Still furthermore, he’s convinced *I’m* dying to kill myself, too, with all this flying around the country. But I don’t hold with that. If I were really trying, I would certainly have bought a single-engine job.”

He came back to his chair and sat down. I could not think of anything to say, so I poured him another drink.

“Well, may I bring him over here this Saturday? For lunch?”

“Your boy? Sure. Bring him over to the house. My wife’s a good cook.”

“Thank you, no. Can you have it with us at the Tavern? This is business. He’s applying here for next fall.”

“Sure,” I said. “Have his papers been put through?”

Don nodded.

“They haven’t come to me yet. I’ll ask for them.”

“Do. They’ll give you a faint idea. The truth is, on the basis of that record he couldn’t get into the men’s room at Grand Central. Matt’s been kicked out of more schools than you and I attended in our lives. His present headmaster just gaped at me when I breathed the name of this establishment. Maybe you will, too. But I thought I’d have a try at it anyway. I thought I’d bring Matt around on the off chance you might see in him what I do.”

“How did he make out on his College Boards?”

“Awful. He always louses up on examinations. That’s what drives his teachers insane, the disparity between his I.Q. and the things he puts down on those sheets of paper. It’s a spectacular I.Q., as you’ll see. Partly as a result of it, he’s never learned to work. Not in school. Here he’d have his opportunity, probably his last. He’ll be nineteen, a ripe draft age, when he graduates next month. The Army would finish him for life. I know that.”

“How can you know that? Sometimes it works just the opposite.”

Don shook his head. “Not with Matt it wouldn’t. I know. He’d goldbrick through or he’d crack. Either way, he’d be finished. I know. Matt’s had a rough time. He’s big and he’s handsome and brilliant and he doesn’t know how to work. The latest is, he wants to be a writer. A *serious* writer. His word. Serious. Matt. Lordy!”

“What’s wrong with that? There must be some writers who’re big, handsome, and brilliant.”

“But none that don’t know how to work. And this is the place where he *could* learn how. This is where I learned. I didn’t know how, before. I had to work for Phi Beta Kappa. And managing football, that was work. Matt can’t even manage his allowance. Abby brought him up a rich little boy and now he’s a rich big boy.”

“Wait,” I said. “You didn’t skip any meals here, if I remember right.”

“You remember right. You’re thinking of the Chrysler. When I had that Chrysler, my father was driving a Ford with a cracked windshield. It wasn’t some quaint conceit of his. My father had no money. He wanted me to make a splash here because he thought it was important. Most likely it wasn’t. But I did what I could to make a splash—I think as much to please him as to please myself. Brother Matt won’t put out to please anybody. At this point, he’s not even sure he wants to *be* pleased. Didn’t you like to travel when you were a boy?”

“Not always.”

“Well, I did. Not Matt. Last month when he had his Easter vacation, I took some days off. Thought I’d surprise him with a trip. We flew the plane up to Canada, had lunch in Montreal, dinner in Quebec. Saw a championship fight in Boston on the way down. We got home about midnight. I had a cup of coffee while he ate all of a cold chicken. He gazed sombrely at the bones. He said, ‘What’s the use of going places? You can’t get away from yourself.’ Original. Profound. Reeking with *Weltschmerz*. Then he ate another chicken, a pear, and two bananas.”

“My boy is beginning to eat like that. He’s thirteen.”

“Does he also flunk physics and math?”

“Not yet.”

Don walked back to the window. “That ceiling may be lifting some,” he said. He looked at his watch. “I ought to be chasing out to the airport.”

“I’d be glad to drive you. My afternoon is about over.”

“Thanks but I promised to have a quick one with the Meades. Maybe I can get Mrs. Meade to put me up a sandwich.”

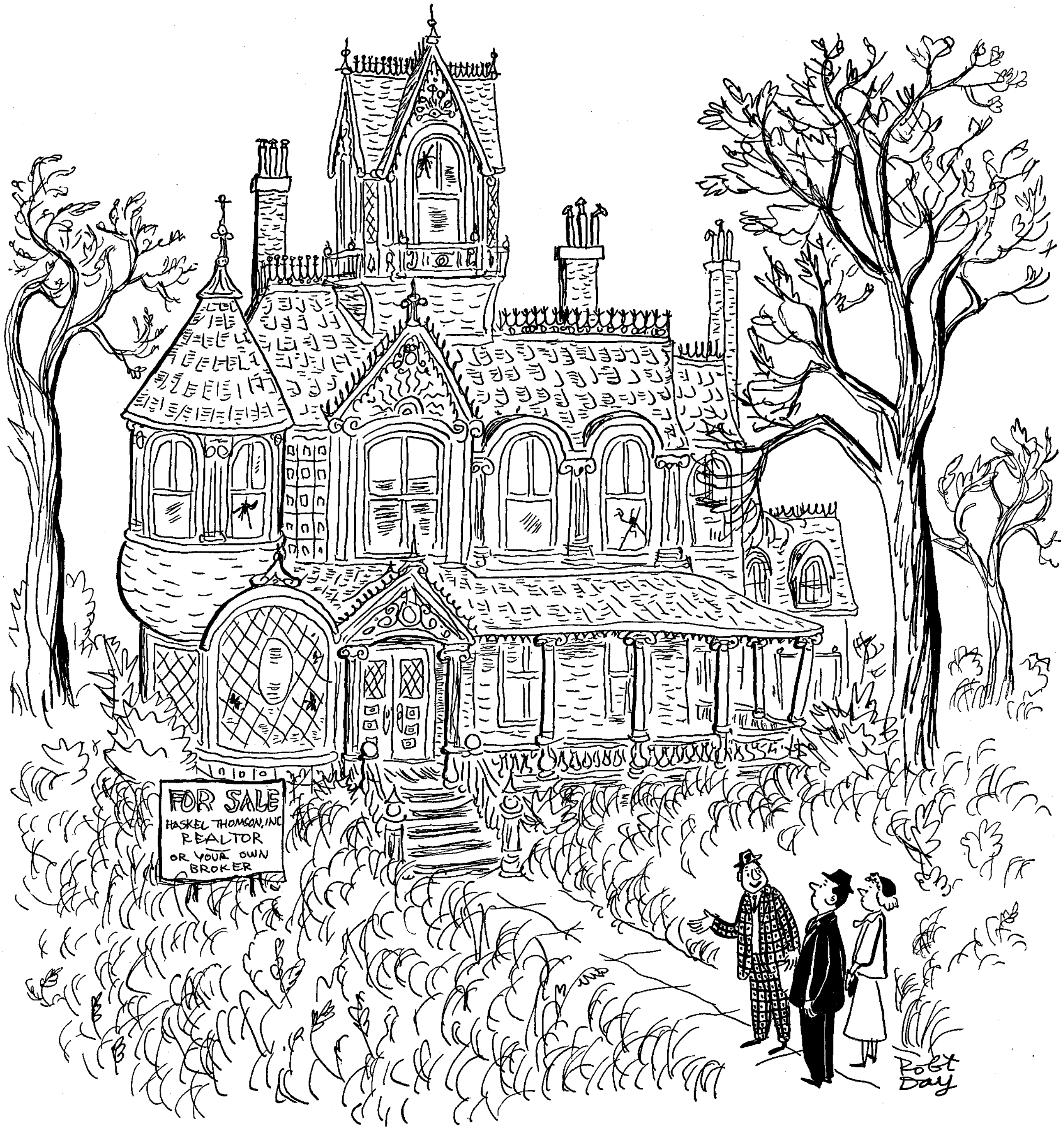
I saw him to the corridor through the secretary’s office. He said, “Matt’s got stuff. If he could just learn to work here. All the stuff in the world. I hope to Christ he’ll give you half a chance to see it this Saturday. I don’t know whether we’ll fly up or not. If we do, would your boy like a spin around the countryside, you think?”

After he left, I wished he had not made that offer. It smacked a bit, perhaps more than a bit, of what the columnist might have meant by the Bromley Touch. In an access of wariness I saw Don as operating again, in a craftsmanlike manner, at all levels: to the President a brand-new School brought in on a molybdenum platter; to the Director of Admissions a *pourboire* in the form of an act of kindness to his son.

There was one factor that Don, however craftsmanlike, had not, could not have, taken into account. Clarence Meade was an odd sort of president for an American college. He had never interfered in the running of my office, and he was not apt to do so in behalf of Matthew Bromley.

I asked my secretary for the folder on the boy. She found it in a batch already marked for letters of refusal. I looked over the record, and it was just as Don had said, awful.

WEATHER kept the Bromleys from flying on Saturday. They drove up in a black Daimler, which quickly became a center of interest in front of the Tavern. Matt would have become a center of interest, too, if we had been a girls’ college. He was indeed big and handsome, much bigger than Don. I’m used to that. Most of the



"At this price, it's a real steal. Can you imagine what it would cost to reproduce that house today?"

• •

sons who come to see me are bigger than their fathers. Few of them, however, possess the aplomb to order a Martini before lunch, as Matt did. I could see Don didn't like it, but he made no comment. Altogether, during those first few minutes, Don struck me as having lost some of his own aplomb, and as the lunch went on, this impression grew stronger. Long before the food arrived, Don had ceased to be the Grand Almoner with schools of industrial relations to hand out. In a reversal that caught me unprepared and made me lose my wariness, he began to show all the symptoms of what my assistant calls the Admissions Office syndrome, endemic among fathers anxious for their boys to make a showing.

He said, "Dr. Meade tells me you have a very good man to teach Creative Writing. I understand he published a fine novel last year."

"I read it," Matt said. "It stinks."

"Well, now—" Don started. He turned to me. "Does it?"

"It's all right," I said, thinking of poor Bill Parke and his face the day he silently handed me a sheet of paper. On it was a poem entitled "Sonnet," written by a sophomore. It had twenty lines and eight errors in spelling. The boy had spelled "beggar" with one "g" and "leg" with two.

"It's taking liberties with the language to call William Parke a very good writer," said Matt.

I asked whom he would call a very good writer.

"Any number of other Williams," he said. "Shakespeare. Hazlitt. Blake. Wycherley. Yeats. Even Faulkner

Richard Decker

"Let's please have a drink before we discuss it."

• •

when he's going good. And I bet not one of them ever took a course in Creative Writing. Not one of them took a Bachelor's degree, either."

"I could get up an equally imposing list of good writers who have," Don said, mildly.

"Not in this country, you couldn't," the boy said, not so mildly. "Who has written good fiction here these last fifty years? Henry James? Mark Twain? Dreiser? Anderson? Fitzgerald? Hemingway? Not a Bachelor's degree in the lot." He stopped, and glanced from Don to me. "My father just kicked me under the table. He thinks I'm talking myself out of this college."

"Don't be a fool," Don said. "It was an accident. I'd apologize for it, too, if you'd kept your feet where they belonged."

The boy flushed. "You kicked me, all right. So I guess I'd better stop."

"Don't stop," I said. "You're not talking yourself out of this college." I didn't want to tell him so, but he had just about talked himself into it. I doubt if a quarter of our entering freshmen could identify Wycherley. If Master Bromley could only suppress his opinion of one particular novel, Bill Parke would love him.

Matt looked at me. "I might as well queer it for fair," he said. "Yes, I'd like to be admitted here. I'd try to pass my courses so I could beat the draft four years. Isn't four years enough to find out whether you can learn to write? I would even take R.O.T.C. That way I could put in my time as an officer and a gent." He turned to Don. "Isn't that what you want?"

"I don't care if you put in your time as a yardbird, junior grade," Don said. He was having trouble with his voice, and he took a deep breath to regain some command of it. "What I want is not the point. Wouldn't *you* want to know a little something before you sat down to tell the world? A little learning may be a dangerous thing but it never hurt any of the writers I've met."

"You mean the ones you employ?"

"Those or any others."

"But those aren't writers," Matt said, taking no trouble at all to keep the contempt out of his voice. "They're employees."

"Because they write for money? Look, chum. If someone is charitable enough to admit you to a college and if you're allowed to take a course in eighteenth-century literature, you'll find that Dr. Johnson said no man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money." Don had stopped eating. He seemed to have forgotten all about me. This was between the two of them.

"I didn't have to wait for college to read that. As far as I'm concerned, it makes no damn difference *why* people write. It's *what* they write that counts. Don't forget, I've also read some of the stuff you people turn out." That "you people" was not said in contempt. It was charged clear through with pure hatred that could not have had anything to do with writers or writing. "For a buck," Matt went on, "you'll tell a little lie. For two, you'll tell a bigger one. For three . . . what won't you do for three? Hell, those aren't writers."

Then I knew for sure Don had forgotten all about me. His face was as white as the boy's was flushed. "And yet," he said, "those non-writers earned not only their keep but the money for that pretty sport jacket you're wearing. And the tie and the shirt and the shoes."

"I can take them off," Matt said. "I think I will."

"Don't," I said. "The management here requires that ties be worn."

Don stared at me as though I had just come into the room. "Sorry, John." He lit a cigarette. "Is there anything else you'd care to know about the Bromleys?"

"I'm sorry, too, sir," the boy said. "I guess I blew my top."

But it was not much of a lunch after that. We talked about affairs in the Middle East, and Don, his face still white, told me many things I had not known.

YESTERDAY I overruled the assistant who had been about to send Matt a letter of refusal. He will undoubtedly tell it at the Faculty Club, and the raised-eyebrow platoon will take it from there. Don himself, for all I know, will someday book it as another case of sound public relations. My wife's considered view, as expressed to me at dinner, is that if Matt had not been Abby Hill's boy, he would still be out looking for a college. Like almost everybody else, I talk too much.

—EDWARD NEWHOUSE

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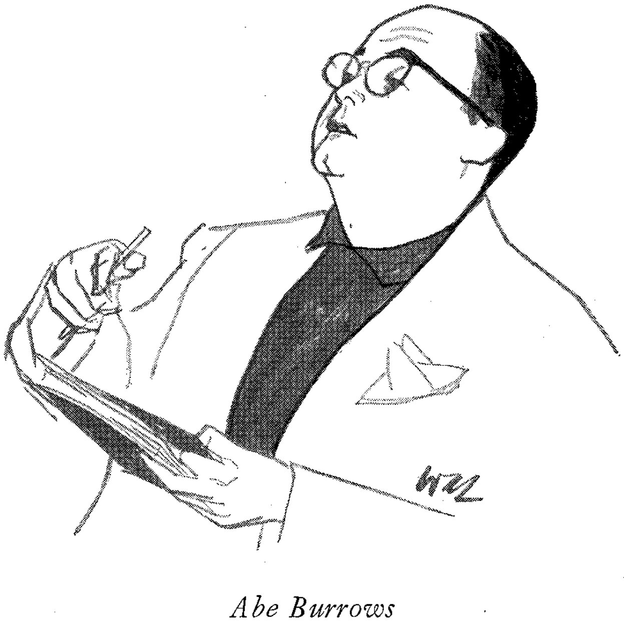
After his crackup in 1931, Walt obeyed his doctor's orders to acquire outside interests. As a result, he wound up with a string of twenty polo ponies and a daughter named Diane (here aged two).—*Photograph caption in the Saturday Evening Post.*

Say, he *did* get interested!

PROFILES

THE EASYGOING METHOD—II



Abe Burrows

IN theory, the books in a man's library ought to provide clues to his livelihood. This rarely works out in practice, of course, for children, neighbors, cleaning women, or large dogs usually contrive to leave the most readily accessible—and thus, potentially, the most revealing—shelves in meaningless disarray. However, in the case of Abe Burrows, an orderly man who permits no wanton invasion of his bibliophilic privacy, the titles in his panelled workroom are quite enlightening. Among the books within his reach are "The Gift of Tongues," by Margaret Schlauch; Fowler's "Modern English Usage;" Webster's New International Dictionary; Roget's Thesaurus; Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations;" a thirteen-volume unabridged edition of the Oxford English Dictionary; "Plotto," a manual for figuring out plots; Partridge's "A Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English;" Beerbohm's "Around Theatres;" Ernest Jones' "Hamlet and Oedipus;" a six-volume edition of the plays of George Bernard Shaw; a one-volume edition of the plays of Shakespeare; W. W. Skeat's "Etymological Dictionary of the English Language;" a Latin-English dictionary; "Harmony Simplified;" the "Complete Rhyming Dictionary;" a "Dictionary of Word Origins;" "How Not to Write a Play;" "How to Mix Drinks;" "The Art of Dramatic Writing," by Lajos Egri; "The Art of Italian Cooking;" "A Stage Crew Handbook;" "Masterplots" (four volumes); "The Official Encyclopedia of Baseball;" "Analyze Yourself," by Leopold Lowenstein and William Gerhardi; and a volume of bound magazines, including *Jokes*, *1,000 Jokes*, *Liberty Laughs*, *French Humor*, *Haywire*, *Hullaballoo*, *Broadway Breeze*, and *Badzib's Book of Art & Wit.*

Aside from the drink-mixing book and the cookbook, which accurately point to a man of hearty appetite, and the auto-analysis book, which accurately points to a man given to persistent soul-searching, all these volumes reflect one or another of the ways in which Burrows has earned his living. As a writer, a composer, a director, or a performer, and now and then in more than one of those capacities at the same time, he has made his mark in—and a bundle from—radio, television, motion pictures, and the theatre, especially musical comedy. Even the baseball book is pertinent. In all the activities that Burrows has tried his hand at, he has been acclaimed a superior humorist, and he can hardly mention any phase of humor without likening it to baseball. George S. Kaufman, who has been associated with him in a number of humorous ventures, including "Guys and Dolls," for which Burrows was the principal librettist, once remarked that if he ever heard his colleague use the word "curve" again, he would probably have to be put away. If Burrows, safely out of Kaufman's earshot, happens to be discussing playwriting, he is apt to say—in a singularly hoarse voice and employing diction reminiscent of the bleachers at Ebbets Field—something like "A guy writing for the theatre has got to think of the actors hurling his lines at the audience like they was pitching at them. A good joke's a curve. It starts across the footlights straight, and then it suddenly ain't where it seems to be heading, and that's where the laugh comes. The whole trick is to keep the batter off balance by mixing up your stuff."

The most thumbed items in Burrows' sanctum are the thirteen volumes of the Oxford English Dictionary and Skeat's authoritative etymological work, which Burrows has in two editions, concise and diffuse. If it weren't that the Oxford set weighs ninety pounds, he would carry it with him wherever he goes. "A good comedy writer has to be word-oriented," he says. Burrows' attitude toward words is both ardent and ambivalent. While he deliberately salts his own speech with arrant solecisms, because he knows people find his grammatical sloppiness amusing, he is a purist when it comes to anybody else's use of words, and nothing pains him more than to have an associate not only condone but actually favor slovenly grammar. He still winces at the recollection of hearing an actor at one of the rehearsals of "Can-Can," for which he wrote the book, say "between you and I." Burrows gently remonstrated with the fellow, pointing out that the script read otherwise. "I know I didn't say the line the way you had it, Abe," the actor replied patiently, "and I know that my way probably sounds strange to you, but I wanted to get it right."

No less interested in taking words apart than in putting them together, Burrows strives unremittingly to instill in others a comparable zeal for etymological dissection. Early this season, while directing a rehearsal of the musical "Happy Hunting," he brought a chorus girl up short by breaking off in the middle of a routine admonishment to say, "You know where the word 'rehearse' comes from? 'Hearse' comes from a root meaning 'harrow.' It's like 'plow.' We get it from the Old French. I forget offhand where those guys got it from. So to rehearse is to plow over and over—to reharrow."

"Gee, Mr. Burrows, that's cute!" the girl exclaimed.

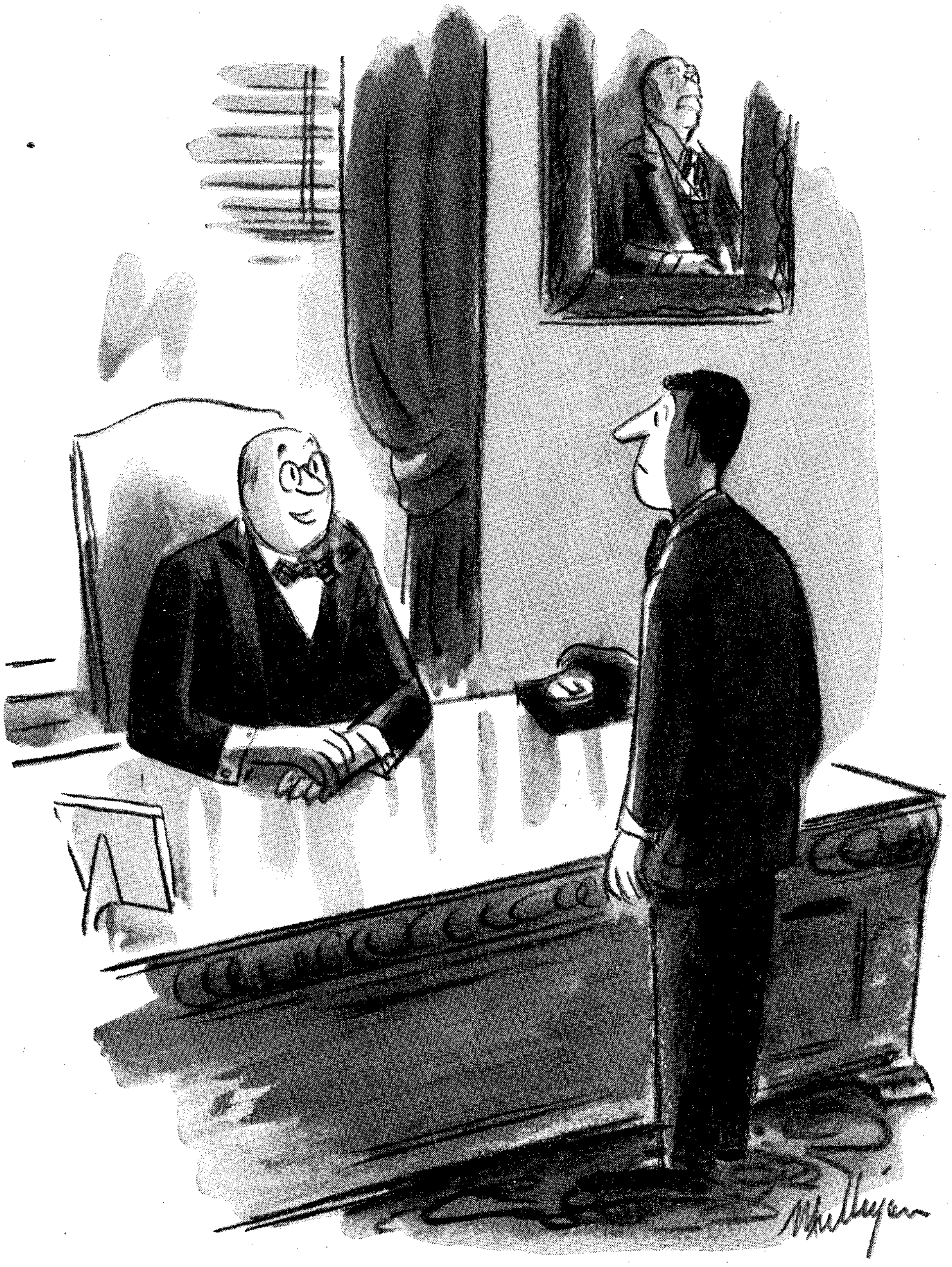
Burrows nodded sombrely. "Yes," he said. "And rehearsals are harrowing."

A few days later, he bucked up another dispirited young lady in the company by explaining to her how the tormentors—the partitions at the sides of a stage that block off an audience's view of the wings—got their name. "So you're behind a tormentor waiting for your entrance cue," he told her. "And you know what the audience is doing? It's going nuts, it's so anxious for you to come onstage. It's being teased, it's frantic, it's *tormented*—and all because it knows you're hidden somewhere back there and it's dying for a look at you."

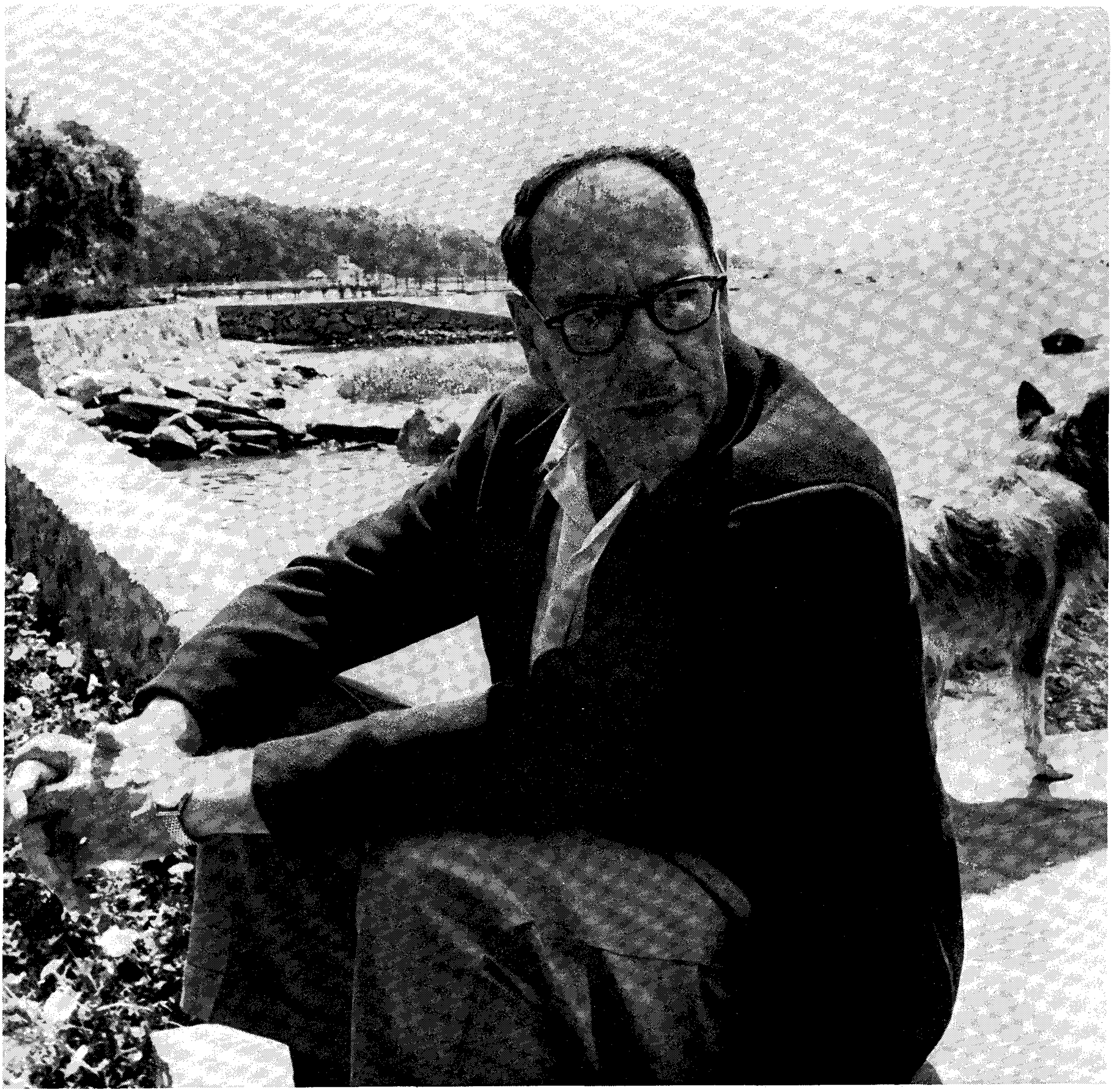
The girl brightened. "Thanks a million, Mr. Burrows," she said. "I never thought of it that way before."

Burrows has had no formal etymological training. "I have an instinct for breaking words down into their basic parts," he says. "I could sort of smell how one word developed from another long before I ever heard of Grimm's Law about the transposition of consonants. I'm not a philologist—I'm a hobbyist." Several years ago, Burrows had a chance to capitalize on his hobby when he appeared for a while on a weekly radio and television program called "We Take Your Word"—a symposium of unreharrowed chitchat about words. Burrows had a fine time on the show. "I used to leap into wild conjectures, and if I turned out to be wrong, I'd make a joke and back off," he says. At one session, he was asked to state whether the operator of a bronteum—the name, then unknown to him, of an ancient device for producing stage thunder by banging on bronze jars—was a zoologist, a sound-effects man, or a travelling book salesman. Burrows' answer was "A travelling book salesman, specializing in works by the Brontë sisters."

The other evening, Burrows invited a couple of friends to his apartment, and over coffee one of them happened to use the word "blanket." "Now, there's an interesting word," Burrows said. "You probably think it's derived from the French for 'white,' don't you?" The guests nodded vaguely. "Not at all," said Burrows. "It's one of those things like 'boycott' and 'sandwich' that comes from a guy's name. Thomas Blanket, I think it was. Let's see what Skeat has to say." Burrows pawed affectionately through the larger of his two etymological bibles. "That's odd," he said after a moment. "According to Skeat, it comes from 'white.' I guess even old Skeat had his blind spots." Burrows tossed old Skeat aside and turned to his massive Oxford. "Ah, here we are!" he cried jubilantly, and began to read, " 'The Thomas Blanket to whom gossip attributes the origin of the name, if he really existed, doubtless took his name from the article . . .' " Burrows' voice had begun to trail off toward the end of this crusher, and after he closed the book he grumbled, " 'Gossip,' indeed! Those conservative scholars! And what do they mean, 'doubtless'? 'Doubtless' is a suspect word. I won't buy their version. It don't smell right to me."


"Be patient, my boy. You don't know how I envy you, with no place to go but up."

LIKE many of this country's other gifted contemporary entertainers, Burrows has a middle-class New York Jewish background. If there is anything exceptional about his formative years, it is perhaps only that they lasted as long as they did; he was twenty-eight before it occurred to him, or anyone else, that he had much chance of getting anywhere. He was born in Manhattan, on Second Street, on December 18, 1910, and his name was originally Abram Solman Borowitz; in the early thirties, he went along with the rest of his family in changing the surname to Burrows. Abram—a name he still uses on passports, checks, and other formal documents—was the eldest of three children born to an American father and a Lithuanian mother, both of whom died ten years ago. A brother, Selig, is now an executive of a prosperous linen-supply company and lives on Long Island, and a sister, Shirley, is married to Paul Alter, a television director, and lives in New Rochelle. Their father, Louis, was one of five partners, all brothers, who owned and operated a wallpaper-and-paint business. He was also a theatre buff. As a boy, he had been a supernumerary in a production of "Roaring Dick and Co.," a melodrama that starred Maurice Barrymore (the "Co." was mostly made up of lower East Side children), and he was a lifelong devotee of vaudeville. Burrows recalls that during his infancy his father, after a few preliminary remarks to the effect that Brahms' "Lullaby" was greatly overrated, would



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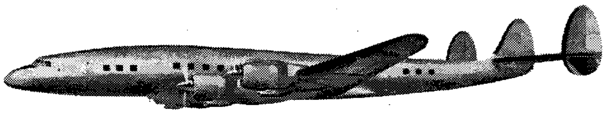

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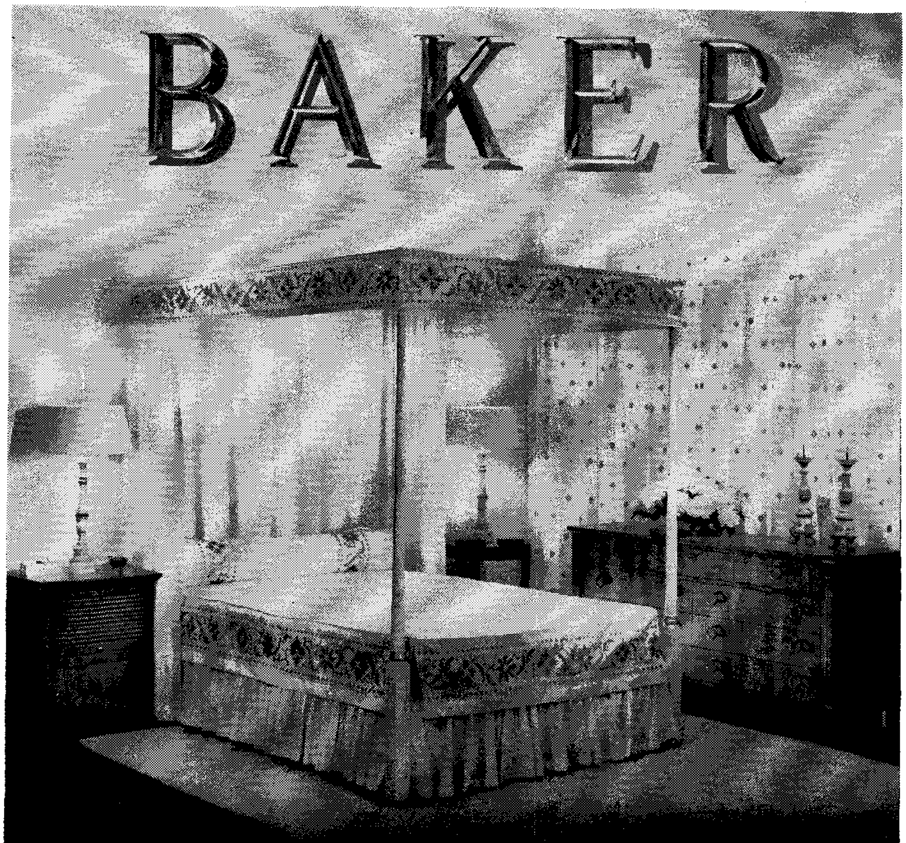

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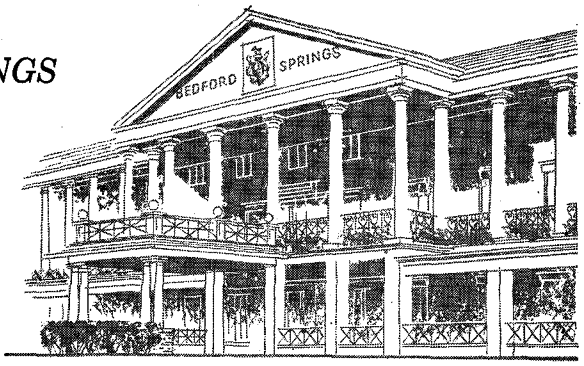

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croon him to sleep with "Who Threw the Overalls in Mrs. Murphy's Chowder?"

The brothers' business did all right, and as the economic status of Burrows' family improved, they moved first to the Bronx and then to Brooklyn. He sometimes credits his Brooklyn interlude for his renown as a humorist. "I was sitting around a table in Hollywood one night in the early forties with this bunch of guys, and we got to talking about where we came from," he says. "It turned out that one character came from London, and the next from Stockholm, and another from Dallas, or some such place, and when it got to me I piped up with 'Brooklyn.' Everybody laughed, because everybody always laughs when you say 'Brooklyn,' and the people at the next table heard all this yocking at something I'd said, and soon word got around that this guy Burrows was a real card. My reputation as a wit was born."

Somewhat earlier, when Burrows was actually in Brooklyn, he had been recognized as a diverting fellow, but only by his family and friends. He taught himself to play the piano at seven, and as a boy and a young man he livened up a good many neighborhood parties by playing and singing popular songs, in both English and Yiddish. Not even his mother, however, discerned in him any sign of what many have since called genius, although when he was twelve she began to think he might make a passable doctor. This was after he had deftly extracted a cinder from the eye of *her* mother, a Russian-born matriarch who had never uttered a word of English in her life until, three minutes before she died, at the age of eighty-seven, she opened her eyes, saw her grandson Abram standing beside her deathbed, and asked sternly, "Why aren't you in school?"

When Burrows *was* in school, he was a student at New Utrecht High School, in Brooklyn. Although he never thought seriously of becoming a doctor, he took a good deal of Latin, largely to please his mother, who felt that he would need the language in order to write out prescriptions someday. "There comes a moment in your education when something unfolds for you," he says. "With me, it began in third-year Latin, when we reached Cicero. Cicero became my idol, and he still is. I used to know the Rome of his time better than I knew my own city. I got so that everything that happened to him affected me personally, and when Mark Antony had the old man

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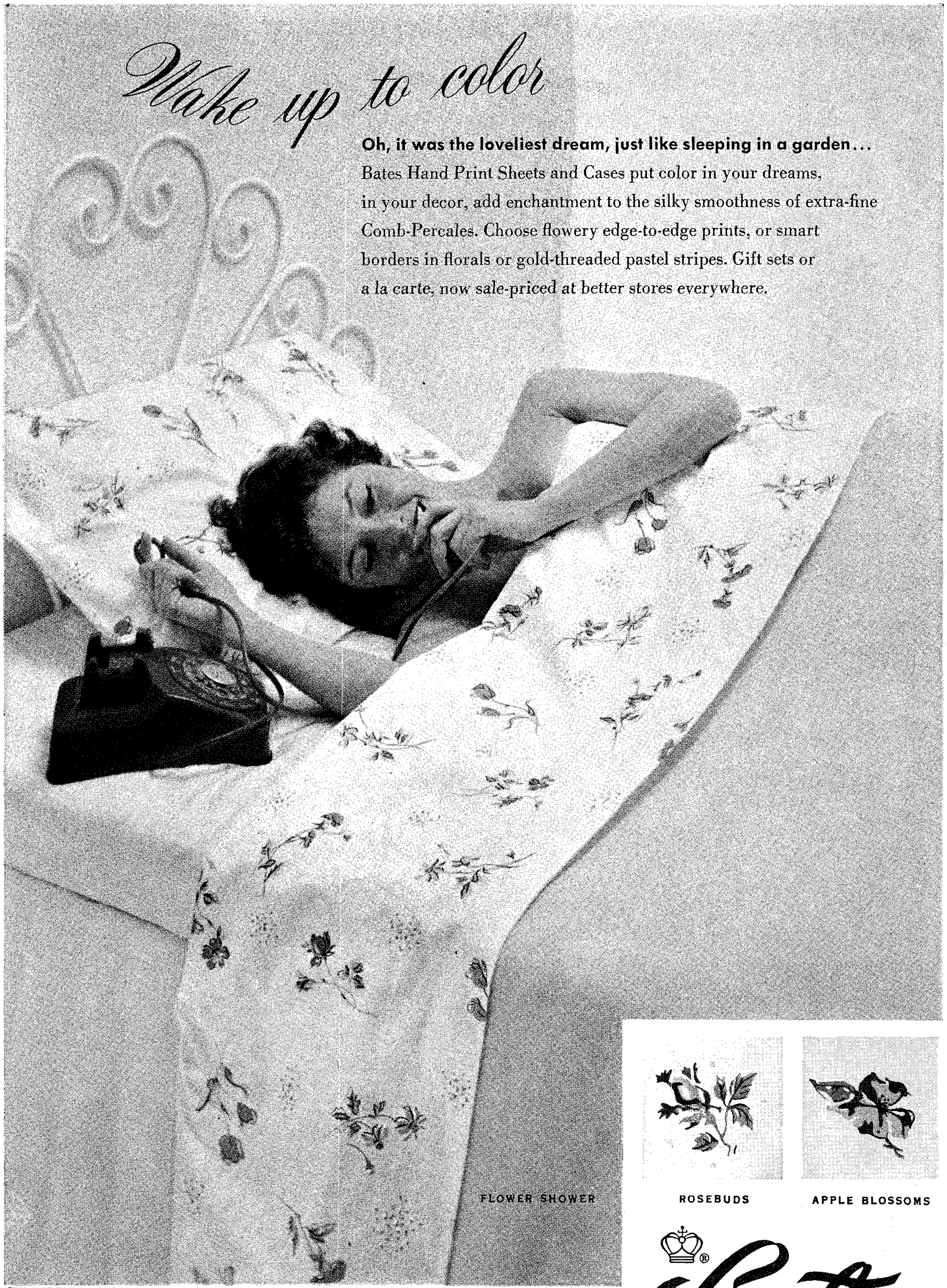

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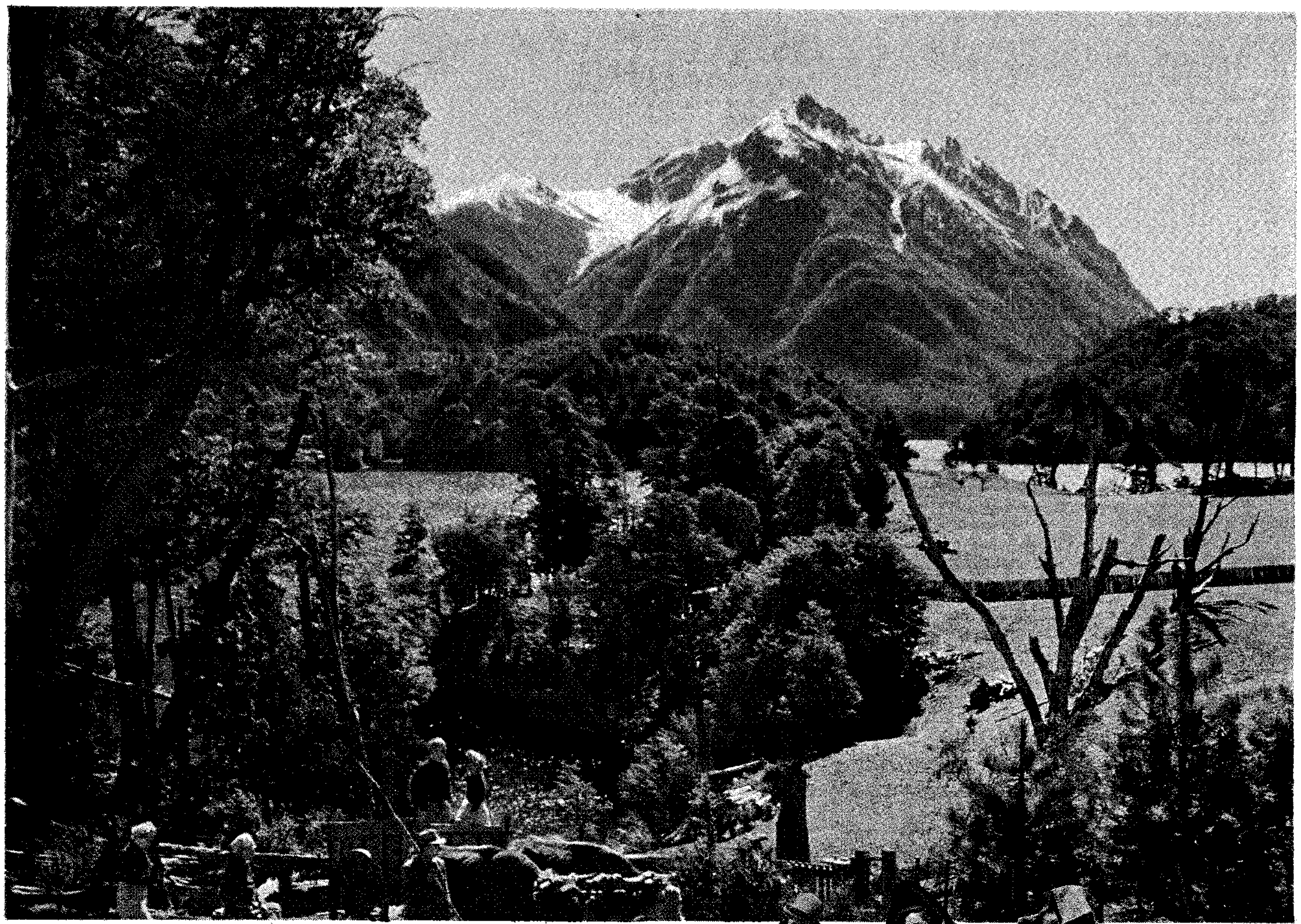

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beheaded, I almost took to my bed, sick. Tennessee Williams could write a great play about Cicero's death. Even now, if I see a play with Antony in it, I still can't root for him. Bill Shakespeare dug him up and made a hero out of him, but to me he will never be anything but what he was—a rather slimy fat slob, and a real hatchet man. I'd like to write a play about him myself, but I'm afraid it would be too emotional."

In 1928, his senior year of high school, Burrows became one of seven New Utrecht candidates for a classics scholarship at Cornell. The six others were girls, and one of them beat him out. "If I'd won, I'd probably be a Latin teacher today," he says. "I think I'd have liked being a teacher, because I'm a kind of didactic person. I'm always explaining things." Stoically accepting defeat, he enrolled at City College, and while a freshman put his knowledge of Latin to good use by tutoring high-school seniors who were boning up for college-entrance examinations. During his sophomore year, the academic life began to bore him, and by June he was ready to quit. His mother, however, insisted that he learn *something* useful, so, as a compromise, he switched over to New York University, where he took courses in accounting, on a part-time basis, for the next three years. Concurrently, he worked in Wall Street, first as a runner and then, through a series of not especially electrifying promotions, as a boardboy, a wire clerk, and, finally, a customer's man. By that time, though, the depression had reached an advanced stage, and there were few customers around for him or anyone else; for a while his only client was a wholesale butcher. (Burrows recalls that it used to create quite a stir among his dignified associates when he would call up the Washington Market and ask in his carrying voice to be connected with the chuck-steak department.)

Burrows enjoyed the time he spent in Wall Street (it is a source of some satisfaction to him that he is now a substantial customer of the firm of Steiner, Rouse & Co., where he once posted prices in the board room), and he also enjoyed a couple of years he subsequently spent downtown in a complementary job—totting up figures for an accounting firm. "I've brought to the theatre one important auditor's rule I learned then," he says. "My precept is 'Always assume everything is wrong.' Some people find this annoying, though I've never thought it was much different

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from that old theatrical principle, Murphy's Law. Murphy's Law says, 'If something can go wrong, it will.' Someday I must find out who Murphy was."

IN the mid-thirties, everything went wrong for Burrows. He lost his accounting job, and then bounced from one unsatisfying post to another—trying to sell maple syrup, trying to sell woven labels for clothing, and trying to sell paint and wallpaper for his father's firm. Notwithstanding his bleak outlook, he got married, in 1936, to a neighborhood friend, Ruth Levinson, who divorced him in 1949. (They have two children—James, who is sixteen, and Laurie, who is twelve.) In 1938, he met his first representative of the arts, an aspiring gagman named Frank Galen. Burrows was enormously impressed at getting to know a man of talent. True, Galen wasn't having much success selling his gags, but Burrows considered this a notch above not having much success selling syrup and labels. Galen, for his part, having grown immune to the standard forms of humor through too close association with them, was amazed to find himself laughing at bits that Burrows tossed off in rough-and-tumble conversation. The two men paired up as a gag-writing team. They got what they interpreted as their first nibble when Galen met someone who knew Sheila Barrett, the impersonator, and, thus inspired, they wrote a six-minute script that they hoped they could persuade her to use. Unfortunately, Miss Barrett didn't want any material—or, anyway, she didn't want theirs. Burrows then met someone who knew Eddie Garr, another impersonator. The collaborators quickly revised their initial opus, by the simple expedient of turning Miss Barrett into a man, and Burrows persuaded his someone to set up an audience for them with Garr. This time they landed their catch; Garr liked the script, and presented it on the Rudy Vallée radio program, which paid its authors a total of a hundred and twenty-five dollars for it. With little difficulty, Burrows figured out that his half of this came to five times what he'd been averaging a week in paint and wallpaper, and he at once retired from the world of commerce.

Garr next signed up for some nightclub engagements, and Burrows and Galen busied themselves with thinking up jokes to keep him going, which he bought on a piecework basis. "He gave us fifteen bucks a joke," Burrows re-

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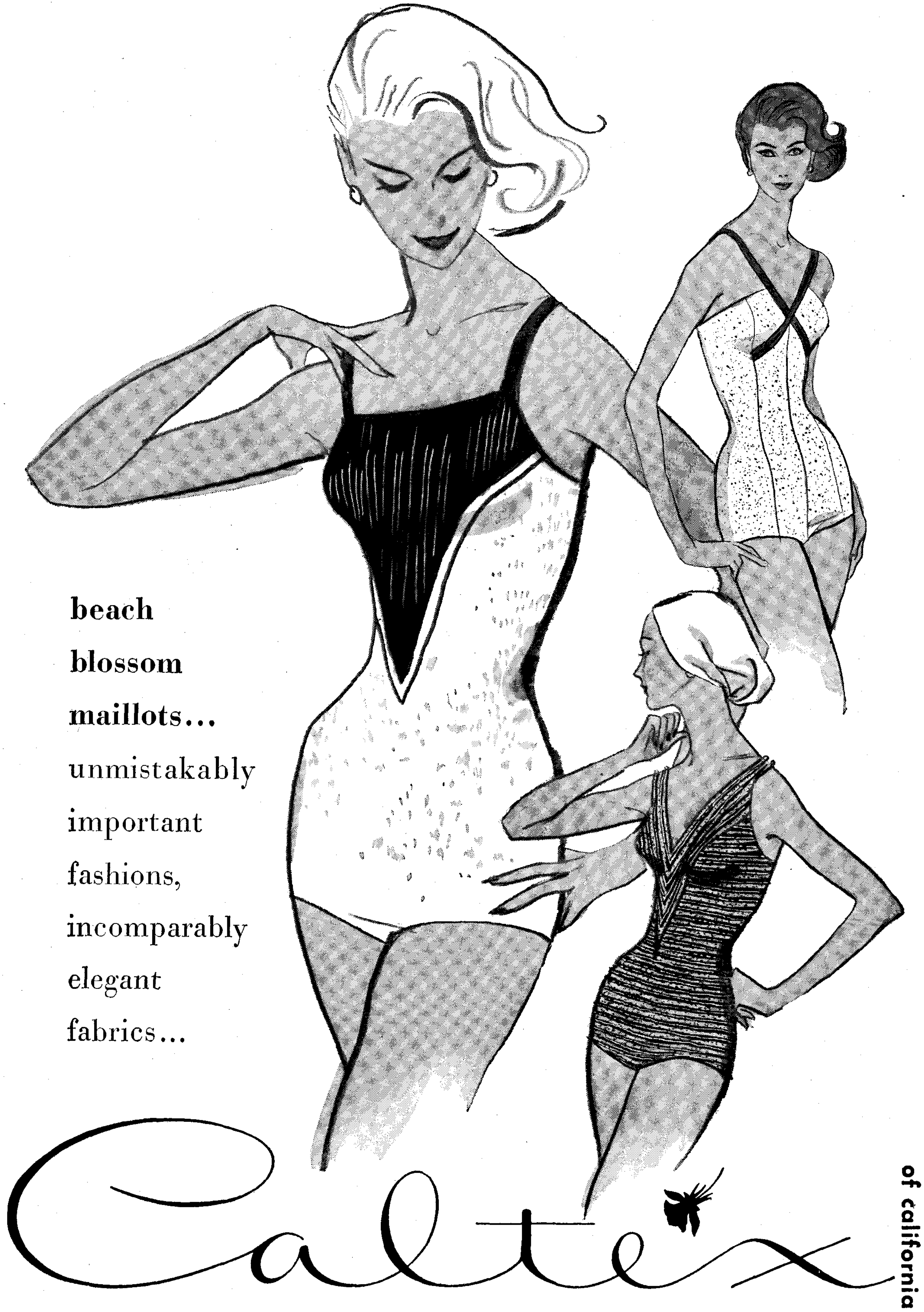
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calls. "It don't seem like much now, but it was a hell of a lot more than some comedians were paying. Around that time, we also sold a few jokes to Henny Youngman, and *his* price was two dollars. The stuff we wrote for Youngman was mostly panhandler material. You know—like 'A panhandler sidled up to me on the street and said, "I want ten cents for a cup of coffee," and I said to him, "Coffee's only a nickel," and he said, "Won't you join me?" ' Jokes like that. Come to think of it, I have a hunch Youngman still owes me my buck for that one. On the other hand, maybe he was justified in not paying for it."

In due course, Garr negotiated an interview for himself and his team of writers with Ed Gardner, subsequently the star of "Duffy's Tavern" but then the producer and star of a C.B.S. radio show called "This Is New York." Gardner couldn't use the comedian, but something about his retinue struck the producer as authentically New Yorkish. He was especially taken with Burrows, in whom he detected a characteristic that he later described as "culture in the mugg," and he engaged both Burrows and Galen as staff writers for his show, at a salary of twenty-five dollars a week apiece. They had hardly shaken hands on the deal when Burrows got off some quip—neither he nor Gardner can remember what it was, and Galen has since died—that encouraged the producer to give both his new employees a five-dollar raise. "Only a week after that, Ed raised us each to seventy-five and introduced us to Benzedrine," Burrows says. Following this giddy climb, their income levelled off, and after a year of working with Gardner, Galen left to strike out on his own. Burrows stayed on. "Ed had tremendous editorial sense and taste," he says. "I was lucky to have him as a tutor. I could just as easily have stumbled across some other comic, God help me." Gardner presently became the producer of a weekly

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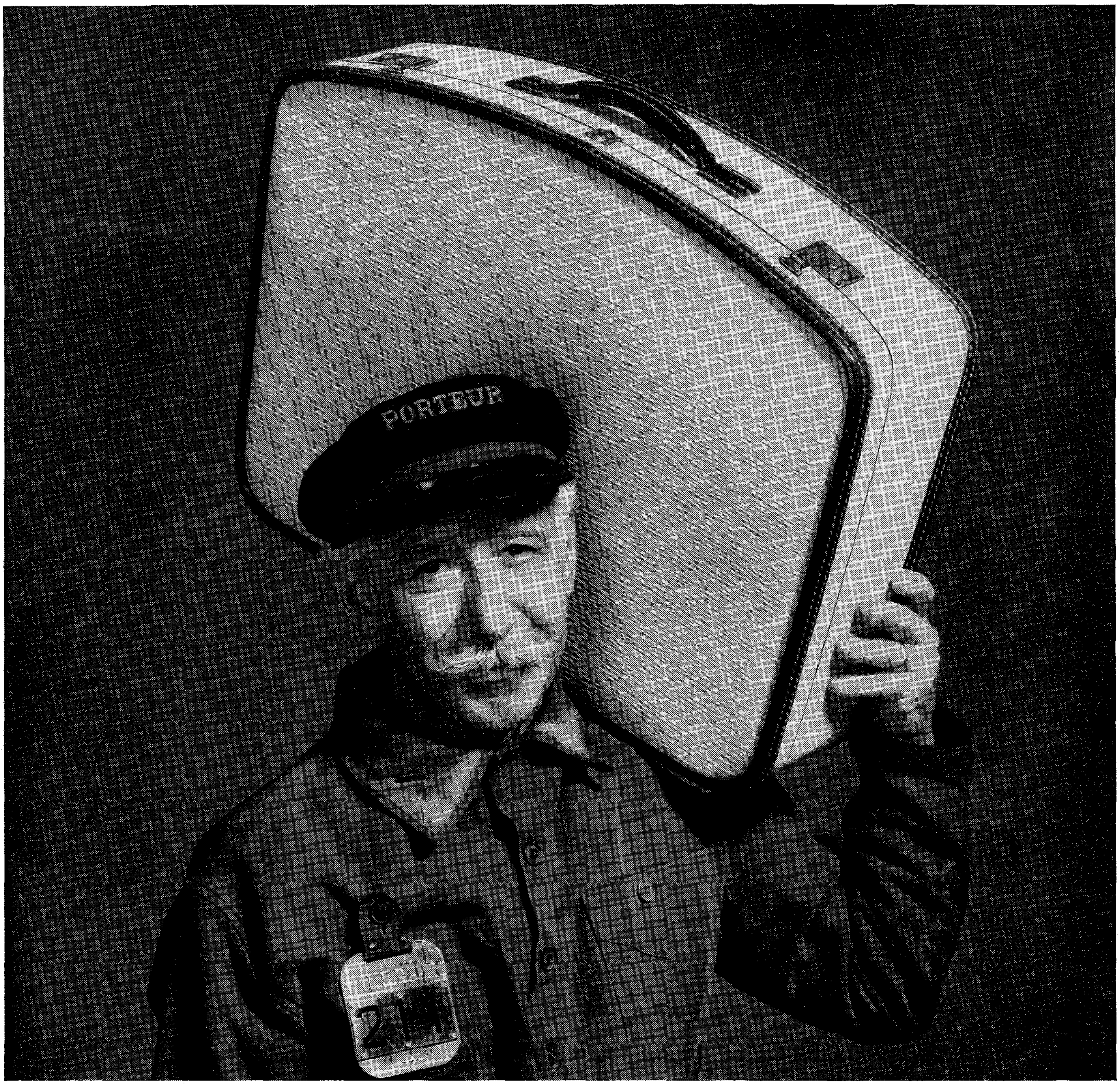
N.B.C. show starring Rudy Vallée and John Barrymore, who by then had become a mere caricature of his former self. One of Burrows' chores on the program was to give the actors their cues, and to Barrymore any guidance whatever from the young upstart was unwelcome. "I became a hateful symbol to John of a guy who was making him do things," Burrows says. "One day, casting about desperately for some way of soothing him, I happened to mention—twisting the facts a bit—that his father and my father had played together in 'Roaring Dick' years before. Instantly, Barrymore's attitude toward me changed. He became very friendly, and after that, whenever anybody else started to bawl me out, John would rush to my defense, telling them, 'You can't talk to him like that! He's the son of an old actor!' "

As a regular writer for radio, Burrows soon learned to work fast; often a script would have to be changed or cut at literally the last minute. "Some people get hysterical under pressure," he says, "but if you don't panic, it's amazing how much you can accomplish in sixty seconds." His high resistance to panic is probably one of the reasons he is considered the most easygoing director on Broadway today. At rehearsals of his shows, he sometimes seems to be the one man in the theatre who is completely serene. But he is still a bug about time, and he repeatedly consults a stopwatch that he has carried since his Vallée-Barrymore days.

IN 1941, Gardner and Shirley Booth, who was at that time his wife, launched "Duffy's Tavern" on C.B.S., and Burrows became the show's chief writer. He spent four and a half years at that job, and then, in the fall of 1945, when "Duffy's Tavern" was paying him a thousand dollars a week, he quit to accept an offer of half as much again to join Paramount Pictures as a writer-producer. Paramount was feeling expansive, having just received an Academy Award for "Going My Way," but its internal affairs were in a chaotic state, and the very day Burrows reported to assume his new duties, the executive who had taken him on was fired. Burrows discovered this when he dropped in at the man's office and found him packing. "Who do I see if I'm in trouble?" the new employee asked. "Nobody," his erstwhile benefactor replied. "You're *really* in trouble." A few weeks later, a studio executive who was still in good standing stopped by at Burrows' office and asked if there was any-



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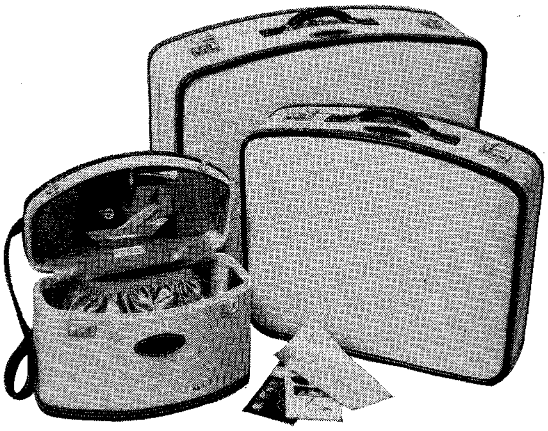

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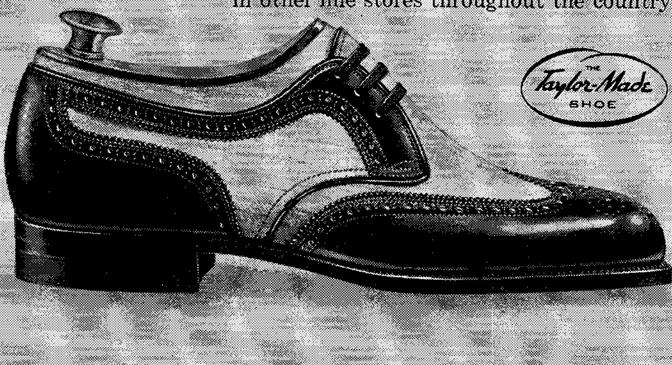

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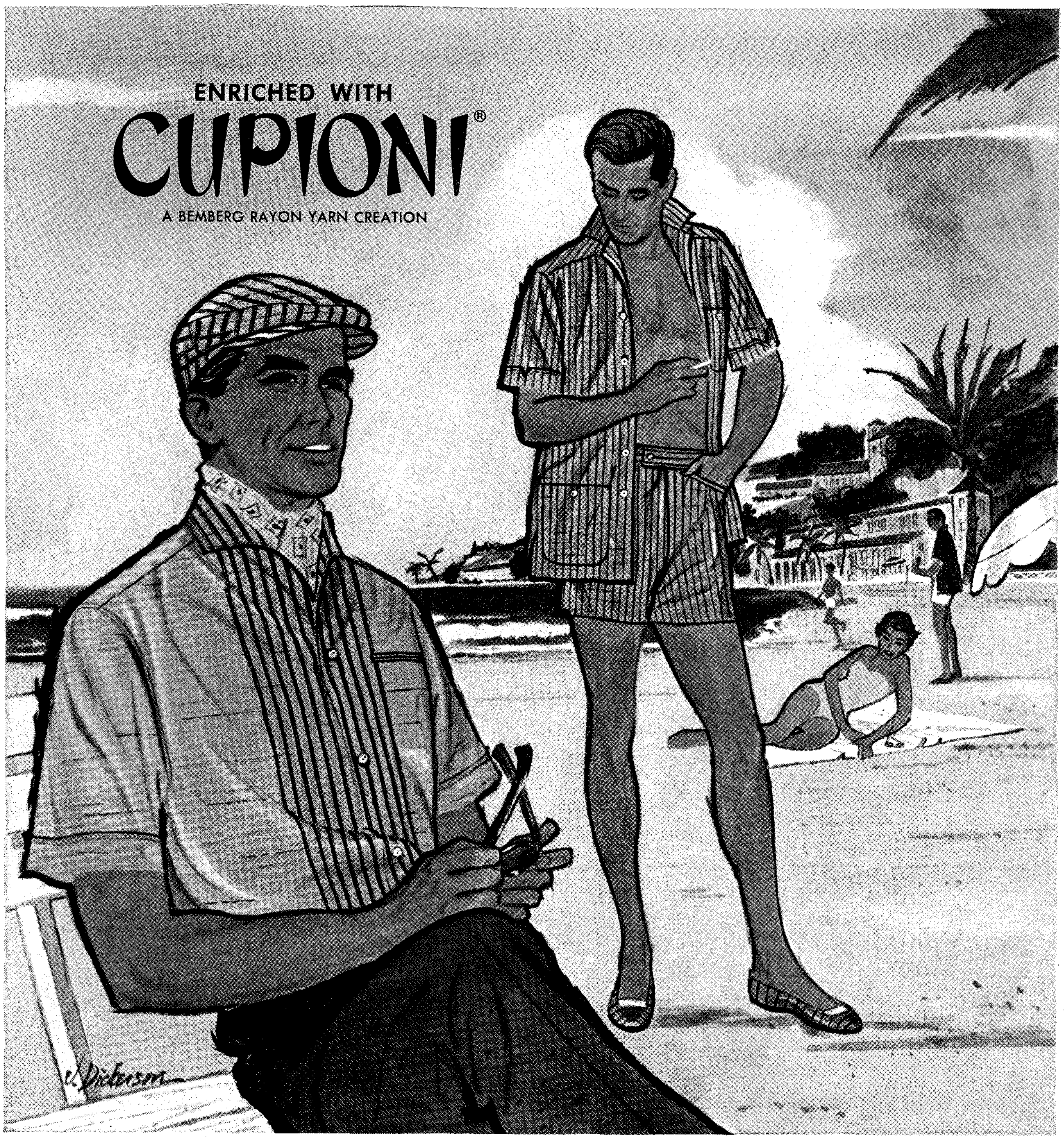
thing special he wanted to do. "I got all these pencils sharpened, and I hear everybody in the commissary talking about remaking old hits," Burrows told him. "So how about if I make a remake, too?" The executive thought that was a splendid idea, and asked what old property he had in mind. " 'Going My Way,' " Burrows said.

After Burrows had spent thirteen profitable but unproductive weeks with Paramount, his contract expired and he went his way—straight back to radio writing for C.B.S. Meanwhile, on an entirely different plane, he had attained the status of a celebrity as an amateur composer and singer of satirical songs with improbable titles—like "Darling, Why Shouldn't You Look Well Fed, 'Cause You Ate Up a Hunka My Heart?"—and lyrics to match. Appearing at private parties for the amusement of his fellow-guests, he had built up an ecstatic coterie of fans among prominent Hollywood writers, producers, directors, actors, and radio executives, but until 1947 his abilities as a performer were unknown outside their circle. In the summer of that year, however, the Columbia Broadcasting System suggested that he try out his antic songs on a wider audience. Burrows, who had long yearned to be a performer, was delighted with the idea. He gave an audition before a group of strangers, and was overwhelmed by the enthusiasm of their response. "I'll never forget when I heard their first laugh roll up," he says. "It was like tasting blood." He was heard on various C.B.S. programs for the better part of the next two years, and even won a grudging notation of "quite good" in the "N.B.C. Competition Monitoring Report," although the eavesdropping rival went on to observe, "The only point which is open to question is whether the sophistication and style of Abe Burrows will ever be acceptable to a mass audience"—practically a slur in the world of broadcasting.

To be sure, Burrows himself had similar doubts. He began appearing in night clubs during intervals between radio commitments, and found that the reception he got from the customers, while gratifyingly warm, was several degrees lower than that accorded to comedians like Joe E. Lewis. "I couldn't slug jokes through steaks and drinks," Burrows said recently, while in a retrospective, self-monitoring mood. "My stuff required attention. Oh, I had a small, devoted cult of followers, but that didn't necessarily help. Like when I had my opening at



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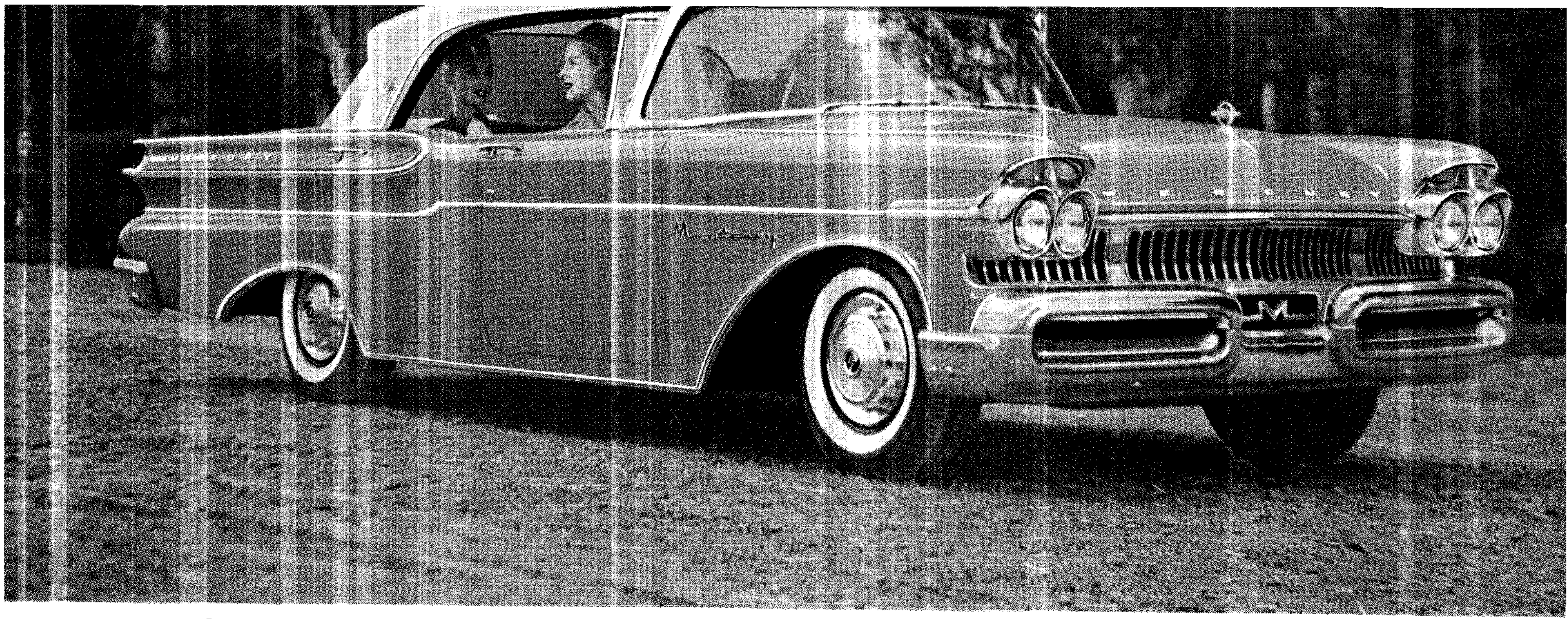

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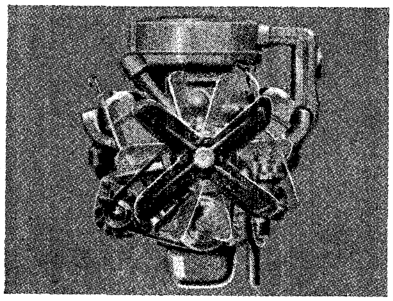

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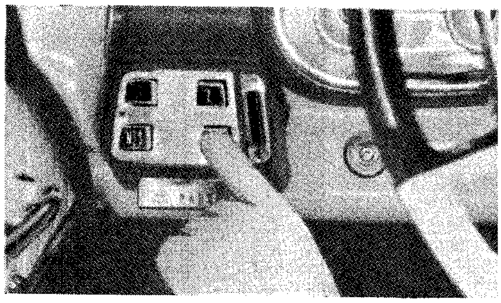

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Ciro's, in Hollywood—there was nobody in the room but friends. They were all nervous, and instead of listening to me and laughing, each of them was watching my other friends and hoping *they* would laugh. An audience of friends, in a night club or a theatre, can be deadly. An audience should be a group of strangers that you mold into friends."

From radio to television was a natural process of evolution in the late forties, and Burrows made the transition easily. Between 1949 and 1951, he was all over the television screen, like snow. His wide experience before the cameras later inspired him to get up a "Complete Glossary of Television Terms," in which he defined "a surefire joke" as "a joke that someone else got a big laugh with;" "old, tired material" as "a surefire joke that doesn't get a laugh;" "fresh humor" as "old surefire jokes told by a young comedian;" and "literate humor" as "old surefire jokes told by a young comedian with eyeglasses." Bespectacled, reasonably young, and unquestionably literate, Burrows became such an attraction on sundry panel shows of the era that, late in 1949, C.B.S. signed him to a seven-year contract, under which he was supposed to think up ideas, produce shows, appear on panels, and, as his friend Cy Feuer, the theatrical producer, once put it, act as "a just-be-around-type fellow." One notion Burrows thought up, for a program of his own called "Abe Burrows' Almanac," was to present a succession of amateur entertainers who, like the Abe Burrows of Brooklyn, had been acclaimed lives of the party in their local social sets. A flock of taxi-drivers who could yodel and housewives who could impersonate Sheila Barrett were herded into the studio for this venture, but they had no notably stimulating effect on the "Almanac." Burrows himself, it seemed, was one of the few people around who could make strangers as well as friends laugh when he sat down at the piano.

IN 1951, when Burrows' contract with C.B.S. still had five years to run, he asked to have it cancelled. By then, he had done his work on the libretto of "Guys and Dolls" and seen it become a hit, and he was anxious to concentrate wholeheartedly on the theatre—a desire that has since led to his having a hand in eight Broadway productions, including "Can-Can," "Silk Stockings," and "Happy Hunting." The network agreed to let him off, and that was perhaps just as well for both signatories. For it was during

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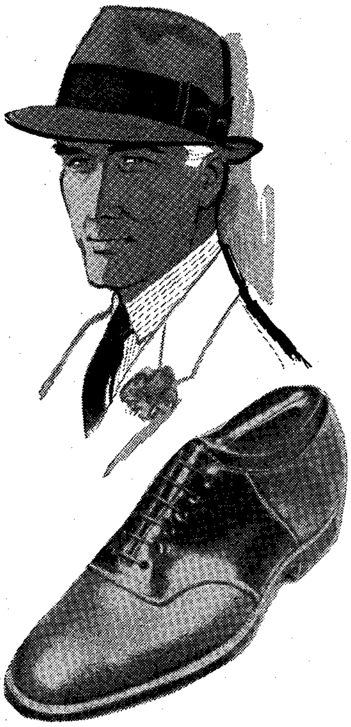

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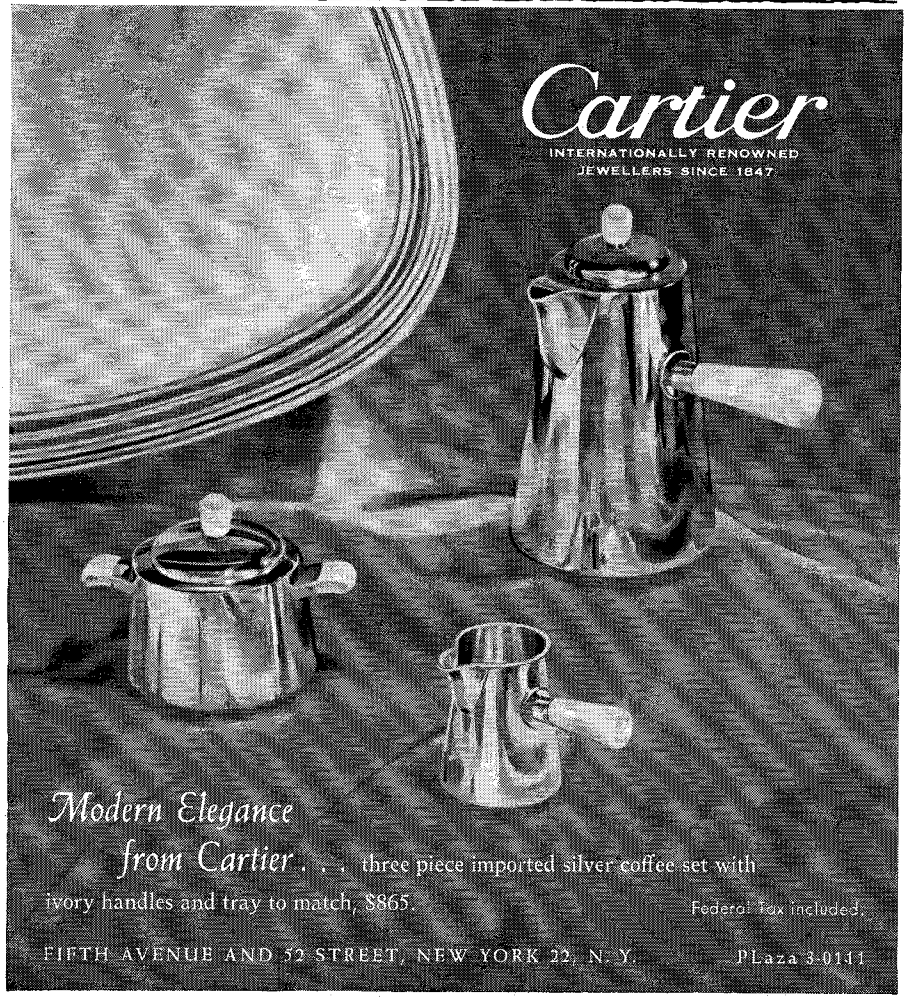

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this time that television officials were at their leeriest about presenting entertainers with proved or suspected Leftist political backgrounds, and not long after his departure from C.B.S. Burrows publicly confessed that during the war, while living in California, he had been on extremely cozy terms with the Communist Party.

Burrows testified twice before the House Committee on Un-American Activities—in executive session in March, 1951, and in open session in November, 1952. During the latter appearance, he explained that he had fallen in with the Communists in 1943, and that throughout the war he had taken part in their varied cultural activities. "I don't know what I wanted in those days," he has since said. "I didn't want a revolution. I guess maybe I just wanted to be a super-good guy. I'd been deferred in the draft because I had a kid, and I had a sense of guilt about not being in the armed forces, and I had domestic problems, and Russia was our ally. I knew I wasn't mixed up with any Good Humor Association, but I was sucked in by the openness of the Communists. It's kind of a dark part of my life." The Un-American Activities Committee knew very well what it wanted. It wanted to find out whether Burrows had ever been enrolled in the Communist Party. To this he replied under oath that while he had never been a card-carrying member, he was certainly guilty by association. "The Communists thought me one, and I was assumed to be one, and I am not denying they had a right to," he testified. Since his *mea culpa*, Burrows has been outspoken against Communism, which may or may not have prompted the *Daily Worker's* drama critic to write in his review of "Happy Hunting" that Burrows staged it "in a pretentious manner."

In 1953, when sale of the motion-picture rights to "Guys and Dolls" was under discussion, there was considerable speculation about whether Burrows' political past would get the movie version of the show into trouble. Samuel Goldwyn, who ultimately acquired the rights and produced the picture, encountered no trouble at all. In fact, everybody connected with either version of "Guys and Dolls" has profited handsomely. Even though Burrows had a royalty interest of only one and a half per cent in the stage version of the show, he has already grossed around three hundred thousand dollars from it and from his share of the movie proceeds. He was sole author and director of "Can-

Can," and his stake in that has brought him, so far, a couple of hundred thousand more. Before the "Silk Stockings" ledgers are closed, he will probably earn a hundred thousand or so there, too, although he worked on the show, as a rewrite man, for only eight weeks. He was paid a fee of five thousand dollars for directing "Happy Hunting," and is now receiving around two thousand dollars a week (depending on attendance) from that production; to date, it has played twenty-three weeks at, or close to, capacity, and is still going strong. He has other sources of income, too. Last summer, for instance, he was paid slightly less than sixty thousand dollars for putting in slightly less than three months' work on the screenplay of "The Solid Gold Cadillac." Burrows has not yet become altogether accustomed to his affluence. "Living on royalties makes me uncomfortable—like being out of a job," he says. "I'm only happy when I'm working."

BURROWS and his second wife, Carin Smith Kinzel, a former actress and radio producer, whom he married late in 1950, live in an eleven-room, two-cat apartment on Central Park West. Mrs. Burrows is an uncommonly studious individual. Undiscouraged by various obstacles that have slowed up her education since she first sat in a college classroom, some sixteen years ago, she is now taking courses at Columbia, mainly mathematics, in determined pursuit of a Bachelor's degree. Burrows, who, for all his learning, has no college degree, is proud of his wife's persistence, and on sentimental occasions, when another husband might be tempted to treat his helpmate to furs or jewelry, he is likely to give her an affectionate token like the thirty-nine-volume edition of the Cambridge histories.

For a man whose working habits are austere—he does all his writing in longhand on pads of lined yellow paper—Burrows is unusually addicted to elegant gadgets. His apartment is abundantly supplied with intercom systems, telephones tucked in movable cabinets, fancy cameras, solid-gold cigarette lighters, and similar frills. In it also are two pianos, one of them an upright with an upholstered back, and four television sets. Though he once declared, during a frivolous discussion of the relative merits of theatrical directors, that his only unarguable distinction is that he dresses better than Elia Kazan, Burrows is no fashion plate. He loves shoes, however, and when he leaves town for the pre-Broadway run of a

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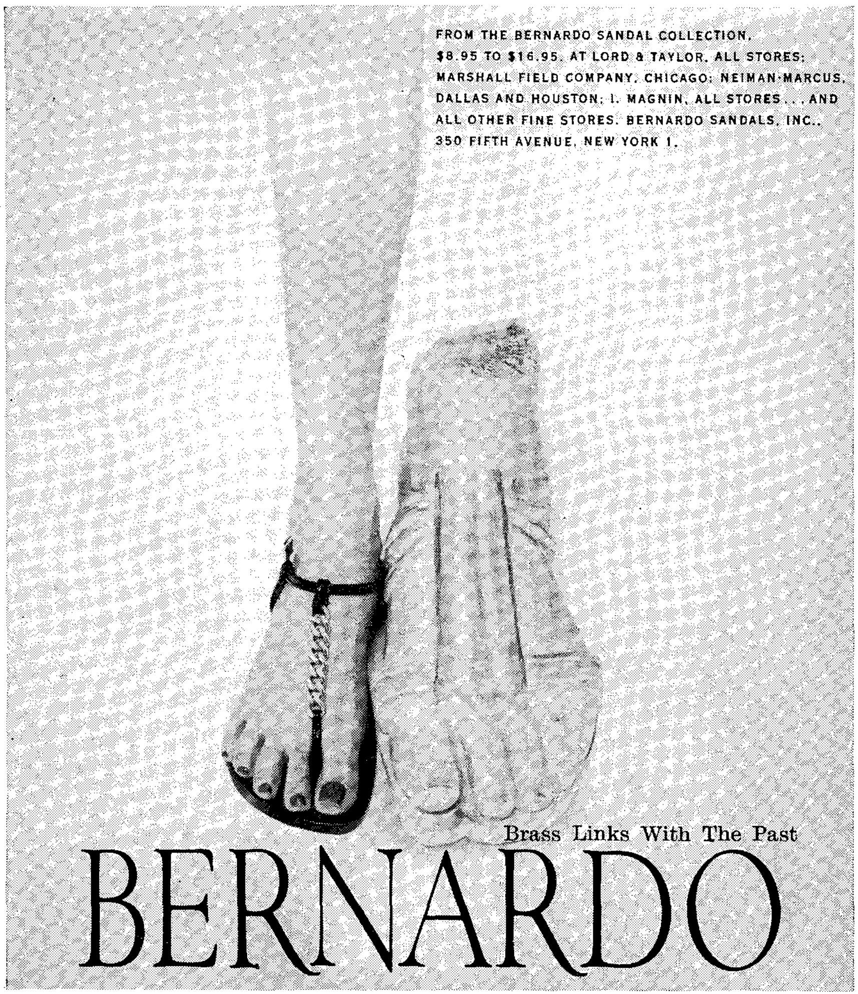

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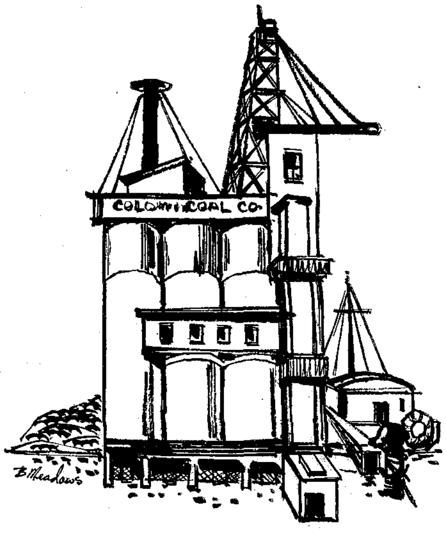
show, he takes along at least a dozen pairs, which, with their attendant shoe trees, he caches in a jumble under the bureau in his hotel room, making it look as if a puppy had gone berserk in the place. It can hardly be said that Burrows lives out of a suitcase when on the road. He has a special travelling case for the shoes, another for shirts, and a third for ties. While the hotels he patronizes on these trips—the Ritz-Carlton in Boston, the Warwick in Philadelphia, and so on—have perfectly adequate valet services, he nonetheless carries an aluminum laundry case with him, periodically stuffs his wash into it, and mails it back to Central Park West, as if he were a boy at prep school. His travelling gear also includes an enormous leather receptacle that opens up into a bar, and another that opens up into a combination bookcase and desk.

Wherever Burrows may find himself, one of the first things he does on arriving at his hotel is to instruct his secretary, who travels with him, to borrow an electric typewriter. Lined yellow paper notwithstanding, when he dictates a new bit of business for a show he is directing, he likes to have a dozen legible copies available at once for the actors, and a conventional typewriter can't handle such a load. Also in the interests of mass communication, he takes along several pads of paper with "Memorandum from Abe Burrows" printed at the top of each sheet. When he was directing "Can-Can," an actress sidled up to him one day and said plaintively, "What's the matter, Mr. Burrows? I never get any notes from you." Burrows explained that she shouldn't worry; the fact that she hadn't heard from him meant that her performance was flawless. "Well, everybody else gets notes," she said. "So if you don't mind, I'd like to have one, too." The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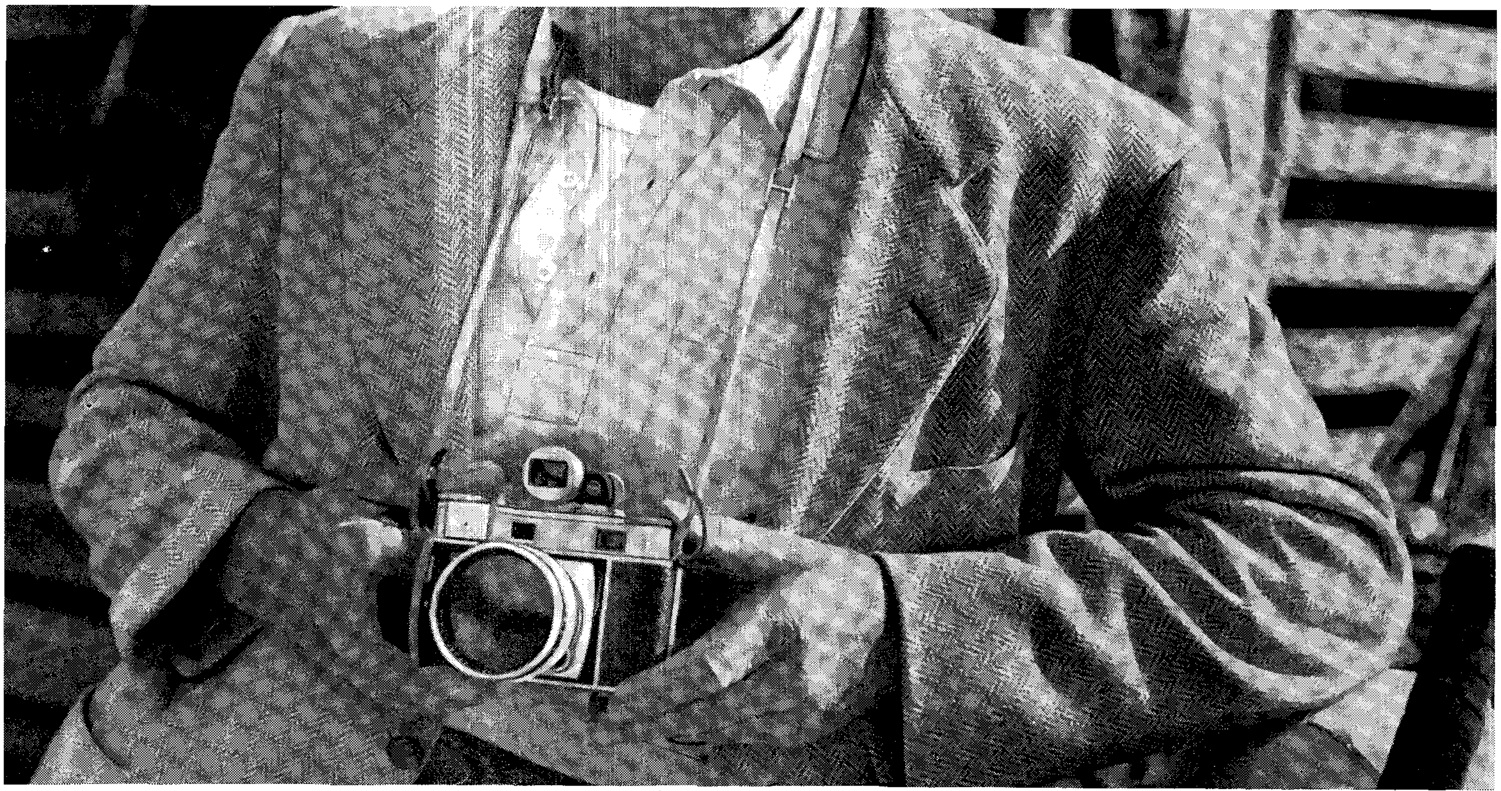

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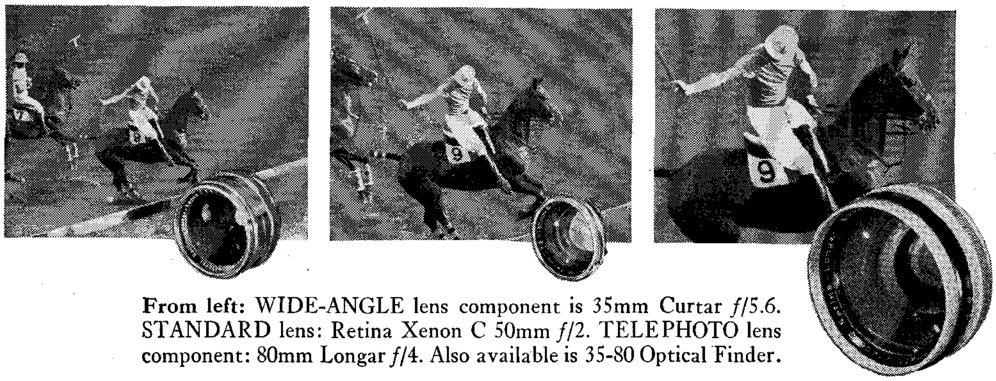

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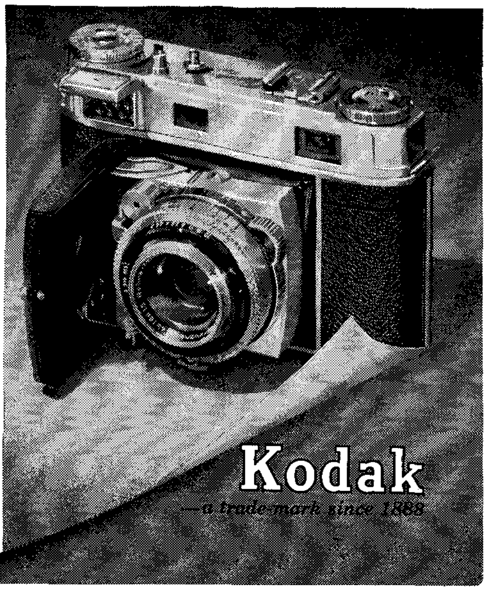

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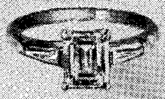

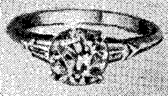

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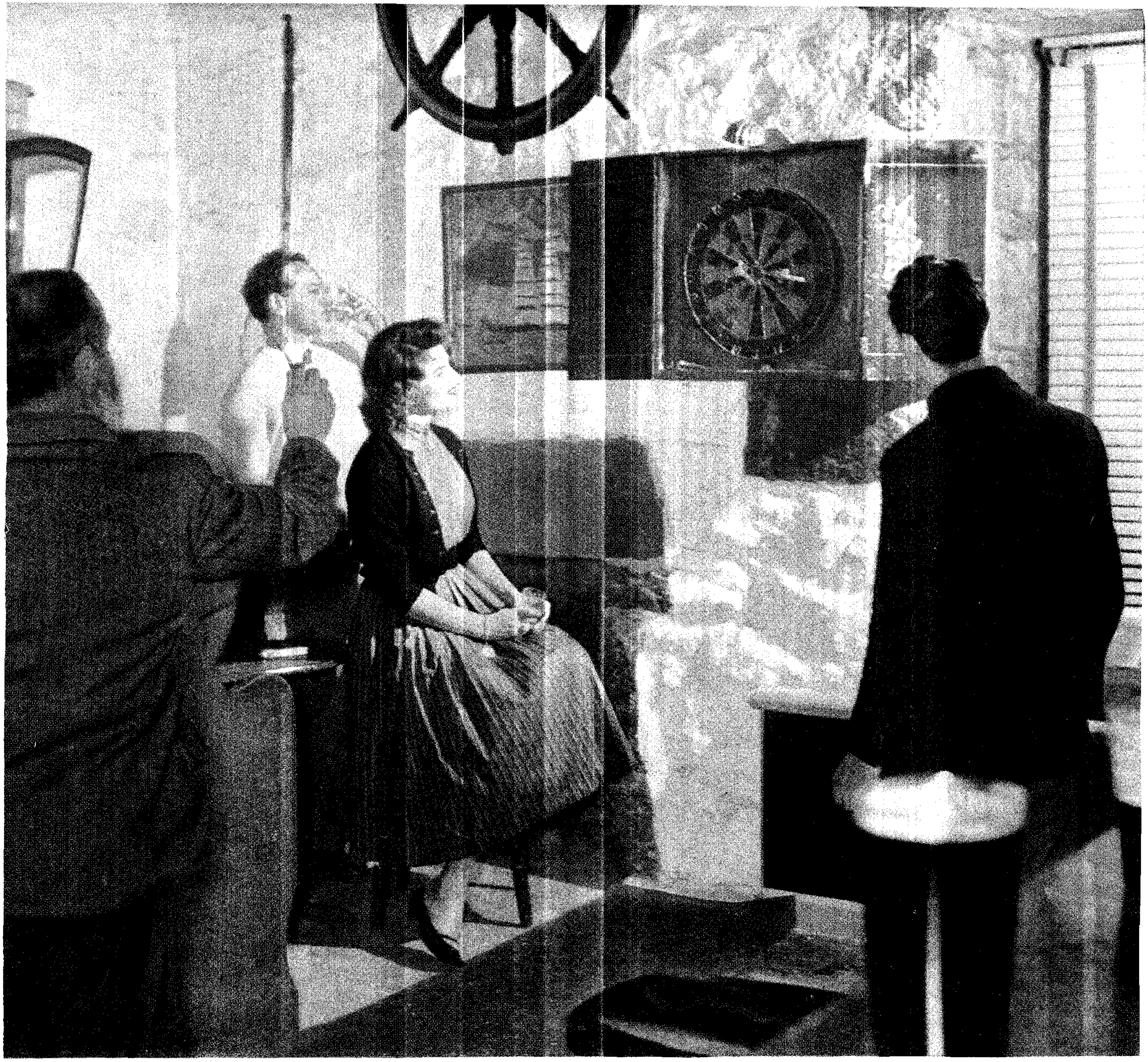
next day, Burrows obliged by sending her a memorandum that read, "In Act II, you're walking too fast." She was delighted.

One item in Burrows' safari kit not only proved useful during rehearsals of "Happy Hunting" but is now a prop in the show. The juvenile, Gordon Polk, plays a fidgety young Philadelphia lawyer who, in one scene with the male lead, Fernando Lamas, carries an attaché case. When the musical went into rehearsal, a number of attaché cases were tried out, but none of them seemed exactly right. Finally, Burrows offered his own case—a slim, scuffed affair—which all concerned instantly proclaimed ideal for a Philadelphia lawyer, since it was capable of holding two wills and a set of foreclosure papers. Burrows' case has been in the show ever since (the initials "A.B.," stamped on it in gilt, are not visible across the footlights), and in exchange for it the grateful management gave him a brand-new and much more commodious one, capable of holding a thermos, two sturgeon sandwiches, and a copy of the Sunday *Times*.

Right up to curtain time of the Broadway opening, practically everybody concerned with a musical comedy is constantly trying to concoct situations or snatches of dialogue that will add to the total number of laughs. Naturally, none of these last-minute inspirations is likely by itself to make or break a show, but en masse they may be effective, and both as a writer and as a director Burrows has proved highly resourceful in conjuring them up. Typical of his improvisations is one he came up with while directing the "Happy Hunting" scene in which Polk, beat-up attaché case in hand, joins Lamas at breakfast on a terrace. The chair provided for Polk was an unusually springy one, and each time the actor lowered himself onto it, he would jiggle up and down disconcertingly. After vainly cautioning him against this several times during the out-of-town run, Burrows took him aside at the close of one performance to show him the proper way to sit down in the chair, and was surprised to find that he could manage it with no more dignity than the actor. The chair, it seemed, had a built-in jiggle, and Burrows was about to order a new one when the idea came to him that its jiggle was thoroughly in keeping with what might be expected of a nervous young lawyer. He told Polk to jiggle away for all he was worth, and he instructed Lamas to call attention to his breakfast



See you at the rub-a-dub down the frog-and-toad!

(Cockney invitation to the pub down the road)

A COCKNEY's cheerful grin is easier to understand than his King's English. This happy breed has an ingenious slang which is a mystery to most of us. Here's a sixty-second course.

Roughly, you substitute a rhyming phrase for any familiar word. Thus: home becomes *Road-to-Rome;* kipper becomes *Jack-the-Ripper;* money becomes *Bees-and-honey*. But some rhymes are apt to change with the times. The bank recently became the *J. Arthur Rank!*

And that's not all. Cockneys often drop the last rhyme completely. Hat is *titfer* (short for tit-for-tat). Feet are *plates* (short for plates-of-meat).

If you're still puzzled, don't give up. Why not get on your plates, grab your titfer and see your travel agent?

He'll book you on a weasel-and-stoat (boat) or a sunshine-and-rain (plane). Remember, you can now get to Blighty *and back* for less than four hundred Oxford Scholars (your guess!).

Useful Cockney Glossary

WIFE	*Trouble-and-strife*
SHOP	*Lolly-pop*
CAB	*Flounder-and-dab*
TEA	*Rosie Lee*
DRINK	*Tumble-down-the-sink*
TABLE	*Cain-and-Abel*
SLEEP	*Bo-peep*

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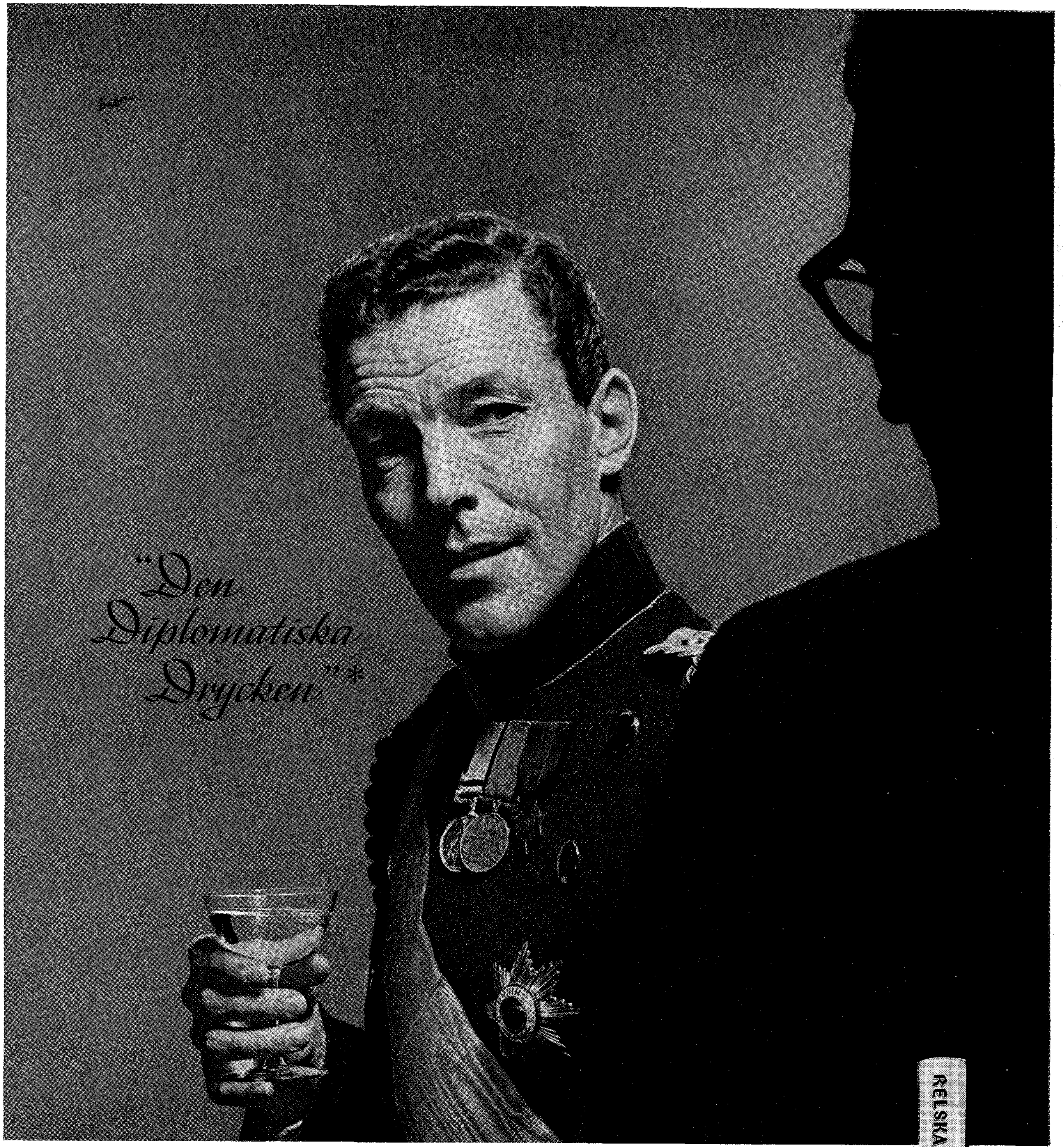

A distinguished attaché in Stockholm put it this way: "Like Sweden herself, this Relska Vodka is the magnificent neutral. Here you sip the qualities sought by people of true discernment. And—there is no liquor taste."

"All diplomats seem to agree with you," I said, "judging by our fellow guests."

"Precisely," he smiled. "Since the dim ages we've known Relska as *the diplomatic drink.*"

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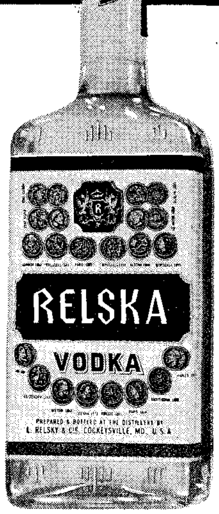

guest's agitated state by reaching out and steadying the fellow, much as one might slow down a child on a swing. "Maybe the jiggle's good for a laugh," Burrows said. When audience reaction proved that it indeed was, Burrows was elated, but in an apologetic way. "Here this chair had been throwing me a beautiful curve all along, and I was almost too blind to see it," he said afterward. "In this business, you've got to keep your eye on the ball."

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

(*This is the second of two articles on Mr. Burrows.*)

•

THE RITES

It is Eros, that rich artifact
Of Greece, ghosting us yet,
Who hears hylas and sees violets
When spring sidles into the suburbs.
Even in the slow stem of old love—
Grown incurious and fat with proof,
Except as time picks twig on twig
From the subsiding tree—the sap
Can start upward, thicken, sweeten.
Even knowing death is in
The first touch, sealing the contract,
How we hurry out to dance!

Each year, like a last chance,
The simple rites of unsheathing
From winter undo us: clumped buds
  burst,
The scarred earth swells, oozing
  puddles,
Storm windows are layered off,
Housewives vexed by the mud
Storm the rooms for covert dirt,
Scrub winter out like an undershirt
Despised, yet loving the loosening.

So love creeps in again where a cog
Ticks round, meshing its synchronous
Teeth in a fair time. A new machine
For redemption runs with rugs to beat,
With linens for the sun to eat
White again in a world where Eros
Is seldom called by name, but nagged,
Tugged, wheedled, stroked, wiped dry,
Willful in spring, in propriety.

—MAXINE W. KUMIN

•

French Frigate Shoals lie 450 miles northwest of Honolulu. There are nine coral spits in the group. A French explorer found them in 1786 by almost banging his frigate into them. He gave them the name that has stuck.

A few birds and seals were the first to use them during the war, when they launched a nuisance raid over Honolulu with a patrol plane refueled at the shoals by a submarine.—*Buffalo Courier-Express.*

Nimitz had so *much* to contend with.

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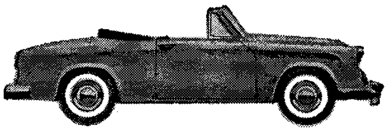

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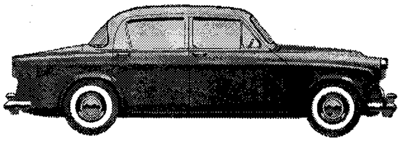

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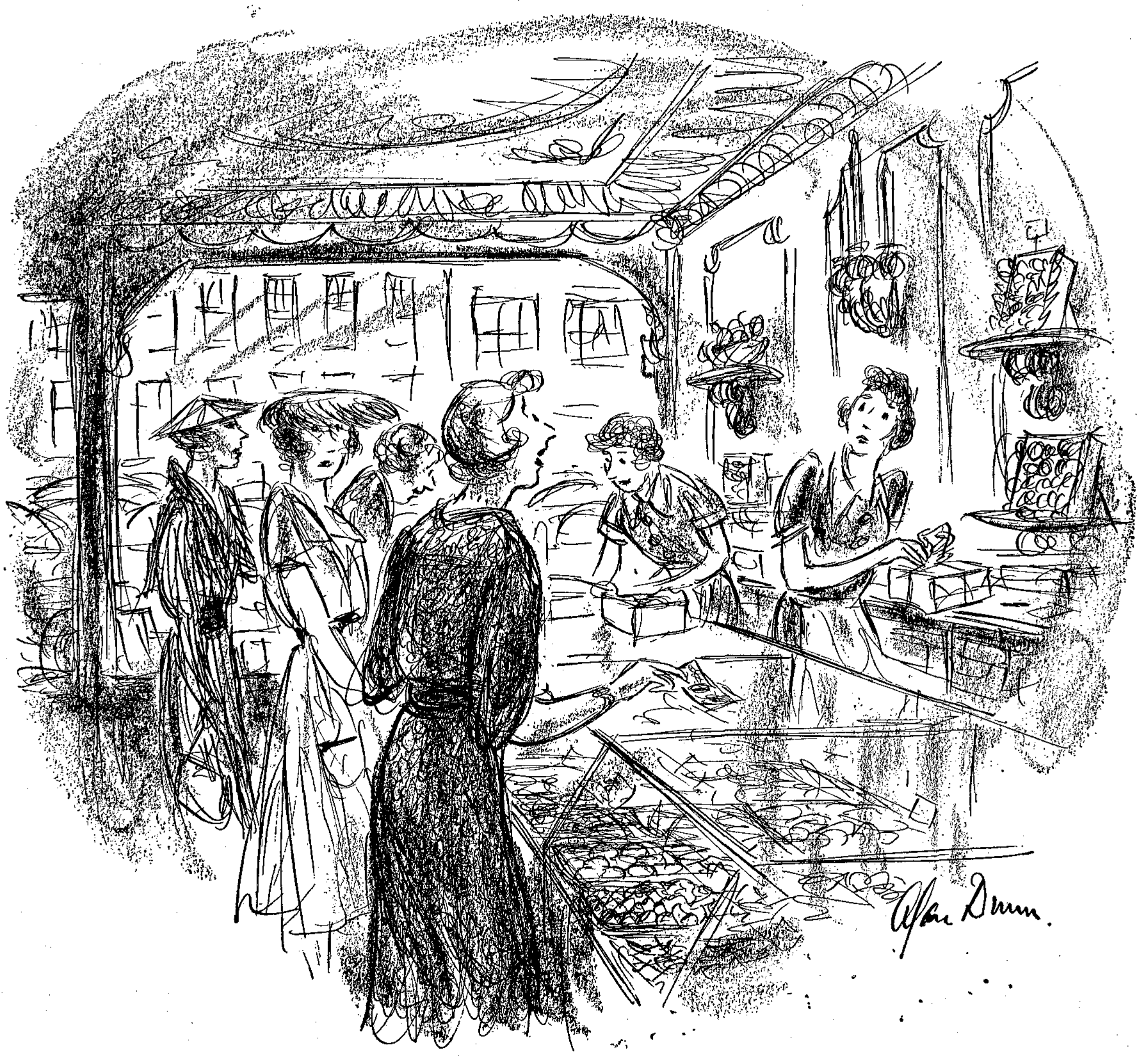
THE THEATRE

ROPE'S END

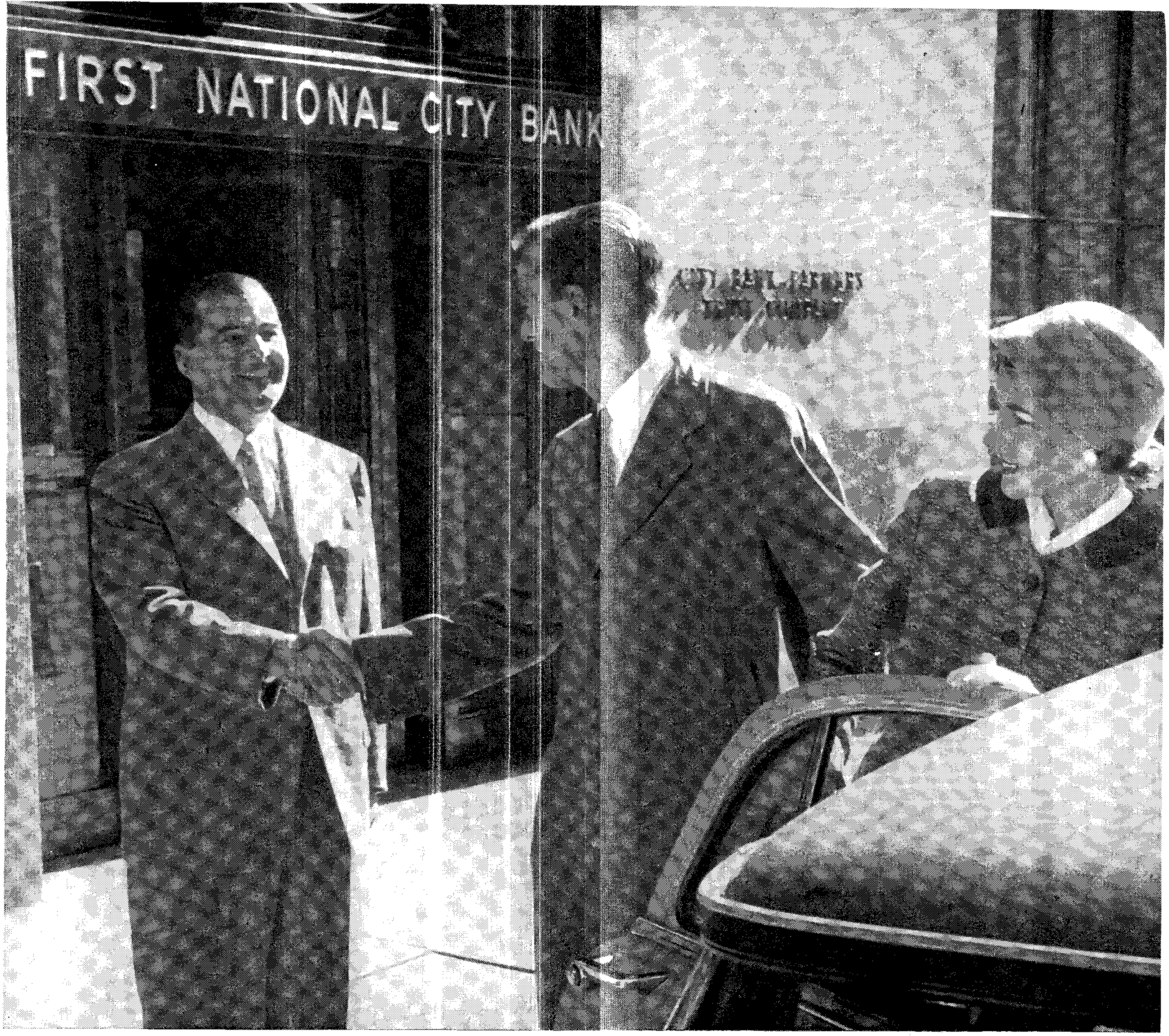
"THE GREATEST MAN ALIVE!," a comedy, by Tony Webster, that opened last week at the Ethel Barrymore and closed after five performances, was about a seventy-two-year-old failure named Amos Benedict who hopes to get some of the attention that has eluded him all his life by hanging himself while wearing a derby hat, his theory being that the press is bound to make some mention of a suicide so bizarrely clad. Though the play is devoted chiefly to his attempts to carry out this project (an obliging friend suggests that the effect could be made even more striking by the addition of a fireworks display and a little military music), there are, of course, quite a number of interesting complications. A young lady drops in to get the doomed man's reaction to two rival brands of cereal, and he lays aside his rope long enough to rearrange her love life, persuading her to break off her engagement to a substantial businessman in order to elope with a penniless law student. A bishop calls on him for the purpose of dissuading him from his melancholy purpose but remains to discuss his own unhappy lot, as evidenced particularly by the disheartening sales of his book called "Tomorrow Will Be Better." There is a police raid, accompanied by full-scale television coverage, and this winds up with the hero's capture and his removal to Bellevue, where he is detained for six weeks at the pleasure of the psychiatrists, and where his intelligence is diagnosed as "average"—a bitter pill for any man to swallow. The ending, I suppose, might be described as cheerful, in that the old man abandons the idea of suicide, planning instead to spend his few remaining years baby-sitting for the cereal-tester and her mate.

In spite of its seeming profusion of incident, "The Greatest Man Alive!" is, I'm afraid, a fairly thin play, and its humor, though often engaging, rises to no real heights, and, furthermore, is damaged by the fact that Mr. Webster, apparently not very prolific at thinking up jokes, has a tendency to use the same ones over and over. I was entertained, for instance, when the hero remarked that he would probably have made a great Pope if anybody had chanced to offer him this exalted position, and even when he said that he would have made a great President under the same unlikely circumstances, but as this quip recurred throughout the evening, my affection for it waned. The same thing is unfortunately true of the visual comedy. The first time Amos Benedict climbed up on a chair, adjusted the noose around his neck with a fine nautical flourish, and then undid it to step down and check the spelling of his suicide note with the dictionary, it seemed a neat piece of absurdity, but he kept on doing essentially the same thing on an average of every fifteen minutes, until it all got rather monotonous and a bit silly. It is hard to make a general rule to fit such a very special case, but I suspect that even the humor of attempted suicide is not quite inexhaustible. The humor of *really* hanging an actor in some as yet unwritten play may have its possibilities, but I don't think we'll go into them here.

As Amos, Dennis King had a lovely time with his little rope, often bursting into snatches of popular song as he went about his grisly work, and his performance was stylish and genial, even the touches of pathos inevitable in a man who has decided to end his lonely life



"Can you hurry, please? I'm triple-parked."



Paul Radkai

So-long and Don't Worry!

Mr. William Hassert, one of our Security Custodian officers, is saying so long for a while to a geologist and his wife who are off on a professional field trip.

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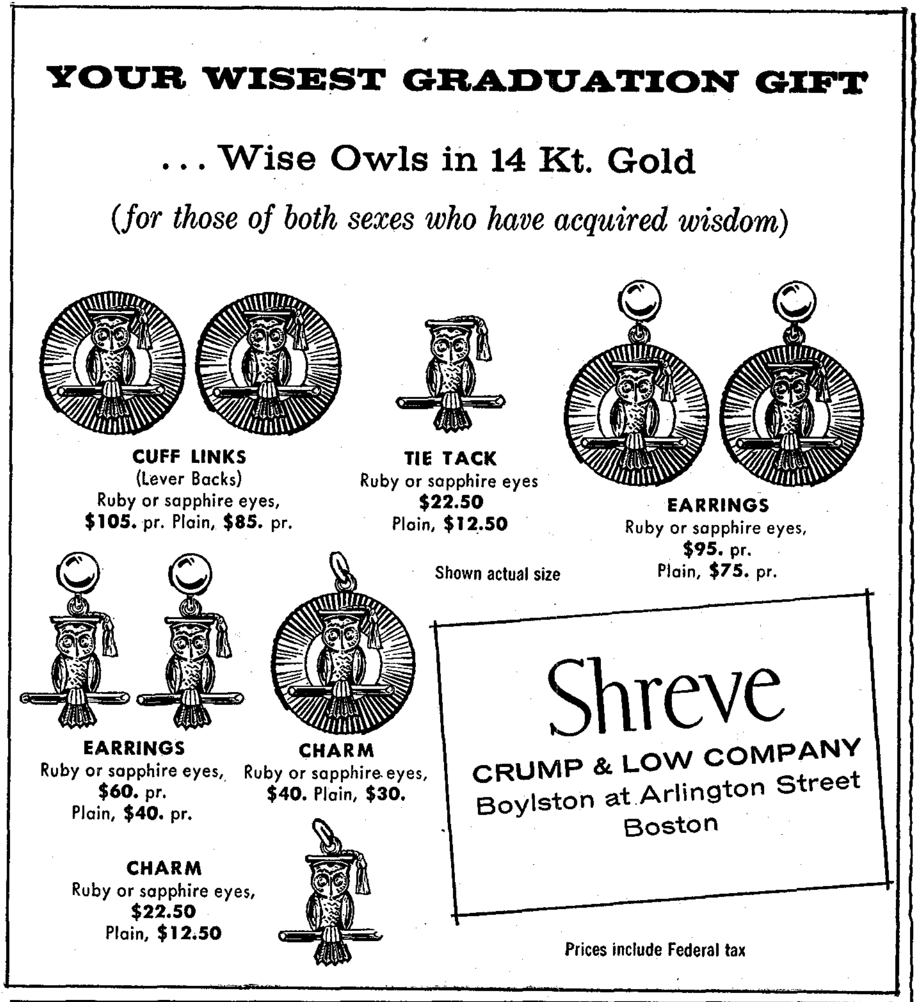

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having a strangely jaunty air. His assistants included Russell Collins, as an elderly companion whose devotion is such that he proposes to hang himself, too; Biff McGuire and Kathleen Maguire, as the young lovers; John Gibson, as the bishop; and Richard Kelly, as the discarded businessman. They handled the intermittent comedy very acceptably, and Elliott Nugent's direction did a lot to keep the static script in motion.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From the May, 1905, issue of a magazine called the Country Calendar*]

TO ESTIMATE ROUGHLY THE COST OF A HOUSE

If you wish to house comfortably a family of six and one servant, with a reasonable proportion of spare room for visitors or emergencies, you may safely figure on a cost, exclusive of land, of from twelve to twenty-five cents per cubic foot. That is, if the floor area of the house is 1,200 square feet and the height from cellar floor to second-story ceiling is twenty-six feet, the cubic contents will be 1,200 x 26 or 31,200 cubic feet, and the house will cost $3,744 to $7,800. . . .

In the New England and North Atlantic States, the cost per cubic foot will be about twenty cents; which should provide a frame house, clapboarded or shingled on the outside, one large piazza, plumbing in bath-room, kitchen and laundry, and steam-heat throughout. In the Middle West, such a house may cost as little as eighteen cents per cubic foot; and, in the Pacific States, possibly a little less.

If the house be only one story in height, with a cellar underneath the whole,—of which many are built in the Northwest,—the cost can hardly fall below eighteen cents and perhaps not below twenty. The price of twenty-five cents per cubic foot should secure, in addition to what is specified above for a twenty-cent house, plate glass for the first-story windows, mantels and fire-places, tiling in bathroom and hot-water heating.

•

"Of Trees and the Sea," by Edgar Mittelholzer (Secker and Warburg; 13s. 6d.), is a Barbadian story: *therefore* (according to its mysterious, seaweed-collecting Colonel Heather) "a poetical comedy-fantasy, with marine, botanical and religious overtones as a matter of course." The Worts, just married and fresh from England, find themselves curiously beset with dreams, languors, prophecies and temptations of the flesh. Roger is seduced on a magic beach. Pat has a recurrent murder-dream, and is said to be carrying a female child of Beelzebub. At night, the locality is disturbed by an Atomic Mule. . . . The style is as lush as the flora and goings on; but there is also a vein of everyday life and dialogue, which one may think the best part.—*Illustrated London News.*

Not hardly likely.

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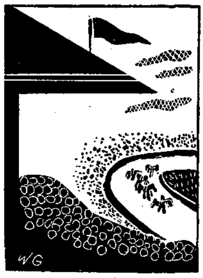
THE RACE TRACK

On to Baltimore!



I SUPPOSE it would be a mistake to draw any sweeping conclusions from the Kentucky Derby about who will win the Preakness Stakes at Pimlico this weekend. The Preakness is a sixteenth of a mile shorter than the Derby, and the Baltimore track is narrow, with sharp turns, so the tactics of the jockeys are sure to be different from what they were at Louisville. Also, several of the colts who ran in the Derby have dropped out of the Preakness, and those who will replace them are difficult to assess. For all that, this department feels it is not taking an imprudent risk in venturing to predict that Calumet Farm will win again. Granted that its Iron Liege was rather lucky in the Derby, he certainly impressed many horse-watchers. And now that his stable has hit on the way he likes to run—going his own gait from the beginning, without restraint—it is going to take full advantage of the knowledge. As this is written, Ben Jones and his son Jimmy, who constitute Calumet's board of strategy, seem to be on the fence about Gen. Duke. Although the best paddock snoopers say he has recovered from the foot trouble that kept him in the barn at Churchill Downs, the decision to run him or not to run him may be postponed for several days. By the way, the third Calumet star, Barbizon, who has been out with a virus, has come back to the races. At least, he was entered in the Delaware Valley Stakes at Garden State Park last Saturday, though he was withdrawn shortly before post time. (King Hairan won.) No reason was given for the withdrawal, and horseplayers, who want to know the whys of everything, were quite annoyed. Maybe Calumet is toying with the idea of running all three of its aces in the Preakness, but I don't think so.

A really doubtful starter is Gallant Man, who, it is generally agreed, would have won the Derby if Shoemaker, his jockey, hadn't made that mistake about the winning post—an unfortunate incident that you're probably as tired of hearing about as I am. Gallant Man is a light-bodied, high-strung colt, and doesn't stand travelling and hard races too well. Since he had a trip to Kentucky and good goings over in the Wood and the Derby within a single fortnight, it's more than likely that he's going to be rested up for the Belmont Stakes next month. And I must say I was a little surprised when Federal Hill, who led for a mile in the Derby, was shipped to Maryland for the Preakness. I'll admit that there are few faster three-year-olds, but he's still a sprinter in my book. On the other hand, he's the best mud-runner in the race, and I suppose his stable is praying for rain. You'll be interested to hear that Jim Fitzsimmons is trying blinkers on Bold Ruler. To be sure, Mr. Fitz doesn't consider them the great panacea that many trainers do (I once knew a man who insisted he cured bucked shins with blinkers), but there's no doubt that horses run more freely when they wear them. If Bold Ruler takes to such equipment, he'll wear them in the Preakness, and may keep a straighter course and carry his speed farther than he did in the Derby. Anyway, he'll give the front-running Federal Hill a merry time. It should be a fine show.

I MAY have got into a particularly critical mood, but the only races I found worthy of note at Jamaica last week were the Rosedale, which Poly Hi, a lively two-year-old filly, won in a romp, on Wednesday, and the Grey Lag Handicap, on Saturday, in which Happy Hill Farm's Kingmaker led for most of the mile and a furlong and set a track record of 1:48⅕, clipping three-fifths of a second from Bold Ruler's time in the Wood Memorial last month. Maybe the light rain that day made the footing more bouncy. At any rate, after a nippy start Kingmaker was headed for a couple of furlongs by Pylades and First Served, but he put in some extra licks on the backstretch and went on to win by three lengths from Beam Rider. Pylades was third. . . . And, just for the record, the Dixie Handicap at Pimlico went to Akbar Khan, who beat nine others over the turf course. I daresay that, with so many tracks running, the better horses are spread out pretty thin.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

William Wilkins, a former president of Local 138, who has opposed the DeKoning regime, was reported among the witnesses. An opposition group recently failed to win the local's presidency. It charged DeKoning with high-minded tactics.—*Rochester (N.Y.) Times-Union.*

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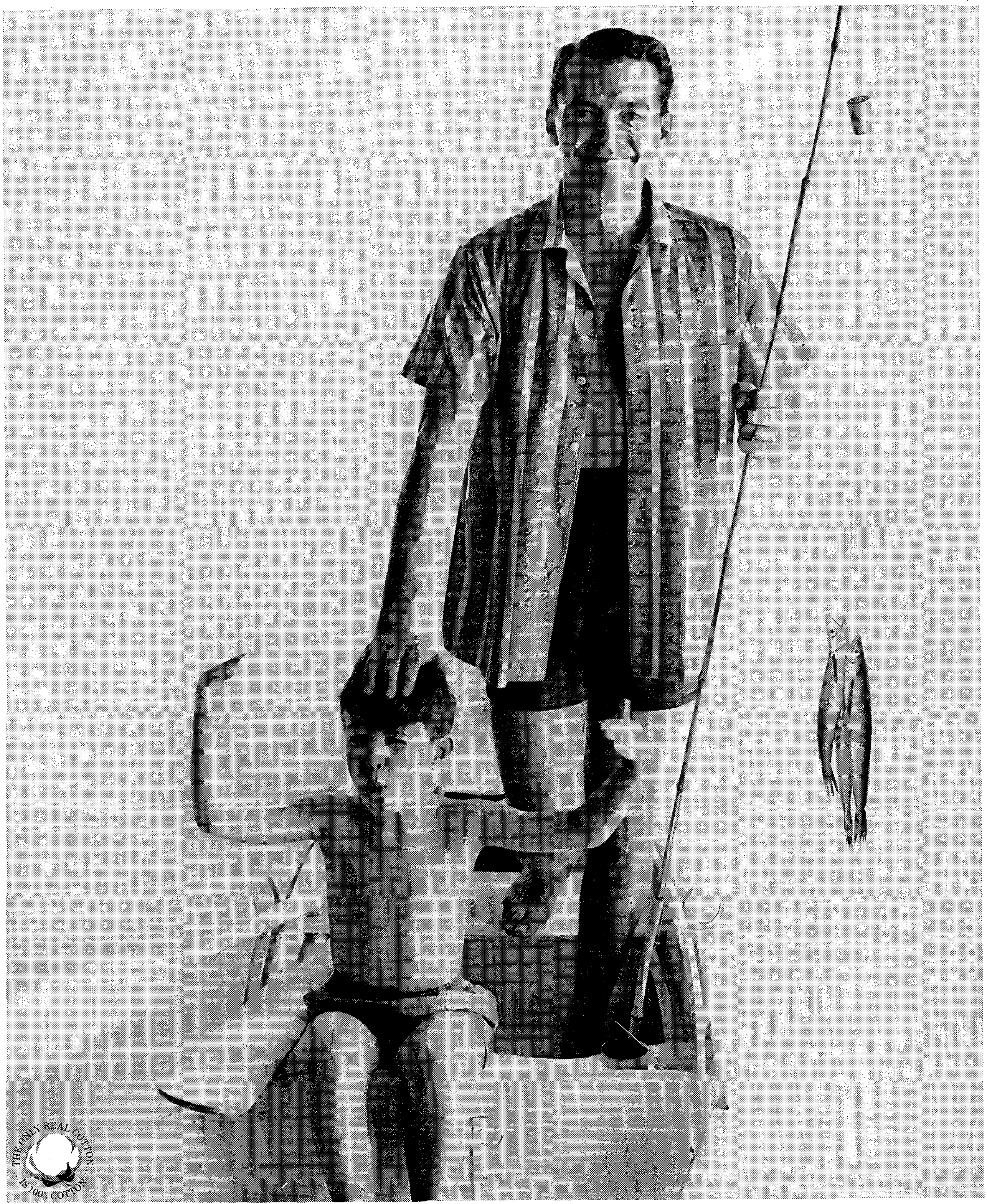
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ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

FROM DANCE CARDS TO THE IVY-LEAGUE LOOK

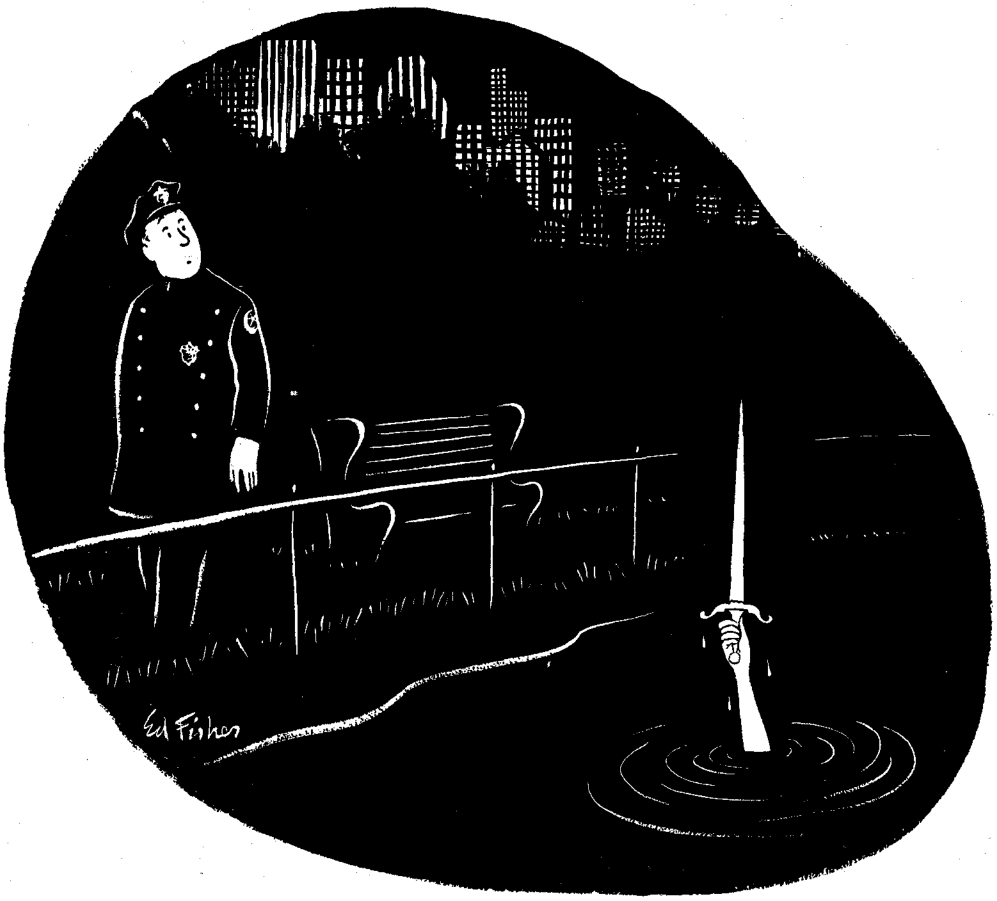
"IT should be the purpose of the narrator to tell what happened, and the causes which brought it about, in word- and figure-pictures of great art," wrote Thomas H. Sanders, professor of accounting at the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, in a book entitled "Company Annual Reports to Stockholders, Employees, and the Public," published in 1949. Sanders sounded this call to aspiration during the budding stage of the postwar flowering of the annual report, a species of document whose "narrator"—as a general rule, the company president or board chairman, or both—more or less discreetly reveals to the firm's stockholders how things have fared with their property during the past year. No doubt the book's admonition to the corporate narrator helped force the bud into full bloom, but the nation's recent unprecedented prosperity has certainly played a part, too, since it has given most companies the opportunity to tell, as artistically as possible, about plenty of good things that have happened, and has spared them the troublesome obligation, mentioned by Professor Sanders, *op. cit.*, of relating "difficult and painful stories of unsuccess or failure" with "clarity and candor."

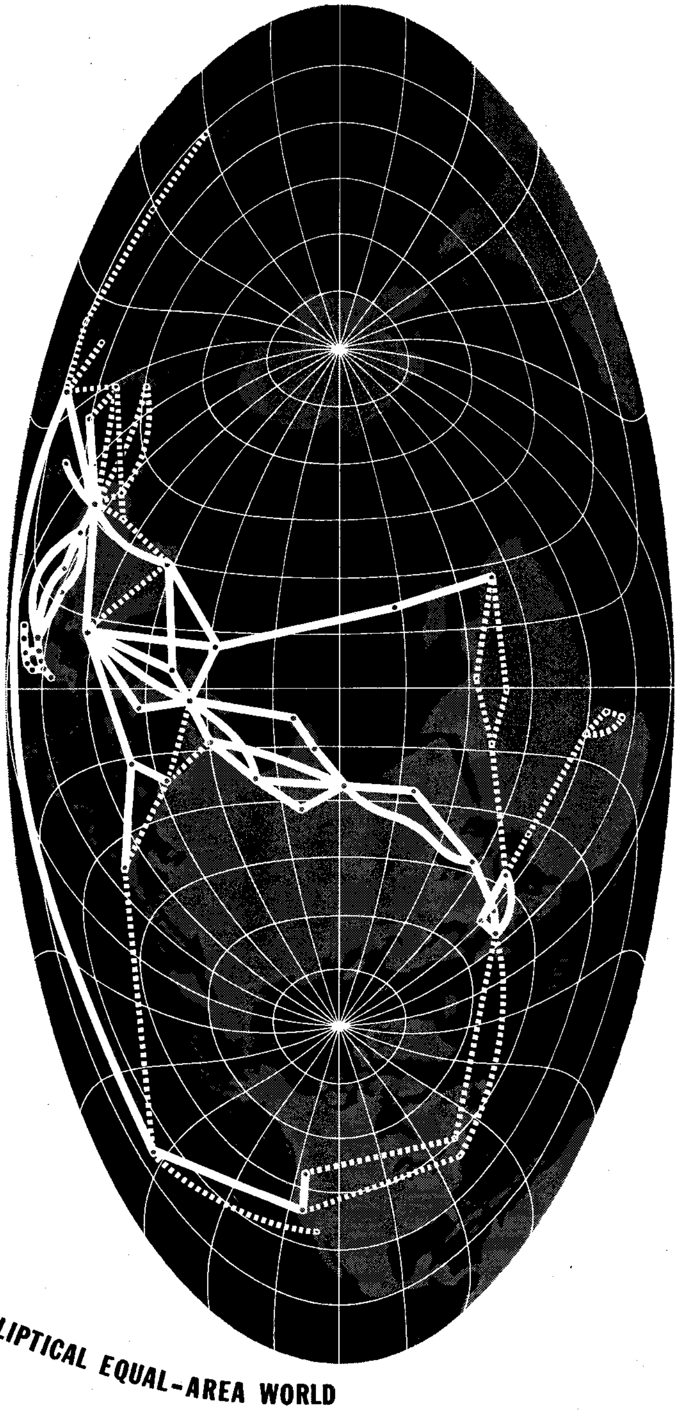
Whatever the case, a flowering has certainly occurred. It is in the spring, appropriately, that annual reports burst into bloom, because it takes two or three months after the books have been closed for the accountants to figure out where their client stands, for the narrator to breathe life into the accountants' columns of figures, for the printer to get the result off the presses, and for the mailing room to send out copies to the stockholders, who then have a month or so to mull them over before their annual meeting. Curling up with a representative sample of this spring's crop of reports, the cautious investor who has been putting his surplus cash into savings banks and government bonds is sure to be staggered by the quantity and intricacy of the financial information supplied to stockholders, dazzled by the sparkling prose and vivid colors of the word- and figure-pictures, and left physically exhausted from the sheer weight of the brochures bulging with so many wonders.

The ambitious art lavished on many of the annual reports of the past decade has been compounded of such diverse elements as cartoons, comic strips, phonograph records, and samples of merchandise, and if few of the artists appear to have reached the heights recommended by Professor Sanders, most of them are at least in there pitching.

Since the war, the circulation of annual reports has increased right along with their thoroughness, liveliness, and size. Years ago, when the reports were intended only for and mailed only to stockholders, many of them had almost the cozy tone of a trustee's letter to an heir. Back in the eighteen-fifties, the annual reports of the Chicago & North Western Railroad, for instance, achieved a personal touch by including the names and addresses of all the railroad's approximately five hundred stockholders—a gesture that General Motors was probably wise in not trying to duplicate this year with its six hundred and fifty-six thousand stockholders. The G.M. stockholder mailing list alone is about four-fifths as long as the Manhattan Telephone Directory, and the company also sent out enough copies of its report to non-stockholders—employees, dealers, customers, suppliers, members of trade associations, securities dealers, competitors, libraries, universities, and the press—to require a total press run of a flat million. Even that figure looks puny compared to the 1,825,000 copies of the American Telephone & Telegraph Co. annual report that were circulated this year. In fact, it has been estimated that before 1957 is out, the thousand leading corporations in the United States will have distributed upward of forty million copies of their reports. If the current trend toward broadening the base of the economy continues, the spring may come when the nation's entire printing and third-class mailing facilities will be preëmpted by corporations getting out their annual reports, and all other publications will have to close up shop until the happy news of last year's profits has reached every corner of the land.

THE present highly evolved state of the annual report is a twentieth-century phenomenon. Prior to 1900, most industrial companies issued either no reports at all or only extremely cursory ones. In the latter category were





QANTAS IN A TRANSVERSE ELLIPTICAL EQUAL-AREA WORLD

A disconcerting thing about this Projection is that both the North and South Poles are on one side, like a flounder's eyes. And notice the way it stretches the South Pacific all out of shape, with Tahiti dangling up at the top. However, it does expose Greenland as pretty small potatoes when compared to Australia; and that's something, isn't it? Qantas Super-G Constellation routes show up nicely, we think, extending as they do from Vancouver and San Francisco to Hawaii, Fiji, South Seas, Australia; then north to the Orient and west to South Africa, or through India and the Middle East to Europe; and, with associated routes, around the world. Most impressive and very comfortable, though we say it ourselves. If you'd like to be a globe-trotter's globe-trotter, see your travel agent or any Qantas or BOAC office. Or write Qantas, Union Square, San Francisco. *Australia's Overseas Airline*

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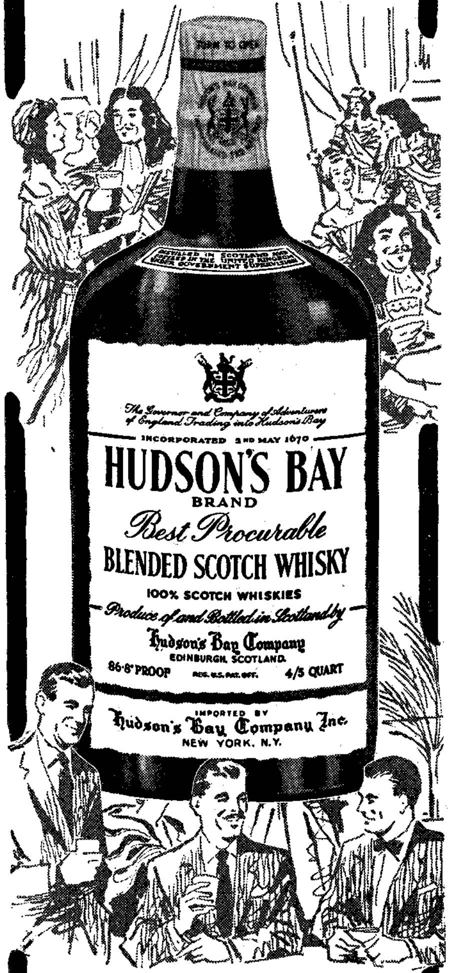
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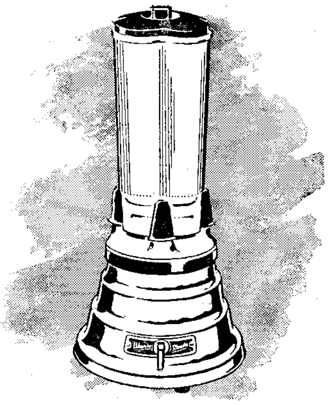
the railroads, which, after an unbroken record of being as reticent about their finances as a pickpocket (the New York Central, for example, merely submitted a balance sheet to the State Engineer at intervals of its own choosing), were obliged by the Interstate Commerce Act of 1887 to file regular reports on their operations. In 1900, the New York Stock Exchange stipulated that all companies whose shares it listed for trading must publish some sort of annual report, however sketchy. Then, in the spring of 1903, an explosion rocked the caverns of corporate secrecy; United States Steel, the giant that J. Pierpont Morgan had recently created, published an annual report for 1902—its first full year of operations—that was so irreproachably informative as to become a model in its field. The credit for this monument of candor goes to Judge Elbert H. Gary, the chairman of U. S. Steel's executive committee, who believed that the owners of shares in a company had a right to know what was being done with their money. It is only fair that Gary's responsibility for the report should be clearly established, because the poor old Judge is most often remembered simply for his adroitness in arranging fixed-price agreements among competing manufacturers and for precipitating the steel strike of 1919 by his refusal to negotiate with organized labor.

After a preamble of only three lines, the first Steel report plunged into thirty-six pages of unrelieved, highly distilled facts about the company, ranging from its 1902 profits ($34,253,656.75) right down to the weight of spikes, bolts, nuts, and rivets in inventory (42,984 tons). These were followed by twenty-two pages of further unvarnished truth in the form of unretouched photographs of some of the company's mills; they appear to be fully as sooty and unwholesome as any of those that were indignantly described not long afterward in the muckraking novels of Upton Sinclair. Because of its very virtues, Gary's trail-breaking classic of industrial journalism made a poor impression on some of his fellow-directors, who felt that it was risky to take stockholders so thoroughly into management's confidence, and also on some of the stockholders themselves, who thought that such an extensive report was a waste of their money. For many years thereafter, the company's annual reports were less explicit and less pictorially elaborate.

Nevertheless, U. S. Steel continued to be considered a pioneer in the field of



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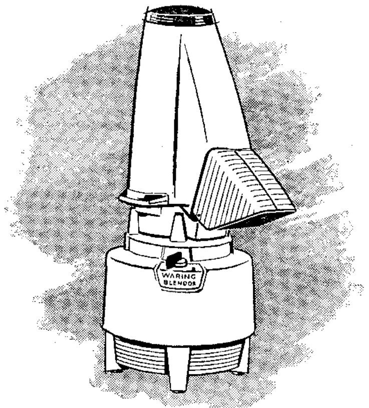

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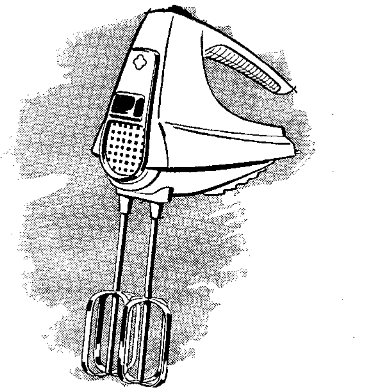

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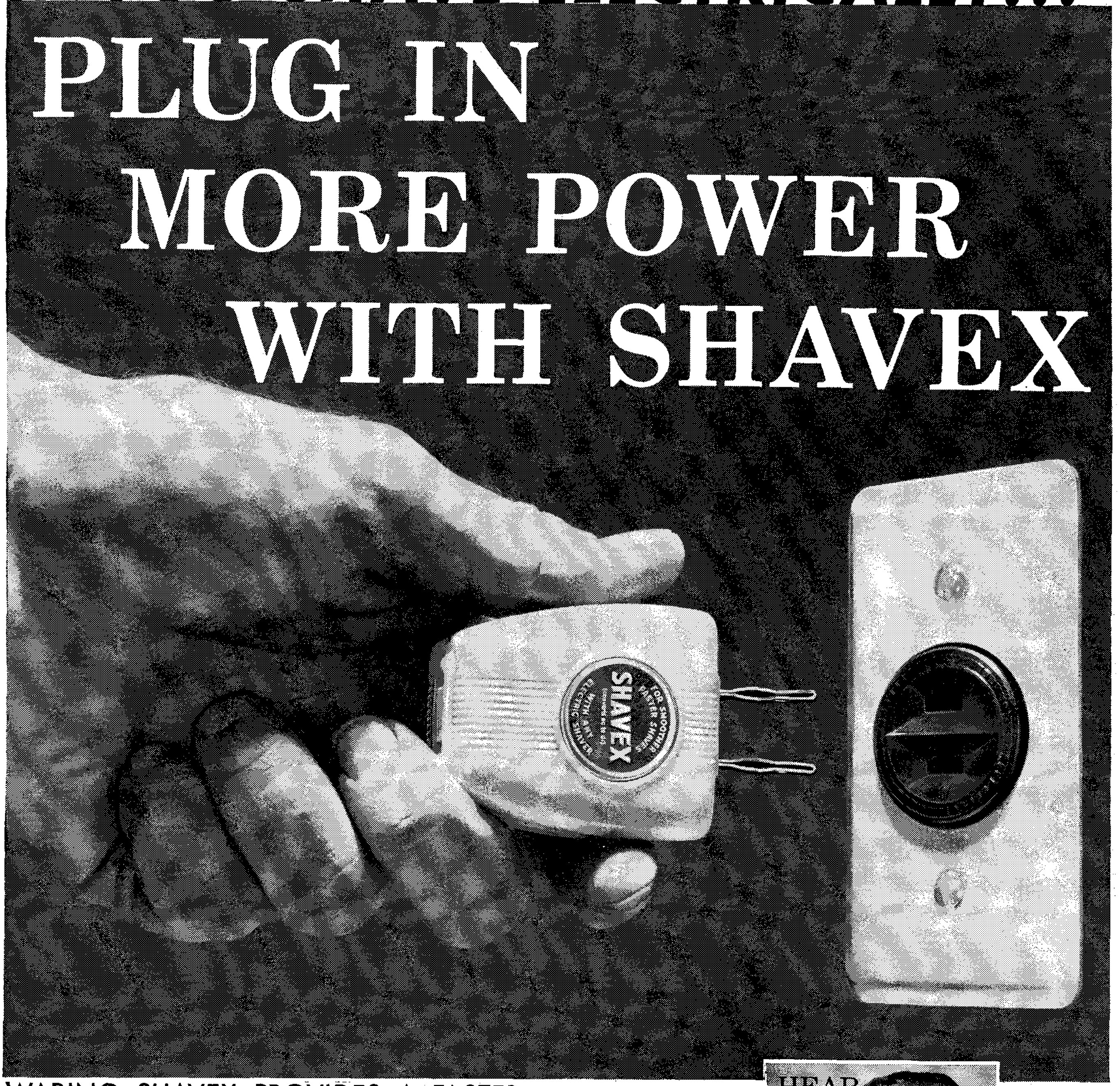
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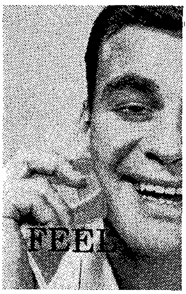

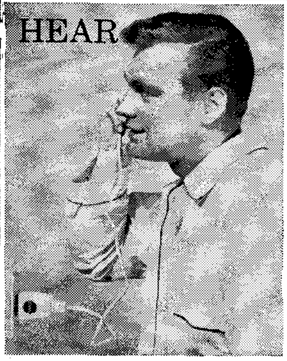

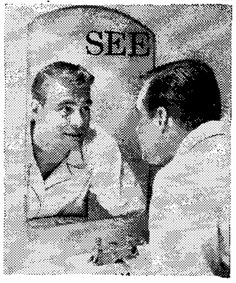

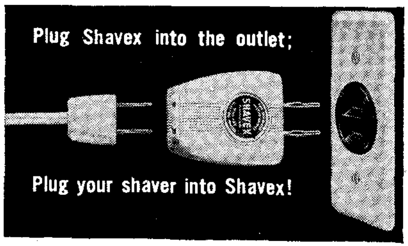
Plug Shavex into the outlet;
Plug your shaver into Shavex!

A cooling sleep is summer's light refreshment—in the prettiest nightgown of airy drip-dry dacron-and-cotton batiste, trimmed with a little nylon lace. In pink, blue or white, sizes 32 to 38. 7.95

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corporate revelation, because, even in its years of backsliding, it was still well ahead of the many companies that simply could not bring themselves to embrace Judge Gary's philosophy of frankness. As late as 1926, for example, the National Biscuit Company's annual report disclosed just one financial fact—how much had been earned the year before. At about the same time, the Allied Chemical & Dye Corporation informed its stockholders that its statement of income "does not by any means give a clear picture of the annual earning power"—a brilliantly bewildering admission, since that is exactly what a statement of income is supposed to do.

From this and other evidence, it is plain that in the nineteen-twenties the annual report still had a long way to go to approach the work of a Sanders-indoctrinated narrator. As an institution, however, it had achieved sufficient recognition to attract a substantial body of criticism. One of its most pungent early critics was William Z. Ripley—a Harvard professor, like Sanders after him, and the undisputed founder of the Harvard school of annual-report criticism. In 1927, Ripley published a book entitled "Main Street and Wall Street," in which he appraised the annual reports of the period and assigned them to various categories of his own devising. Among the categories he esteemed least were three that he called "the leaflet," "the picture book," and "the dance card." The leaflet consisted of a single folded piece of paper on which was printed a bald balance sheet, with no explanation or comment; it had been favored by cotton-mill companies for years, Ripley wrote, adding that it happily seemed to be passing out of fashion. Turning to the picture-book report, he declared that he had no objection to the illustrations it contained; what he didn't like about it was that too often the accompanying text devoted "much attention to things in general and but little to [the firm's] affairs in particular." As for the dance card, Ripley considered it merely a glorified version of the leaflet; its distinguishing characteristic was the use of expensive paper, tied together with a tasselled cord, to camouflage the brevity, if not the downright inadequacy, of its contents. "Diminutive, dainty . . . these reports are tenderly reminiscent of the parties of our youth," he wrote. "Some may have elaborately decorated covers . . . particularly among public utilities with extensive customer ownership." Leaflet, picture book, and dance card, Ripley complained, all showed an arrogant tendency to treat the stockholder as a poor relation.

THE attack on annual reports was by no means mounted only in ivory towers. The publication of Ripley's book almost coincided with a contemptuous article in the *Wall Street Journal* expressing the opinion that many reports "do more to deaden than to arouse the stockholder's interest," and adding, "When he reads that 'the decrease in miscellaneous accounts payable is due to withdrawals by affiliated companies to reduce their indebtedness for construction and other purposes,' he refrains from calling the report a mess of tripe only for fear of insulting an industrious and self-respecting farmyard animal." With such gamy critical analogies in the air, improvements in annual reports were to be expected, and, sure enough, the improvements came, but not altogether voluntarily. In 1932, when most of Wall Street was in a chastened, self-reforming mood, the New York Stock Exchange took another look at its thirty-two-year-old rule requiring all listed companies to publish an annual report, and amended it to read that thereafter the statistical parts of the report must be certified by an independent auditor. The narrators of annual reports received further prodding in 1934, when the newly created Securities and Exchange Commission announced that any company whose stock was traded on a national exchange must include in its annual report a financial statement "consistent with recognized and accepted principles of accounting." After sizing up the situation, many of the narrators evidently decided that if they were going to have to tell the stockholders their financial secrets, they might as well do it with a flourish, and it was during the thirties that photographs, drawings, charts, maps, color, and other handy ingredients of great art were gradually stirred into the annual-report batter.

But only gradually. In 1939, the critical literature on the subject was enriched by a treatise explicitly entitled "The Annual Report; A Study of the Style Trend of Modern Financial Reports Issued by America's Leading Business Institutions," which had been compiled by W. B. Gibson for the Mead Corporation, a paper-manufacturing concern. Gibson devoted a good part of his text to quoting someone else—Wesley A. Gilman, of N. W. Ayer & Son, the Philadelphia advertising agency, who had made a survey of a hundred and fifty annual reports for the year

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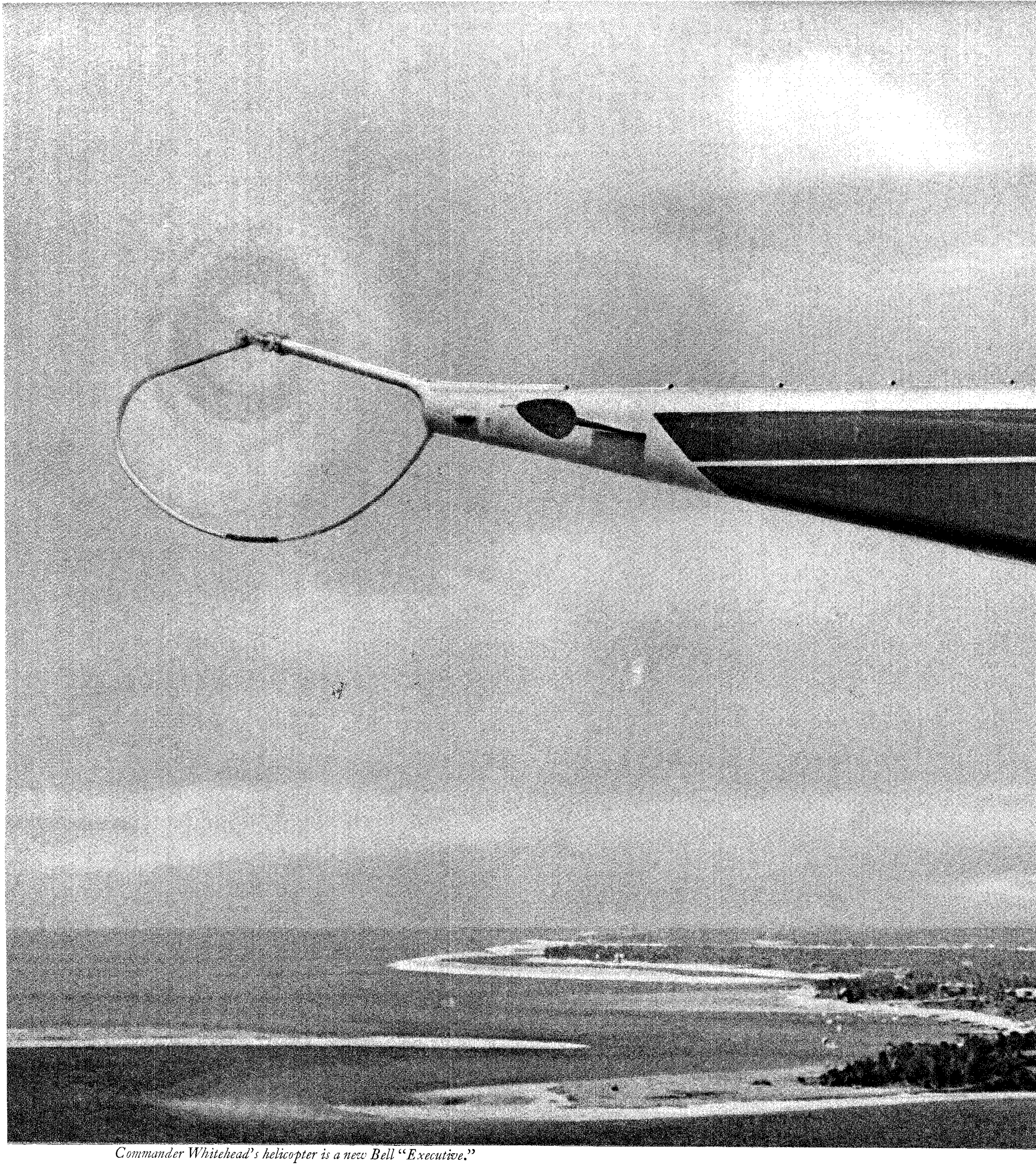

Commander Whitehead's helicopter is a new Bell "Executive."

The Schweppesman flies a priceless cargo

This picture shows the first Schweppes-Lift in history. You recognize the passenger, of course.
He's Commander Edward Whitehead, Schweppesman Extraordinary. That worried look on the Commander's face? "I really ought to have made fast the cargo *myself,*" is what he's

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Suppose that rope slipped. How would *you* like to be caught out on an island with no Schweppes for your Gin-and-Tonic? No bittersweet flavor to soothe your parched throat! No cooling, exhilarating little bubbles—no Schweppervescence!

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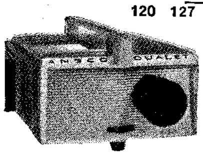

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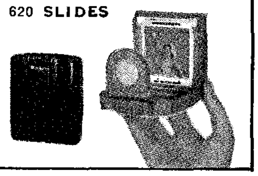

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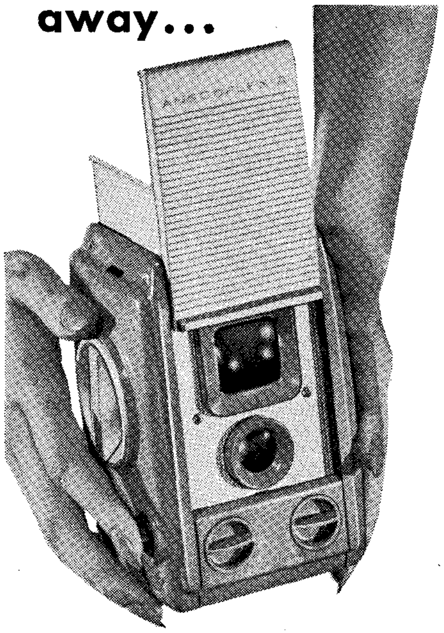

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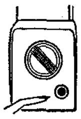

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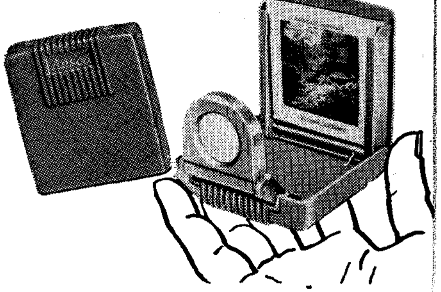


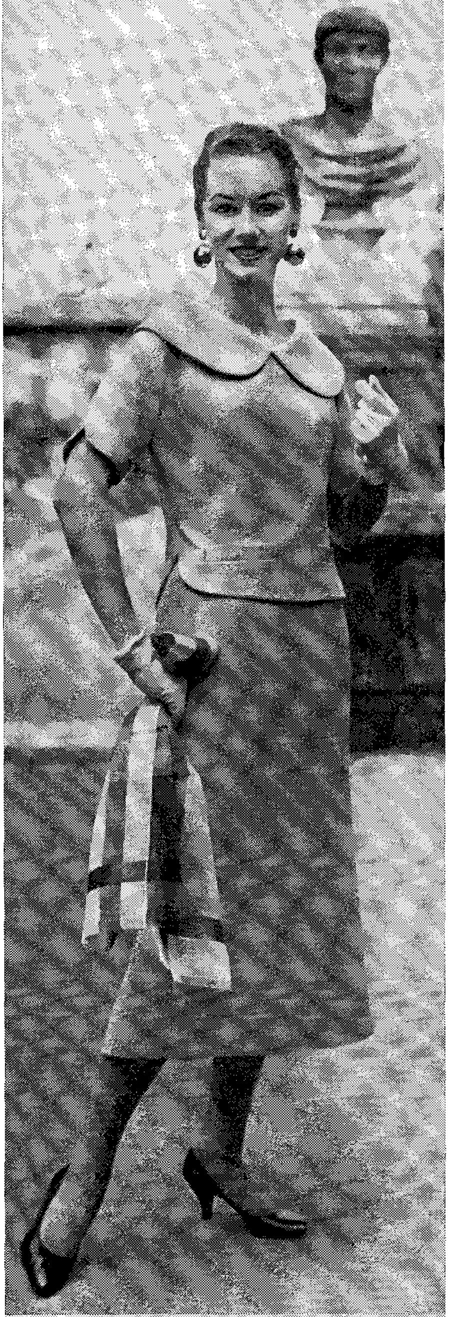
Ansco's handy new Universal Viewer magnifies almost 2½ times, folds to pocket size. Choice of red, blue, grey, green. $2.95

1936 and had found that only forty of them contained anything besides statistical tables, that only thirty-nine even mentioned their company's products, that only twenty-seven were printed in more than one color, that only twenty included photographs or drawings, and that only ten offered maps. Putting together these figures with some of his own based on a study of various reports for the years 1937 and 1938, Gibson reached the natural conclusion that the chief trouble with annual reports was that they weren't printed on the right kind of paper. A constructive critic, he thereupon attached, as a helpful appendix to his work, samples of eighteen kinds of paper suitable for reports, all of them manufactured by the Mead Corporation.

If scholarly detachment might seem to be lacking at this stage of annual-report criticism, that lack was admirably filled in 1941, when Weston Smith, then an editor of the magazine *Financial World* and a man with no vested interest in any particular company, hit on the idea of holding a yearly contest for annual reports, complete with awards to the winning companies. The idea caught on, and *Financial World* has conducted the contest ever since. Nowadays, about five thousand reports a year are considered, in six classifications, and the winner in each classification (best among transportation companies, best among financial institutions, and so on) gets a silver bookend called an Oscar-of-Industry; the company issuing the report judged to be the best of the whole lot gets a gold Super-Oscar bookend. (A company has to win twice if it wants to shore up a book.) The dinner at which these awards are made, each October, has come to be quite an event; among the guests at last fall's turnout were such stars in the business firmament as O. Parker McComas, president of Philip Morris; Robert Macfarlane, president of the Northern Pacific Railway; and John M. Budd, president of the Great Northern Railway.

Smith is no longer on the staff of *Financial World*, but he still conducts the contest for the magazine. Assisted by an office staff, he screens the original batch of reports down to manageable size, and the final selections are made by a panel of judges—most recently, one designer and four security analysts—who are free to use any standards they want to in arriving at their decisions. But before they get down to work, Smith has already applied a set of criteria in his preliminary screening

RECENTLY ARRIVED FROM ROME BY PLANE, DRESSES, SEPARATES AND ACCESSORIES FOR NEW BOUTIQUE. THIS ITALIAN COTTON IN GERANIUM PINK. SIZES 12-18 $75



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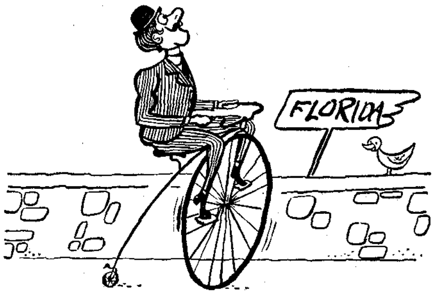

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that undoubtedly represents the first real aesthetic yardstick in the annals of annual-report criticism. The Smith screening test is divided into three parts. The first eliminates all reports of fewer than twelve pages, all of fewer than twenty-four pages that contain no illustrations, and all of fewer than thirty-two pages that are "prepared in poor taste or have an amateur design;" the second is based strictly on editorial content (Do the cover design, the president's letter, and the narrative sections come up to championship calibre?); and the third is concerned with the comprehensiveness of the balance sheet, the income account, the profit-and-loss statement, and the presentation of other financial information.

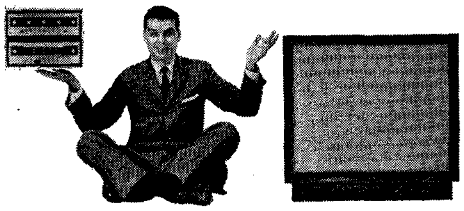
Just how much credit should go to the *Financial World* contests and how much to a growing awareness in corporate board rooms of the annual report's potentialities for promoting sales and improving public relations would be hard to say, but the fact is that firm after firm has mended its laggard ways and entered the race to summarize its yearly activities in the most arresting and persuasive manner. Brown-Forman Distillers, for instance, which in the mid-thirties was putting out little more than a dance card, has enlarged and humanized its report to such an extent that its account of its stewardship during 1956 is a magnificently illustrated twenty-page booklet whose cover is graced with a four-color picture of a bottle of Old Forester on a silver tray, flanked by a glassful of the stuff on the rocks and a white orchid. International Shoe's report, in 1942 a forbidding ten pages of arid facts and figures under a forbidding dark-brown cover, has become as glossy as a fifty-cent magazine, and the Chrysler Corporation's, in the thirties a lean and cold communiqué limited to balance sheet, president's letter, and list of directors, consisted this spring of a glorious thirty-two-page brochure brightened by color pictures of dozens of Chryslers, Plymouths, and Dodges. Two relatively tardy converts are the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. and International Business Machines; the former's report, which until 1945 was considered a horrible example of brevity and unattractiveness, has become a leading Oscar contender, and the latter's, which remained consistently old-fashioned as late as 1955, has now emerged with a more than respectable number of shiny illustrated pages. An unreconstructed and apparently unreconstructible company, of which annual-report avant-gardists prefer not to speak, is the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., whose latest report, like its predecessors over the years, falls below the status of a dance card, and hardly even rates as a leaflet; a small folded rectangle of cardboard, unadorned by cord or tassel, it is about as appealing as a "Reserved" sign on a restaurant table.

But, A. & P. and a few comparable intransigents notwithstanding, the age of the chart, the "gatefold" (a fold-out, multiple-page spread), and the color illustration has definitely arrived, and in the past ten years some companies have gone still further to achieve distinctiveness and originality. In its report for 1948, the Girard Trust Corn Exchange Bank of Philadelphia began printing cartoons—"to try to attract attention by poking a little gentle humor at ourselves and the banking business generally," an officer of the bank has explained, admitting to a motivation that bankers of earlier times might well have shuddered at. The Girard's cartoons helped it win an Oscar-of-Industry the following October, and the bank has been enthusiastically printing cartoons every year since then—and has won three more Oscars. Other institutions, not so conscious of their dignity as banks, have been still less inhibited; during the past decade an increasing number of reports have signalled for attention by means of such printer's high jinks as short-side bindings, metallic inks, and die-cut covers (that is, covers with holes in them), and even, in a few cases, by the inclusion of sections imitating comic books. Alco Products was so beguiled by the die-cut idea that its cover a couple of years ago was practically a sieve. In this instance, the effect was probably unintentional, since sieves are not one of Alco Products' products, but many companies have deliberately started using their annual reports as a means of passing word along of what they have to sell. Since 1952, for example, the Manhattan Shirt Company's reports have been cut, from stem to stern, in the shape of a shirt-clad torso. Other firms have mailed out free samples of their wares with their reports—Allied Kid a swatch of kidskin, American Hard Rubber a section of screen insulated with hard rubber, and Bruck Mills, Ltd., swatches of artificial silk, to name but three. A few years ago, the stockholders of Bristol-Myers, which manufactures penicillin, received return envelopes in which they were asked to send samples of their garden soil for free analysis as possible cultures for penicillin mold.

Smith, who has never expressed blanket approval of innovations as such—and who, indeed, has to some extent exerted a braking influence on novelty of the more bizarre sort—now refers to the period around 1952, when the idea of being eye-catching at any cost reached its apogee, as the annual report's "mink-coat-over-bathing-suit era." Still, he contends that there is nothing wrong with an eye-catcher if it serves what he regards as a sensible purpose. In an interview that appeared in the magazine *Direct Advertising* a couple of years ago, he summed up his views by saying that cartoons were then being used "in more meaningful ways" than they had been a short while before, and as an example he cited the Borden Company. On page 2 of its report were photographs of the firm's president and chairman, both smiling, while on the inside of the front cover was one of the cartoons Smith admired. Since it showed two cows, both also smiling, possibly its meaningful use was to suggest to stockholders that their servants at the helm of the company were as contented as their servants in the pastures.

As head of the *Financial World* contest, Smith has been in a uniquely advantageous position to scrutinize postwar trends in annual reports, and, in fact, he has devoted a good deal of time and thought to them. For one thing, he has studied the evolution of the representational diagrams appearing in reports, from the familiar pie chart (slices showing where the money went), through the "animated graphic" (piles of coins, rows of little men) of the pioneer forties, and on to the most up-to-date adaptation of the pie chart, in which the sliced object is not a pie but a company product; in the latest report of the Burton-Dixie Corporation, for instance, one of the firm's mattresses is sliced into sections denoting sums like $710,506 for taxes and $285,437 for earnings reinvested for future growth. (Burton-Dixie may have been slipping in a little sales promotion here, too, by implying that its mattresses are just right for stuffing money into.) Smith has also noticed a tendency on the part of many companies to abandon the self-reliant practice of preparing their own annual reports in favor of seeking professional outside help. Numerous firms that are primarily engaged in other kinds of work are delighted to perform this service. The Jeffries Banknote Company, which is essentially a printing concern, from time to time places an advertisement in financial publications that reads, "Relax and live a little! Let Jeffries do

you can have component HIGH FIDELITY



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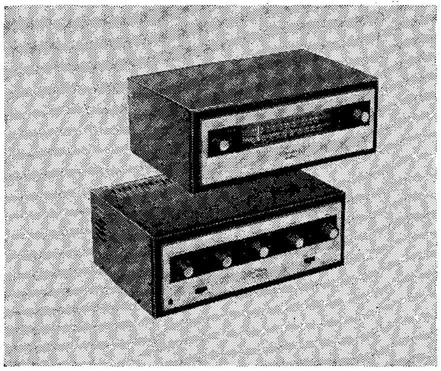
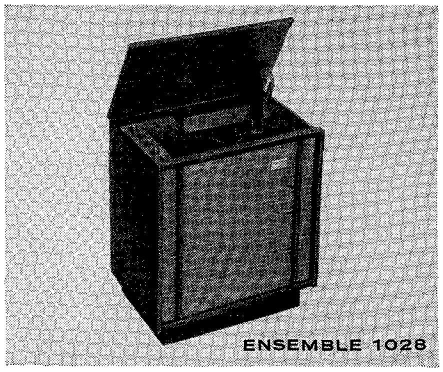


COMPONENTS IN CONSOLE



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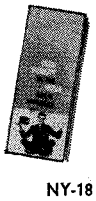
NY-18



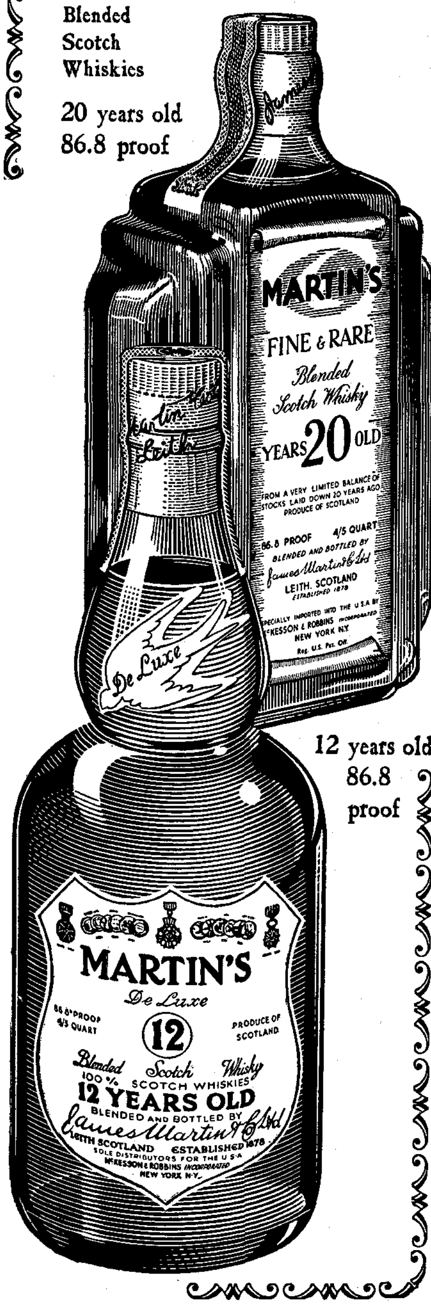
For the goode host...

WE humbly submit to all who woulde be judged as such, our AGED & honoured SCOTCH. A limited cargo, having now arriv'd at these shores, is readie for yr. pleasure. Know when you purchase same, it has laid untouch'd for many yrs., that it will truly PLEASE the guests at your table. Ask your man to acquire some.

—Respectfully,
McKesson & Robbins, Inc.
New York, N. Y., importers thereof

Blended
Scotch
Whiskies

20 years old
86.8 proof

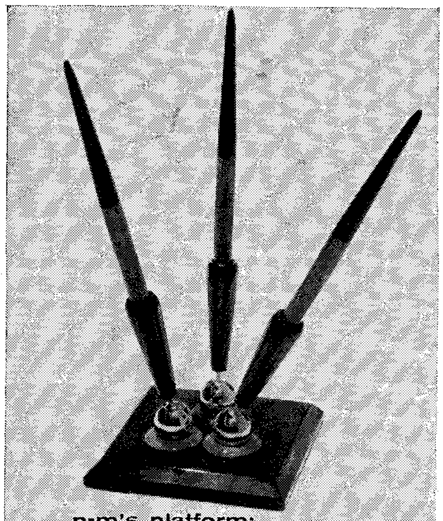


12 years old
86.8
proof

your annual report." It shows an executive, in swimming trunks, smiling beatifically as he relaxes on a tropical beach. Doremus & Co., a financial-advertising-and-public-relations firm, this year helped put together the reports of fifty-five clients. Other firms, such as the Philip Boyer Organization, which is set up to ghostwrite and supervise the printing of all kinds of corporate literature, stand ready to see an annual report through from start to finish, freeing the client of any connection with it once he has supplied the necessary information.

"MAKE a gesture to the stockholders, [but] above all, don't forget the analyst," Samuel B. Jones, the forward-looking president of the National Federation of Financial Analysts' Societies, besought the writers of annual reports in 1952, meaning that in his opinion the really important thing was to reveal the relevant facts to experts rather than to titillate the peanut gallery. (It goes without saying that in the well-adjusted area south of Fulton Street an analyst can mean only a student of balance sheets.) Instantly, Smith's ever-waving antennae picked up a trend away from mink coats over bathing suits. Until that year, most of the posts on his board of judges were held by artists, designers, and public-relations people. His present crew, so heavily weighted in the direction of coldly scientific financial analysis, might be called the latter-day critics of the annual report. While they are not entirely indifferent to multicolor illustrations, daring layouts, and other production tricks, they are chiefly preoccupied with searching the entries for the hidden significance of omissions and inclusions; to them a glossy picture of a two-tone convertible is not nearly as important as whether a breakdown of sales figures and inventories, say, and the pre-tax and working-capital ratios have been conveniently overlooked in a firm's annual report.

Last January, Smith expressed a conviction that, by and large, annual reports were on the verge of striking a welcome balance between the garishly eye-catching and the impenetrably informative or the simply uncommunicative. "This year's reports will be characterized by a pendulum swing from hoopla toward information—but not too big a swing," he said. "Plenty of facts, but attractively presented. Fewer comic books and reckless montages. Sophistication and suavity to appeal to an intelligent audience. Information synthesized with entertainment. Eru-



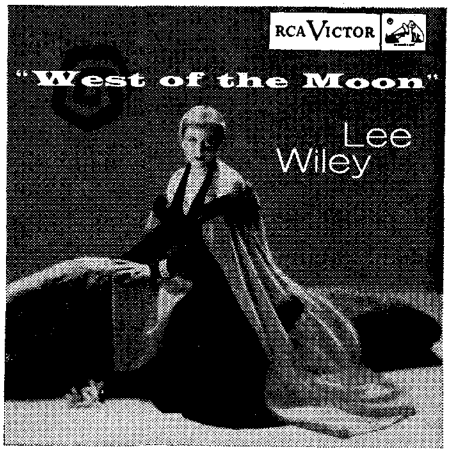
n-m's platform:
a checking account
and a tri-color pen
for every graduate!

Our exclusive, ingenious French tri-color ballpoint pen on a stand 6.95, would keep anyone's accounts in order. N-M gift wrap .50. Include .35 for mailing costs.

Neiman-Marcus
Dallas ● Houston

MELLOW!

RCA VICTOR BRINGS TOGETHER A SUPERB VOICE AND TWELVE GREAT SONGS...



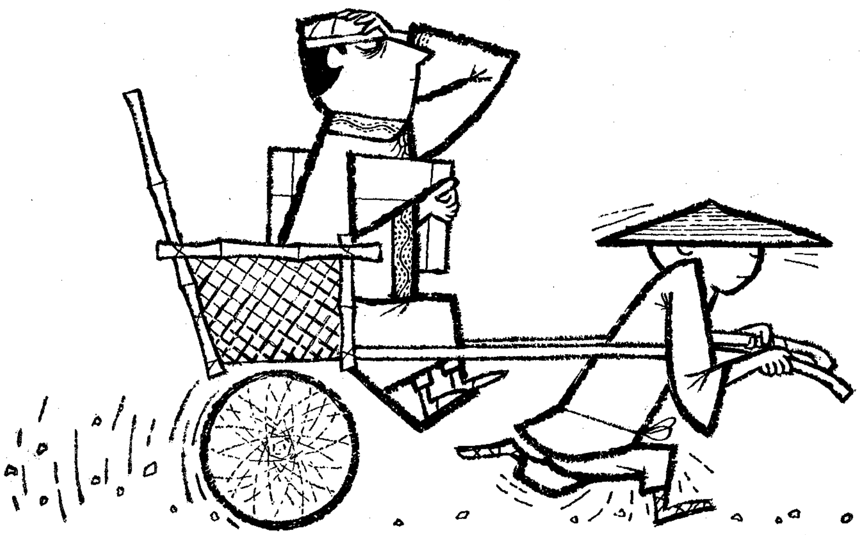
45 Economy Package only $1.29 each
Long Play only $3.98
RECORDED IN NEW ORTHOPHONIC HIGH FIDELITY
RCA VICTOR
NATIONALLY ADVERTISED PRICES

dition worn lightly. All in all, what I would call the Ivy League Look."

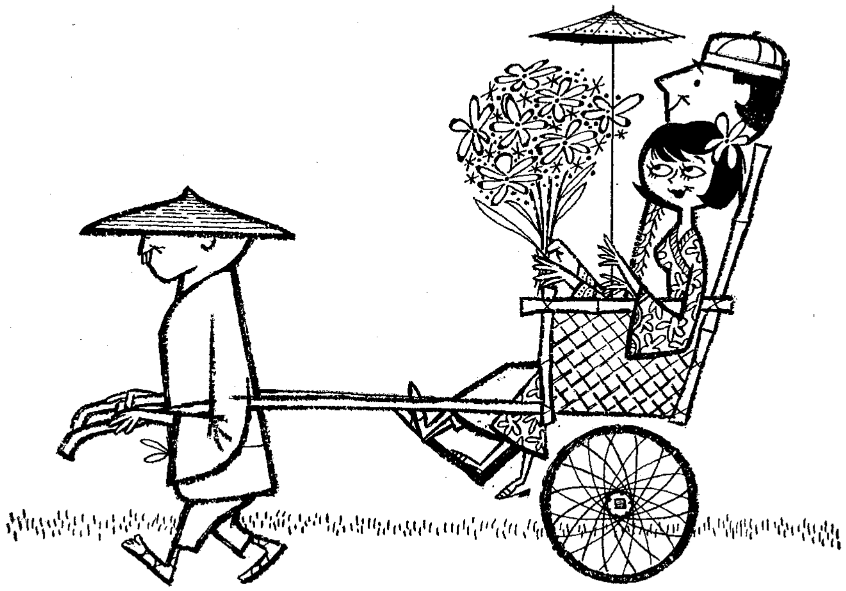
A sampling of the reports that have been filling the mail sacks during the past three months shows that although Smith's prediction stands up pretty well, there are some conspicuous exceptions. Among these are several whose sponsors have assumed a notably non-Ivy League Look by failing to get aboard Smith's anti-hoopla pendulum. Theirs is a variety of hoopla that Smith probably didn't anticipate, and may consider beyond his province, but it is likely that he was as startled as most other annual-report students when, on March 31st, Chas. Pfizer & Co., a Brooklyn chemicals firm, published its entire report as a newspaper advertisement—the first time in the history of finance that any company had ever done so. This trail blazer appeared as a special sixteen-page supplement in a Sunday edition of the New York *Times* and was an exact replica of the copies of the report that had previously been mailed to Pfizer stockholders, except that it was printed on a cheaper grade of paper and contained on its second page a paragraph explaining that the company was thus publicizing the document "for the many thousands of newspaper readers who may not have had an opportunity to see just how a typical American corporation reports to its owners." The presumably underprivileged *Times* readers were uplifted by eight pages of non-technical, illustrated articles on Pfizer's latest research accomplishments and the public benefits accruing from them, and enlightened by five pages devoted to Pfizer finances. "PFIZER IS NEWS," the company proclaimed the next day in an advertisement in the *World-Telegram & Sun*, presumably crowing about the fact that it had monopolized a whole section of the Sunday *Times*, even though it had had to buy its way in. At any rate, Pfizer was so pleased with the early reactions to its experiment that it published the whole report all over again in the Chicago *Tribune* and the Los Angeles *Times*.

The Chesapeake & Ohio Railway Company came up this year with not one innovation but two. The first, which it called a "flash" report, was an abbreviated but statistically complete summation for 1956 that was mailed to stockholders on January 2nd—only forty-eight hours after the close of the period it covered. C. & O.'s second innovation was a booklet tucked into a pocket on the inside of the back cover of its regular, or non-flash, report. En-

Whether business takes you far



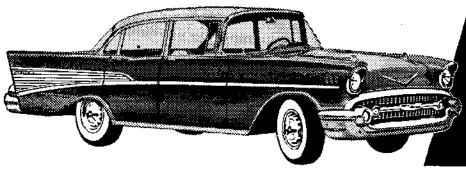
or it's strictly a social whirl



you'll save more time when you

rent a new car from Hertz

Like to travel in comfort? Go by plane, train or ship. Then at your destination, rent a new Powerglide Chevrolet Bel Air or other fine Hertz car—like a Cadillac. All in finest condition. Try The Hertz Idea! To be sure of a car at your destination—anywhere—use Hertz' world-wide reservation service. Call your courteous local Hertz office. We're listed under "Hertz" in *alphabetical* phone books everywhere! (In addition, Hertz has International and Domestic reservation offices in New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, and Los Angeles.) Hertz Rent A Car, 218 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago 4, Illinois.



More people by far...use

HERTZ

Rent a car

"Rent it here, Leave it there" Now, nation-wide at no extra charge! (on rentals of $25.00 or more).

Elizabeth Arden's

shower of flowers

You look fragrant as a June garden, blooming as Miss Arden's new Golden Poppy (lipstick and make-up) in this hostess robe of sheer nylon over nylon taffeta. Delicious print in mixed shades of Blue Grass, rose or mauve. Mail or phone orders invited. 10 to 20, a trousseau treasure at 30.00

Elizabeth Arden Salon

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boston • philadelphia • washington
chicago • san francisco • hollywood
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titled "Two Shareowners Take a Look at Chessie's Railroad," this tells in word- and figure-pictures how Mrs. Genevieve Loutsch, of Chicago (fifty shares), and C. Grattan Price, Jr., of Harrisonburg, Virginia (a hundred shares), having been selected by the company as representative stockholders, were treated to free inspection rides over its lines and introduced to its ranking executives. Mrs. Loutsch travelled 1,943 miles in seven days; was photographed in conversation with C. & O.'s chairman, Cyrus Eaton; indulged her lifelong whim of riding in a caboose; and announced at the end of her trip, "I am confident my investment is secure." Mr. Price covered 2,145 miles in eight days, looking over all sorts of installations, and indulged *his* lifelong whim of riding in the cab of a locomotive; his statement on getting home was as reassuring as Mrs. Loutsch's, ending, "I am absolutely convinced that 'Chessie's' brightest years lie ahead." Mrs. Loutsch and Mr. Price finally met, at C. & O. headquarters in Cleveland, and were photographed together; no romance developed—or could have, with propriety, for while Mrs. Loutsch is described in the booklet as a widow, Mr. Price is shown saying goodbye to his wife and three children. Whether or not all this was an anticlimax to the ninety thousand other C. & O. stockholders is hard to say, but there is no doubt that they had been gestured at in a way to make Samuel Jones happy.

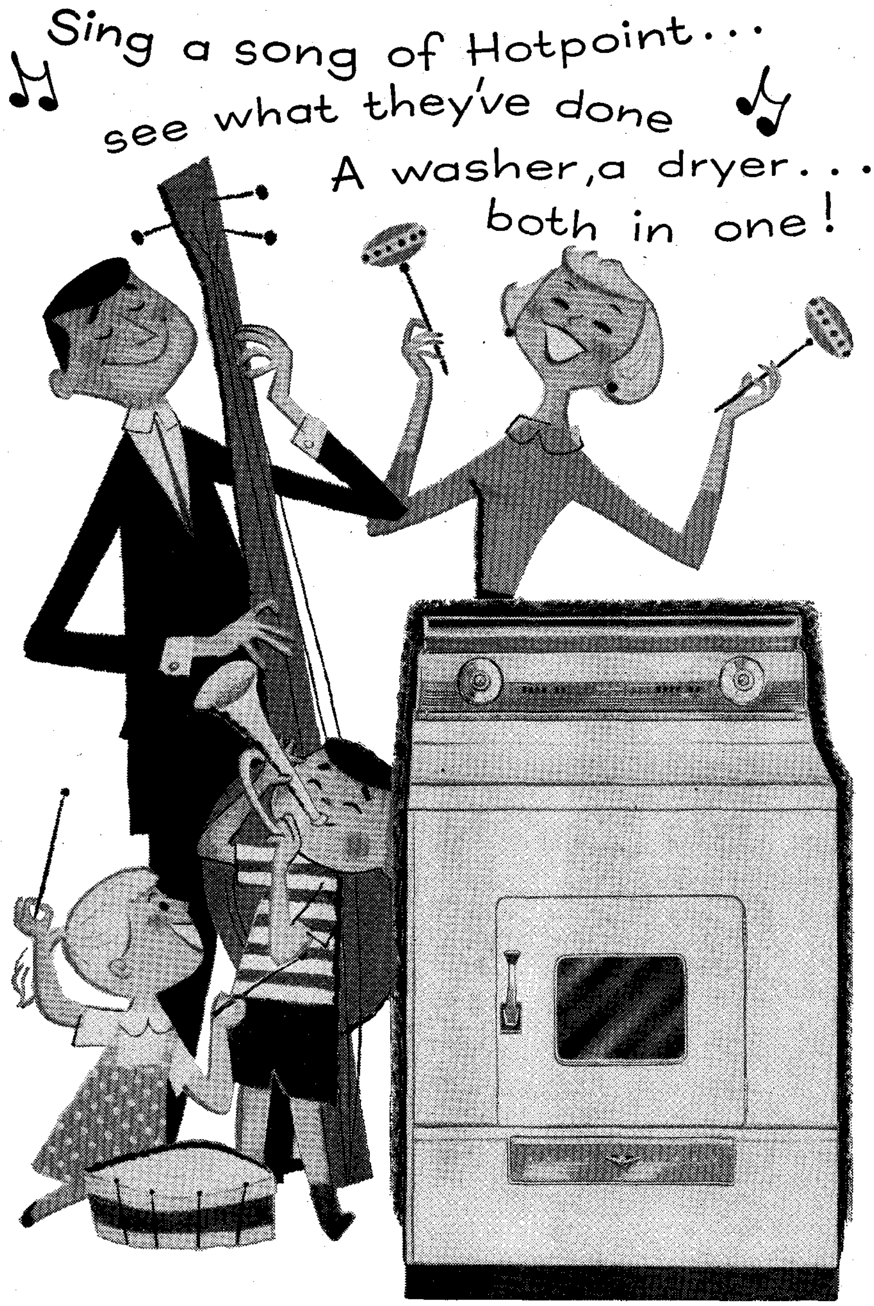
Even more extreme is the current report of the Washington Federal Savings & Loan Association, of Miami Beach. Reverting to a technique introduced by Capitol Records and the Kansas City Fire & Marine Insurance Co. in the heyday of the mink-coat-etc. era, it consists of nothing but a white plastic 78-r.p.m. phonograph record, with the institution's balance sheet and the names of its officers and directors printed in blue right across the playing surface. A stockholder, by putting the record on the phonograph he is assumed to own, is privileged to hear Drew Pearson, a radio commentator sponsored by Washington Federal in the Miami Beach area, deliver a few rounded comments on the year's operations and then introduce President Jack D. Gordon and Chairman Arthur H. Courshon, who add further rounded comments. In conclusion, Pearson turns up again, saying, "I predict that Washington Federal will continue to be Miami Beach's fastest-growing savings institution."

While these companies may have failed to catch hold of Smith's pendulum on its downward swing, certain others missed grabbing it on its upward arc—in some cases by harking back to the era of austerity and reticence and in others by supplying information and entertainment in separate doses, instead of synthesized in true Ivy League style. Though somewhat less closemouthed than the incorrigible Great Atlantic & Pacific, Procter & Gamble and du Pont, among others, have made few concessions to the profane reader. P. & G.'s report—enclosed, as it is every year, in a dignified parchmentlike cover painfully suggestive of a dance card—consists of twelve pages of straight facts and figures, unleavened by a single cartoon, map, chart, or even photograph, and du Pont's goes on for forty sobersided pages with no embellishments other than an occasional animated-graphic chart and a gatefold map just inside the back cover showing the location of du Pont's installations in the United States. In the separate-dose category, Bethlehem Steel stands out; it sent its stockholders a report as ineluctably dense as "Finnegans Wake," and balanced this with a shiny-paper, colored-cover, and otherwise delectable version of the same information addressed to its employees.

Among the companies whose reports have a proper, unmistakable Smithsonian Ivy League Look are Pepsi-Cola, which suavely blends the unsophisticated appeal of a curvy cover girl with an impeccably staggering set of statistics inside; American Telephone & Telegraph, which tells its story to its audience of nearly two million in forty pages enlivened by color photographs of people using white, black, red, green, and pink telephones, in a living room, a kitchen, a laundry, a college dormitory, and half a dozen other places; U.S. Steel, which makes its mills look a good deal more attractive than they looked in 1902 and otherwise indicates that it is still a front-runner when it comes to annual reporting; and Phillips Petroleum, which rang up gross sales of over a billion dollars last year and manages to say so without once raising its voice. The Girard Trust of Philadelphia keeps up its Oscar-winning standards, for while it still carries cartoons, they seem restrained enough to measure up to Smith's definition of the Look. This year, indeed, Girard, in poking a little gentle fun at itself—or, more precisely, at the less solvent of its customers—has chosen cartoons whose prototypes might in the more or less remote past have appeared in Ivy League humor magazines. One drawing shows an unshaven man asking a bank teller, "Where is the bum-check department?" and another shows a man, also clearly down on his luck, explaining to a loan officer, "I bet on the Democrats, the Brooklyn Dodgers, and Notre Dame!"

PROFESSOR SANDERS suggested at one point in his book that reporting on setbacks not only is a corporate narrator's duty but can even serve as a goad to the attainment of great art. The Philco Corporation's mournful tale of its 1956 operations is certainly an example of attaining grace, if not art, under pressure. "Sales of Philco products and services were affected adversely by several factors," President James M. Skinner, Jr., and Chairman William Balderston write at the beginning of their letter to the shareholders. Then they grit their teeth and get down to business. ("The president's report," Sanders declared, "should be the real story, highlighted with dramatic emphasis, but above all true, and sounding true.") "Net income," state Skinner and Balderston, sounding all too true, "was disappointing. Highly competitive conditions continued throughout the television and appliance industries. . . . The average price of black-and-white television receivers declined to its lowest level. . . . A six-week strike at the Company's Connersville, Ind., plant in November and December curtailed production and shipment of new 1957 lines." Later in their letter, Skinner and Balderston muster what cheer they can: "The year 1956 was a year of readjustment in most phases of Philco's operations. The record of earnings does not reflect the many positive steps taken. . . . Our entire organization has demonstrated its loyalty."

The reader, his emotions now thoroughly wrung by Skinner's and Balderston's prose, passes on to Philco's specific record of earnings, which is handled in a manner that future annual-report historians may well memorialize as being, in a small way, brilliant. On a gatefold at the end of the report appears a comparative review of the company's financial position over the past ten years; in the earnings-per-common-share column, the figures for 1953, 1954, and 1955 are given as $4.86, $1.69, and $2.13, respectively, while for 1956 there is only a provocative, poker-faced dash. Does this mean a loss that Philco is loath to declare, perhaps? Or possibly an even break for the year? Well, any reasonably astute stockholder can determine—by consulting an entry on page 16 to


Sing a song of Hotpoint...
see what they've done
A washer, a dryer...
both in one!

NEW HOTPOINT "COMBO" WASHER-DRYER

AMERICA'S HAPPIEST HOME LAUNDRY IDEA!

Takes the space of *one*, does the work of *two*. Automatically washes *and dries*—in one continuous push-button operation. Nylon or denim, bath towels or fluffy curtains—just touch a *button* for the right wash, rinse, and drying temperatures. Flick a *dial* for timing. Set it instantly for partial loads.

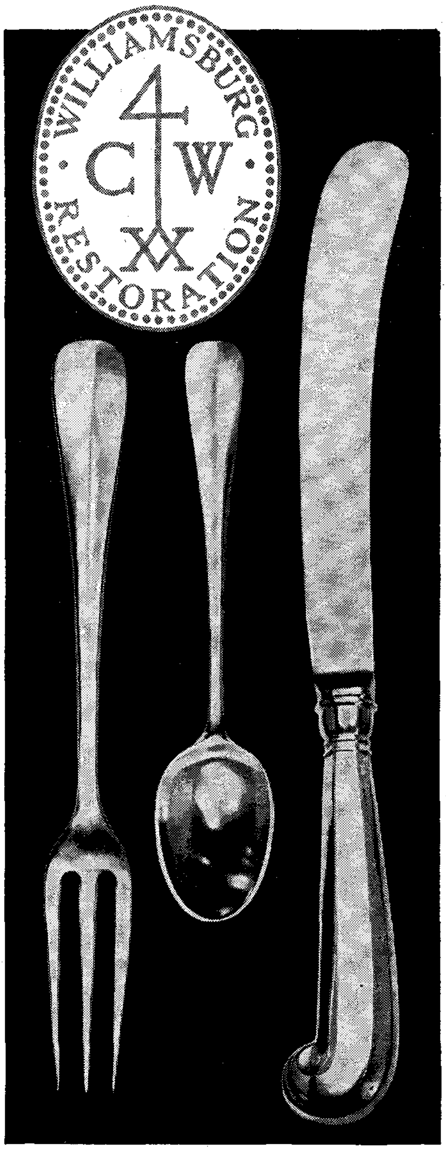
All fabrics, even those you've been doing by hand, are washed and dried safely in exactly the right heat. They come out clean, sweet, fluffy—many pieces ready to wear.

The Hotpoint "Combo" takes no more space than a single laundry appliance. You can put it in any convenient spot that's too small for two appliances. Beautiful colors too—five pastel tones, as well as white.

See your Hotpoint dealer soon.

Hotpoint
Hotpoint Co. (A Division of General Electric Company), Chicago 44

Authentic Colonial Design
exclusive
with STIEFF!



*Williamsburg** STERLING SILVER *Reproductions*

In the clean balanced beauty of Williamsburg Sterling, the 18th Century silversmiths achieved mastery of the classic design. This beauty is yours in Stieff's flatware and hollowware reproductions, approved by Williamsburg Restoration. At fine stores or write STIEFF, Wyman Park Drive, Baltimore, Md.

**Trade Mark of Williamsburg Restoration, Inc.*

Fine Sterling Since 1892
STIEFF
BALTIMORE 11, MD.

find the amount of common stock outstanding (3,828,663 shares), an entry on page 17 to find the total of last year's net earnings ($398,690), and another entry on page 17 to find the amount paid in preferred-stock dividends ($375,000)—that actually Philco neither suffered a loss nor merely broke even but earned just a fraction less than one cent per common share. Rather than go on record with such a classically insignificant sum, the company apparently preferred to dispose of it in the manner of realistic but inhibited novelists indicating indelicate expressions.

A few of the reports bear evidence that the new sophistication cuts two ways; some corporate narrators seem to have discovered that, just as unpleasant facts could simply be omitted in the old, arrogant days, they can—though conceivably with some loss of the clarity and candor Professor Sanders so warmly advocated—be deëmphasized to the point of invisibility in this new, urbane age. A nice exposition of the technique is provided by General Motors' report, to all appearances as casually informative a document as any stockholder or latter-day critic could ask for. The cover of the company's new report bears a color picture of a highway on which can be discerned, along with an extraordinary number of Chevrolets, Buicks, Oldsmobiles, and Cadillacs, one car that is almost certainly an old Packard. Such a display of broadmindedness toward a competitor is certainly a reflection of the new sophistication, and so, no doubt, is the handling, on page 10, of General Motors' celebrated controversy with its dealers. After introducing the subject by remarking that, for entirely practical reasons, good dealer relations are dear to the company's heart, the narrator smoothly goes on to say:

> An important milestone in General Motors' relations with its car and truck dealers in the United States and Canada was reached with the adoption of a new General Motors Quality-Dealer Program on March 1, 1956. As reported in previous messages to shareholders, the new program involved important changes in the Corporation's selling agreement with dealers as well as changes in policies relating to factory-dealer relations and in administration of those policies.

What the narrator leaves unsaid is that the new program was announced, by coincidence or not, three months after several dealers, testifying before a Senate subcommittee, charged General Motors with forcing them to take cars they didn't want or risk having their franchises cancelled.

A not dissimilar example of sophisti-

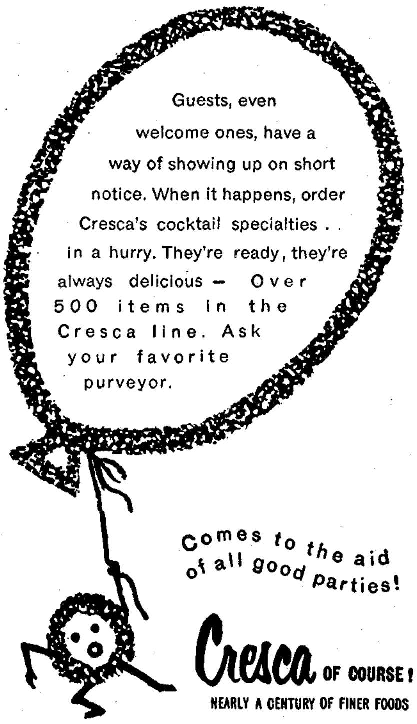
Butter Boat
IN STAINLESS

On your table... a beautiful butter server of finest Cromargan stainless. Under refrigeration... a practical butter keeper with mirror smooth, pearl gray molded nylon cover. Perfectly sized for quarter-pound section. A Fraser import. $5.95 Postpaid. Write for information on our unusual stainless collection.

Liebermann's OF LANSING
107 SO. WASHINGTON AVENUE
LANSING 68, MICHIGAN

The Dilemma's Doctor

Company coming . . . arriving soon?
Oh joy! A ball! A rigadoon!
But hark! You say hors d'oeuvres are lacking?
Enough to drink, but naught for snacking?
Yet lo . . . no frenzy . . . never worry.
Just call for Cresca . . . in a hurry.



Guests, even welcome ones, have a way of showing up on short notice. When it happens, order Cresca's cocktail specialties . . in a hurry. They're ready, they're always delicious — Over 500 items in the Cresca line. Ask your favorite purveyor.

Comes to the aid of all good parties!

Cresca OF COURSE!
NEARLY A CENTURY OF FINER FOODS

CRESCA CO. INC., 111 EIGHTH AVE., N. Y.

cated understatement is to be found in the current report of Fairbanks, Morse & Co., which for two years has been the prize at stake in a vicious and still unresolved fight between the incumbent forces of Robert H. Morse, Jr., and the insurgent ones of Leopold D. Silberstein, chairman of the Penn-Texas Corporation. In describing the company's affairs during a year in which this noisy battle at times threatened to monopolize the financial pages of the daily press, the Morse narrator makes no mention of Penn-Texas, and none of Silberstein, either, except to list him as a Fairbanks, Morse director—a post he was elected to at the 1956 annual meeting. Such blandness stands in sharp contrast to the handling of much the same sort of situation by Sewell Avery, the former panjandrum of Montgomery Ward, whose annual reports were for years the bane of progressive critics. In 1955, when Avery became involved in a proxy fight with Louis E. Wolfson, he used four pages of his report to give the challenger a tongue-lashing.

As for the Consolidated Edison Company of New York, its latest annual report is a beauty, with an impressionistic turbine on the cover and, inside, sliced-dollar charts of income and outgo, a resplendent colored picture of the Con Ed-lighted Manhattan skyline, an equally resplendent colored picture of the Con Ed-lighted Coliseum, and admirably lucid essays on such subjects as the conversion to natural gas, the start of work on an atomic plant in Westchester County, and a change in billing practice. Great art, doubtless, as far as it goes, but not a word anywhere about why, if dig Con Ed must before moving on, it always returns to dig in the same place so soon. —JOHN BROOKS

•

Speaking of menus, the Colony Restaurant here devised a fascinating one for the officers of Browne Vintners, when they entertained at lunch for M. Guestier. There were clam blinis, a hot purée of lentils, pounded veal cutlets broiled over charcoal with sautéed zucchini and baked barley, and fresh California strawberries in port. Surprise touch: After the lentil soup had been served, a waiter splashed each cup with champagne.—*The Times.*

In our house, we use water pistols on the vichyssoise.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch*]

An eager audience was on hand at Concordia chapel, many of its members still talking in platitudes of Dr. Richter's Saturday night organ recital.

UN CUARTO DE BALBOA
CINCUENTENARIO

this summer come on to

PANAMA

a treasure trove of holiday attractions

There are two sides to this coin.

The historic, with Balboa looking out over his blue Pacific from Old Panama . . . pirate lore and relics of exciting days following the birth of a New World . . . Cruces Trail, the Flat Arch and the Altar of Gold, saved from Morgan by a quick witted priest.

The obverse, ultra-modern: Latin America's most luxurious hotel, the *El Panama,* with its glamorous Casino-in-the-Sky . . . a new $5,000,000 track for year-round racing . . . every facility for a regal holiday, enjoying an even temperature summer and winter.

Visit a pre-Columbian civilization, where friendly San Blas Indians pursue by choice 1000-year old customs, beliefs and dress. Then watch a giant ocean liner climb up on steps of water, over the continental divide, and down again. Savor the delight of unspoiled tropic beaches. Stroll at dusk along *Las Bovedas* where the epic of the canal is inscribed.

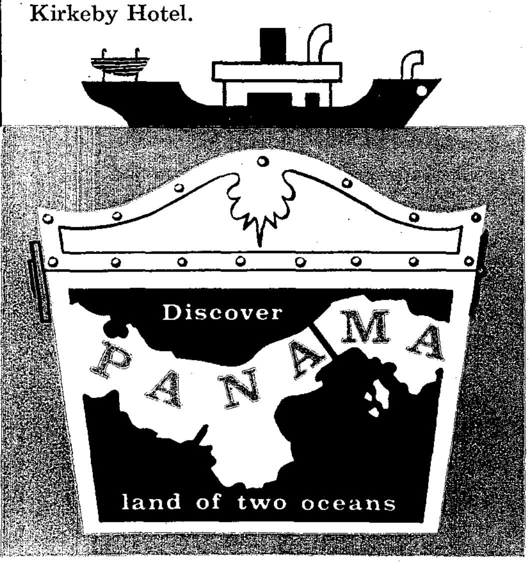
Off the beaten track? Yes! Tropic heat? No! An ideal summer holiday spot that gives you a vast variety of entertainment, a taste of luxurious living and acquaints you with history more exciting than any modern thriller.

Come by plane or ship–

Non-stop 4-hour air service from Miami. Other flights from New Orleans and Havana. Luxury cruises by Panama Line, New York. *El Panama* reservations through your Travel Agent or any Kirkeby Hotel.

the Huaca

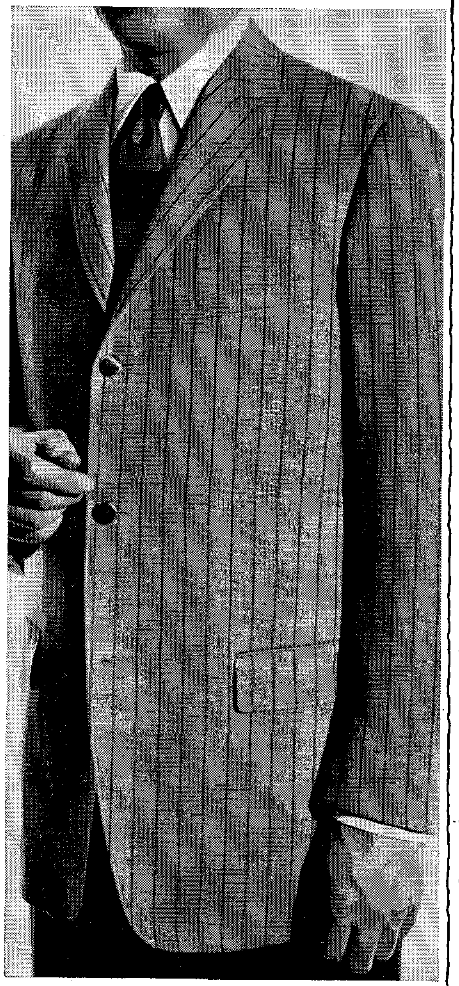
. . . ancient indian religious symbol now the hallmark of Panama's friendliness and hospitality



Panama Tourist Information

P. O. Box 1751,
Grand Central Station
New York 17, New York

VIYELLA®
presents the
19-Ounce Jacket



Tailored exclusively by F. A. MacCluer, Inc., —complete jacket weighs only 19 ounces!

ONLY the English weave Viyella. It is so sumptuously *soft* and *light* you can wear this coat and still feel you're in shirt sleeves.

Viyella is a genius mixture of lamb's wool and long-staple cotton. Not a stitch of synthetic goes into it. It presses perfectly and wears for years. MacCluer tailors this astonishing stuff *by hand*. You see the result. A free and easy fit with the minimum of padding.

Go to the *better* stores and ask to see Viyella's princely range of checks, glen plaids, stripes and solid colors—from $55. For store names, write William Hollins & Co., Inc., 347 Madison Ave., New York 17. Telephone MU 4-7330.

TABLES FOR TWO

A Little Dance Music

ONE fine evening a week or so ago, I went up to the Tavern-on-the-Green, in Central Park, with the idea of dining on the terrace and watching the dancing there. Well, the terrace hadn't yet opened—it is now open on pleasant nights, I'm told—but I enjoyed myself anyway. Inside the sprawling structure, I found a table not far from the dance floor, and listened to a five-piece Latin-American outfit rattle through one of those innumerable variations on the rumba that make life at resort hotels so strenuous for middle-aged guests; sure enough, a couple well along in years was outshining all the other couples on the floor. Presently, the Latins withdrew in favor of a six-piece band, which spiritedly addressed itself to a series of show tunes, and the younger couples had their turn to shine. Considering the band's size and the sort of thing it was offering, it had just the proper instruments, I thought—accordion, trumpet, piano, bass, and drums, plus either sax or violin. These last two were played by the leader, a versatile fellow named Milton Saunders who from time to time contributed vocals in an unassuming and agreeable baritone.

Resolving to return to the Tavern and hear the two small bands perform out in the open some night soon, I proceeded to the Café Rouge, in the Hotel Statler, where an outfit billed as "The Fabulous Jimmy Dorsey Orchestra Conducted by Lee Castle" is holding forth. Not many months ago, the same band, playing at the same place, was billed as "The Tommy Dorsey Orchestra Featuring Jimmy Dorsey" and both brothers were on the stand, but now, of course, Tommy is dead and Jimmy is ailing. Led by Castle, a trumpeter who directed matters from a standing position in the midst of his charges, the powerful fifteen-piece swing band played a number of familiar selections, drawn about equally, it seemed to me, from the band books of the two Dorseys, and it sounded smooth and proficient. (It was interesting, if a trifle sepulchral, to hear a trombonist execute a chorus of "Once in a While" in Tommy's lyrical style.) Like all previous Dorsey groups, this one has an engaging male vocalist—an easy-mannered chap named Tommy Mercer, whose range and flexibility struck me as impressive, especially in "You Make Me Feel So Young." There is a female vocalist, too—a slender blonde called Dottie Reid—but I was less impressed by her. In "It's De-Lovely," for instance, her tones were rather thin, and she frequently consulted a card she carried in one hand, presumably to refresh her memory. The dance floor was bustling, mostly with young people.

Dancers of all ages from, it would seem, pre-prep school to post-retirement were in evidence at my next stop—the Hotel Roosevelt Grill, where, in the temporary absence of Guy Lombardo and his men, Sammy Kaye's orchestra is providing an assortment of melting chords, constructed chiefly by bleating trumpets and mewling saxes, and hammered home by the steady one, two, three, four beat of the slapping drums. For a quarter of a century now, Mr. Kaye has been inviting us to "swing and sway" with him, and I must say that the sight of him and his vocalists swaying on the bandstand while such ancient airs as "You'd Be Surprised," "Cocktails for Two," and "That Certain Party" and such newer ones as "Marianne" and "The Banana Boat Song" dripped on us all like honey had an almost hypnotic effect on me. At one point, practically the entire band jumped to its feet to sing "Daddy" and sway along with them, and this made me feel a bit seasick.

A COUPLE of nights later, having had my fill of hotel bands for a while, I made a tour of a few of the smaller clubs, starting with one of the smallest, RSVP, where the principal attraction is Jo Hurt, a singer who has done some work in musical comedies and has appeared at Le Ruban Bleu. Shortly after I arrived at RSVP, its extremely dim lights were extinguished altogether, a tiny spotlight was focussed on a high stool near the piano, and Miss Hurt, a blonde with square, pleasant features, rustled through the audience and perched on the stool. After throatily delivering "It's De-Lovely" (she didn't use a card), "Boy! What Love Has Done to Me!," and "By Strauss," she announced, with a little smile, that she was going to do her "rhymes." These proved to be fairly idiotic bits of doggerel, and I was pleased when she returned to singing, presenting first "Island in the West Indies," then a hillbilly number, and, to conclude the set, a rhythm piece in which the utterance "doodle-dee-doo" kept recurring. Except for those rhymes, her turn was reasonably diverting. . . . By this time, I was ready for a little jazz, and I made my way to the Composer, where the Billy Taylor Trio was alternating with a new group led by a young man named Eddie Costa, who played both the piano and the vibraphone and was supported by the usual bass and drums. Costa and his unit have now left the place, but I suspect that you'll be hearing more of them—or, at any rate, of him—so I may as well pass along my reaction to the outfit. It was fine when Costa was at the vibraphone, where his work was outgoing and completely skillful (he played a lovely "Yesterdays"), and not so fine when he was at the piano, where, despite some interesting runs and chord combinations, his playing was too introspective for my taste. At the piano, as a matter of fact, Costa scarcely seemed conscious that he was performing as part of a trio, and his fellow-musicians were pretty much superfluous. As for Billy Taylor, he was his usual impeccable self at the keyboard, and I found him especially engaging in a few tunes from "My Fair Lady.". . . I wound up my night listening to the Cy Coleman Trio at the Playroom, and there I was reminded of the old truth that the quality of a jazz pianist's playing can vary greatly from night to night. (This doubtless goes for other jazz musicians, too, but it happens that I've noticed it particularly in pianists.) On this occasion, Coleman was at his best, and as he presented a long, imaginative, and increasingly complex treatment of "Cheek to Cheek" and then a sensitive, haunting "Moonlight in Vermont," I decided that he was the peer, if not the superior, of any jazz pianist currently being heard hereabouts. Coleman's work has so many facets—he offers so many different kinds of pieces, in so many different ways—that it is difficult to categorize him, and that, I suppose, is why he has been largely overlooked by spokesmen for the various schools of jazz. All I can say is that he and his assistants—a bassist and a drummer—were in superb form that night, and that I think the group is one of the finest jazz trios in town.

—D. W.

•

No. 26. IMPASSE AND CRISIS IN PSYCHOTHERAPY—Halperin, L. Farber.
CANCELLED, due to unforeseen circumstances.—*Program of courses, Washington School of Psychiatry.*

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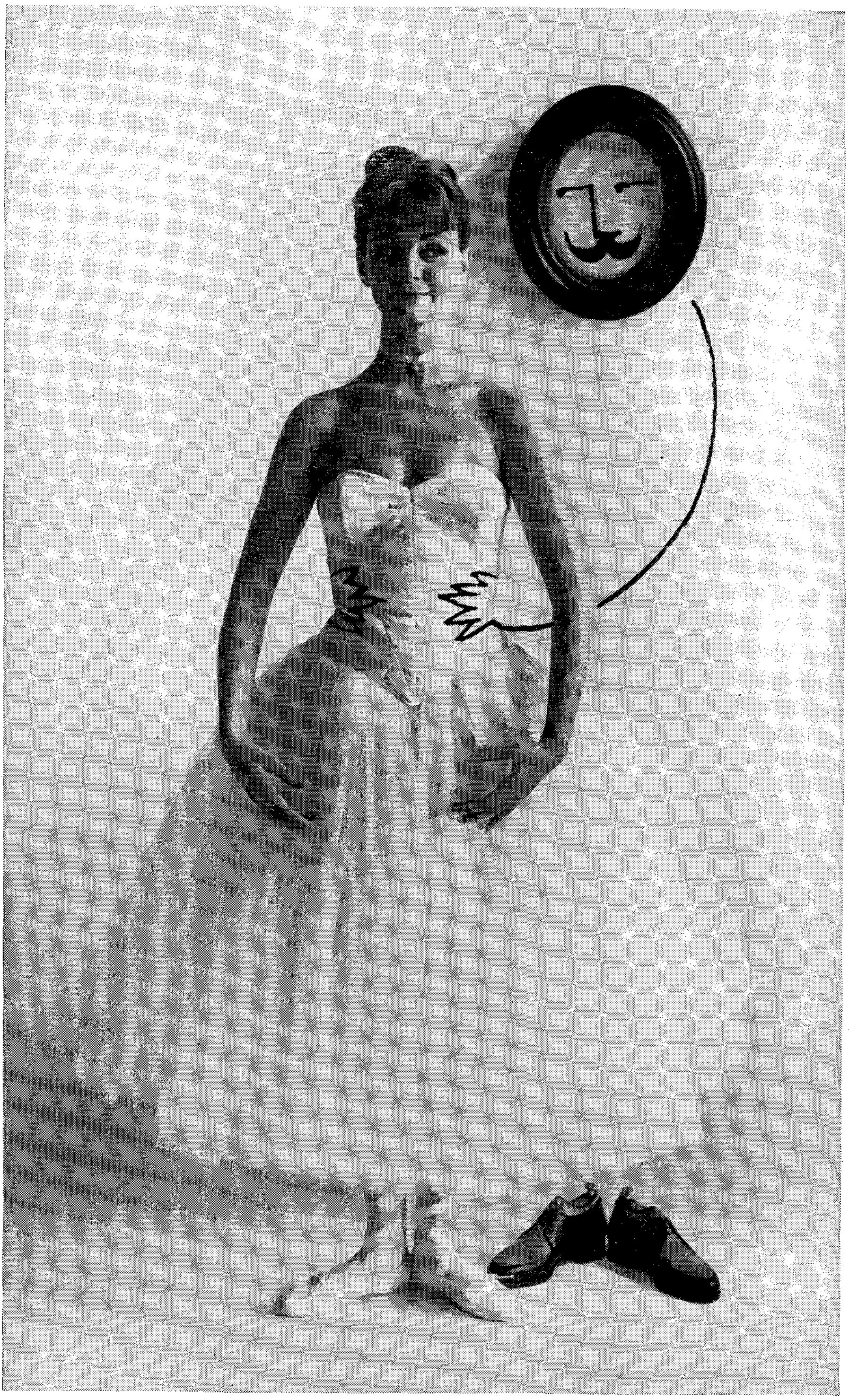

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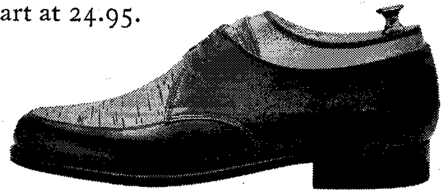

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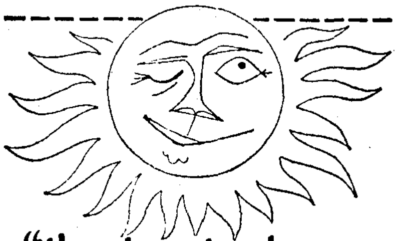

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Mau Mau

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STANWICK

NEVER having got more than fifty pages into the book called "Something of Value," by Robert C. Ruark, an African expert of the Scripps-Howard chain, I have only the faintest idea how the movie based on Mr. Ruark's work—and also called "Something of Value"—compares with its source. I think I may say, though, that the picture has the virtue of delivering us from Mr. Ruark's prose style, which, in the fifty pages I've mentioned, had the lean and hungry look of imitation Hemingway. As adapted and directed by Richard Brooks, the film is, for a good deal of the time, a solid melodrama in which a touch of social significance has been added to the old, exciting business of having African natives circle around poor Bwana's house, intent upon carving all the residents to pieces. Mr. Brooks attempts, gallantly, to explain the motives of the encirclers—in this case, a band of Mau Mau—but he is certainly no Alan Paton when it comes to getting at the root of the white-and-black dilemma in Africa. As a matter of fact, when his Mau Mau headman is presently brought to terms, the fellow mumbles and gurgles over a stony talisman and turns in all his associates, on the ground that God doesn't like what has been going on. Still, the activities of the Mau Mau in the film are quite engrossing, and if it is shock you are after, these boys, with their shivs and submachine guns, ought to keep you interested.

The plot has to do with an Anglo-African family named the McKenzies, who live in Kenya. The head of the family (Walter Fitzgerald) is a man of vast understanding, and his son (Rock Hudson) is a perceptive chip off the old block. Because the elder McKenzie's wife has died early in their African sojourn, he has allowed the boy to be reared by a Negro woman, whose own son (Sidney Poitier) has become Junior's bosom pal. This is a fairly happy setup until the Negro youth is belted about by a McKenzie in-law and joins the Mau Mau. From here on in, the picture is violent indeed, but the climax, as I've said, is a sad piece of hokum. The cast, which is unobjectionable, also includes Juano Hernandez, as a top-dog Mau Mau; Wendy Hiller, as a McKenzie lass; and Dana Wynter, as the beloved of Mr. Hudson. In passing, we are afforded glimpses of the African plains and the livestock thereon. As photographed here, it looks a lot like Kansas with giraffes.

LET us now run rapidly through a couple of presumably jollier items. There are two harmless English films around, one called "John and Julie," the other "Raising a Riot." In the first, a girl of six sets out for the Coronation—she lives a hundred and fifty miles from London—escorted by a brave twelve-year-old. They have many adventures, and eventually see the Queen. Julie is played by Lesley Dudley, and John by Colin Gibson, and they're a fine team. . . . In the second entry, Kenneth More tries to duplicate the success of Clifton Webb in "Sitting Pretty" as a male endeavoring to cope with children. Primitive comedy, I should say, but Mr. More, as you might expect, performs attractively.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

PAPERS SWITCHED—When Mabel (Mrs. Edwin) Lucas was asked the topic of her program for her book club meeting this week she was just in the midst of trying to decide which of two papers to give. One was a paper on Stalin that Mabel wrote in 1932. She thought it might be interesting in the light of present-day events to see what people thought of the Russian dictator 25 years ago.

The other was a paper written by Mabel's mother, the late Mrs. John W. Simpson, called "Lynching As I Have Known It," giving Mrs. Simpson's childhood recollections of lynchings in South Carolina.

When The Record went to press it was "Stalin" but by meeting time "Lynching" had won out.—*Greensboro (N. C.) Record.*

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•

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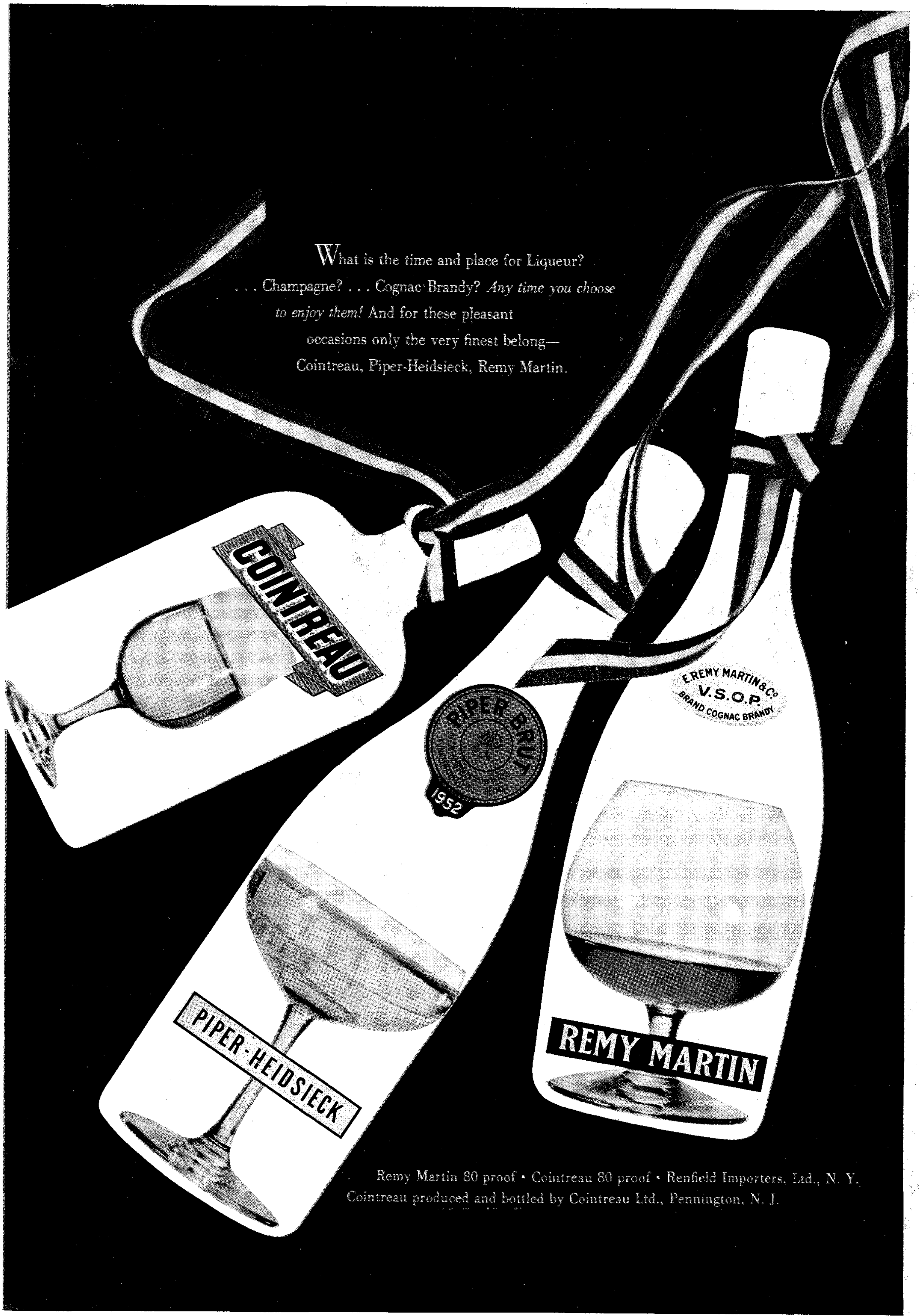
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MRS. CLEAVER, EXORCISED

ONE day in early winter, I went down to the cellar. Unc, our colored handyman, was already there. He had set a lantern on a crate and, with a crowbar, was beginning in a gingerly way to worry one of the flat stones out of the floor. That stone, which I knew was haunted, was three feet long, perhaps two feet wide, rounded at the corners, and black and moist. Without human aid, it had raised one edge of itself, so that it looked like a partly opened clamshell. Unc said "Now, stan' back, Martha!" when he heard me coming, but I could tell he was glad to have company. My mother, who did not believe in spirits and who thought the stone had been heaved up by some process of freezing and thawing, had sent him down to settle it, lest somebody trip over it in the gloom, but his halfhearted efforts to get a purchase on it were coming to nothing. "She won't lay back till she suits," he told me waspishly, "regardless what your *ma* say." And at last he picked up the lantern and made for the stairs, while I scuttled close behind.

A few days later, when Annie, our plump Negro cook, went to the cellar to put away some preserves, she found the stone perfectly level. My mother was so provoked to learn that it had settled of its own accord, after Unc had told her it was not to be budged, that she went down to see for herself, stood on it with both feet, and gave a masterful stamp to make sure it was firm. It did not jiggle.

But, however firm it was, nothing in the world could have persuaded me to risk my weight on that sinister thing, for I knew, and Unc knew, and Annie knew that it was the cover of a trap dropping straight into Hell. Out from under it, the ghost of Mrs. Cleaver rose at will. And we thought, in the light of the other things we knew, that it was also the grave of a certain young boy—Mrs. Cleaver's victim. Yet my mother continued to move at ease in the basement and through our haunted house, her face as stern and ruddy and imperturbable as ever. We three could not tell whether she was actually oblivious of Mrs. Cleaver or only scorned to recognize her, but one thing was certain: We were more in awe of Mother than of any ghost, and Mrs. Cleaver knew better than to harry us unless Mother's back was turned.

It often was, for she worked in a bank, in town. Unc and Annie and I had a custom, that first year we lived in the old house in the country (the year I was twelve), of gathering around the kitchen table for tea and gossip as soon as I got home from school. By the next year, I had become a serious music student, and spent my afternoons at the conservatory in town, but that winter I was indolent and irritable and bemused with anger. And every afternoon, as we three lolled there and scratched with our spoons at the gravelly sugar in our teacups, we complained deliciously about our hard, hard lots.

Unc, who was outdoors a good deal, was bitter about the Maryland weather. Though he had lived in that very county all his life, he was unreconciled to the dampness of the winter and the heat of the summer. And, rain or shine, regardless of the condition of his kidneys or his joints, there was no relief, he would say, sighing, from the weight of chores that Mother had laid on him in his old age. Annie, in her turn, was fond of telling us the wretched history of her marriage to a brute. They had quarrelled so regularly and noisily, their life together had made such a public uproar, that a judge had decreed they must live apart to keep the peace. (To hear Annie tell it, it was not her husband but the judge who was the cause of her blighted life.) On other occasions, she would describe the numerous good jobs open to her in town—working for rich people with electric kitchens—though she always interrupted herself to take my hand and squeeze it and assure me that she would never leave me, whom she had raised from a baby. The recollection of our intimate past naturally reminded Annie of the happy days when my father was living and we had had a fine, modern house in the city. Then she would put it to Unc and me to tell her frankly if there were many folks who would have come along as she had when Mother moved, and consented to work all day alone in a haunted house, deep in the lonesome country.

It seemed to me that my sorrows were much more touching than Annie's or Unc's. I used to explain how my life had been ruined by my father's death. He alone had understood me and taken my part against my mother's discipline, I said. And, as if the loss of him were

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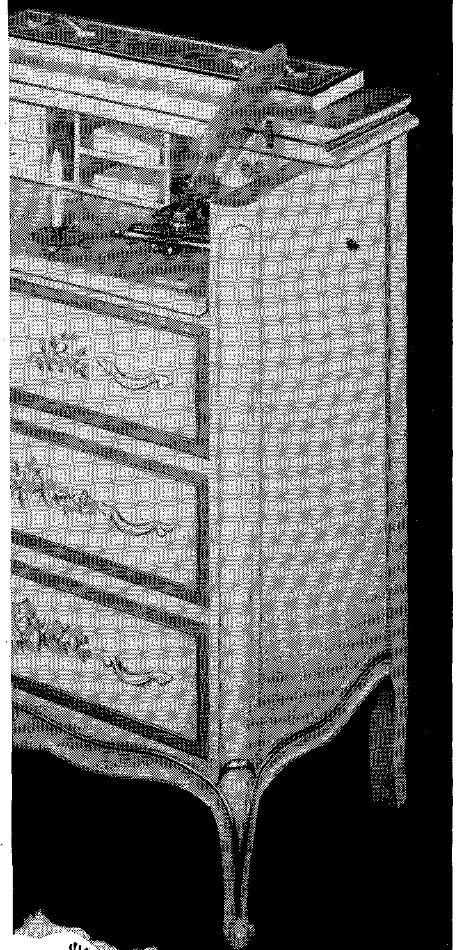

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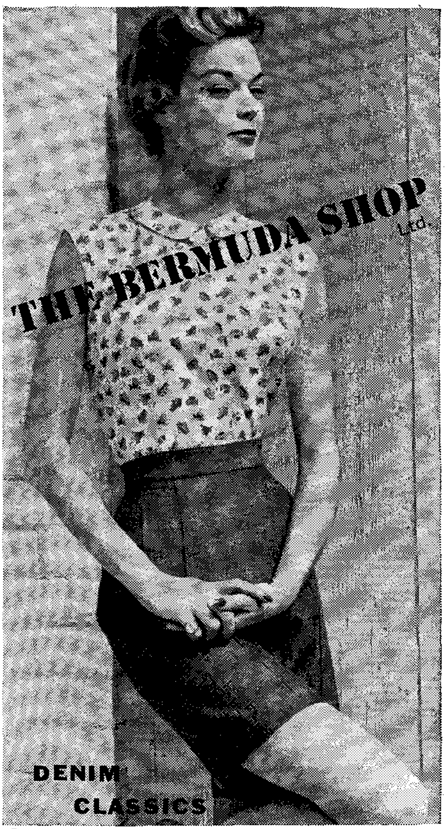
not enough, Mother must move out to this queer place, where I was deprived of all my friends and associations. Actually—though I never brought this up, for I doubted whether Annie and Unc would comprehend it—the bitterest of all my grievances against my mother was that she made me practice the piano. In spite of the fact that I hated music lessons, in spite of the fact that they were too expensive now that my father was not alive, she was determined that I should continue them and that I should practice two hours every afternoon. Occasionally, as Annie and Unc and I whined away an afternoon, I would think of my piano, untouched for days, and I would feel a queer clutch of guilt as my mind's eye caught a glimpse of my mother at her desk in the bank—a remote figure bent devoutly over her task and trusting that I, miles away, was at mine.

Then, as the darkness outside grew and our stomachs distended pleasantly with tea and buttered biscuits, we three would fall silent at last, breathing with some effort the dense atmosphere of the stifling kitchen. In the quiet, we might hear a dry creak in the front of the house, beyond the closed kitchen door, or a hollow thud from the cavernous cellar underneath, and I would hunch my chair a little closer to my dear and only cronies, and we would whisper about our ghost.

EITHER one has a feel for the supernatural or one has not. I have lost the gift myself now, but I still remember that unquestioning receptiveness and a kind of febrile hyperaesthesia are the keys to getting the full value out of a spirit. In those days, a stair could not squeak, a light bulb dim, a gust of air drift by, or an empty wicker chair give a rasp without one or all of us noting it and shivering. We were three meagre souls rankling under Mother's stringent rule and yet abjectly dependent upon her. Our ghost gave us the illusion that just beyond the narrow circumference of our lives lurked a perilous reality that was our discovery. Mrs. Cleaver was the patron saint of our sect of disgruntlement. Unc and Annie had never seen her, but I had, and therefore enjoyed a preëminence.

Mrs. Cleaver had appeared to me in September of that year, soon after we moved in. The house was fifteen miles from town, very old, and made of brick, and it stood in a thin grove of trees. It was taller than it was wide, with three identical stories—my bedroom was on the third—impaled by a stair well. We had not been there a week



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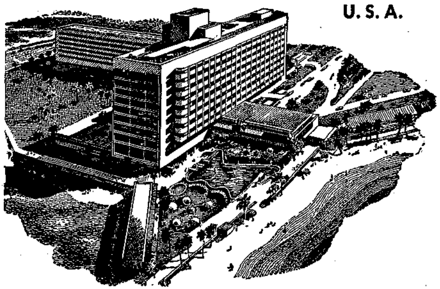

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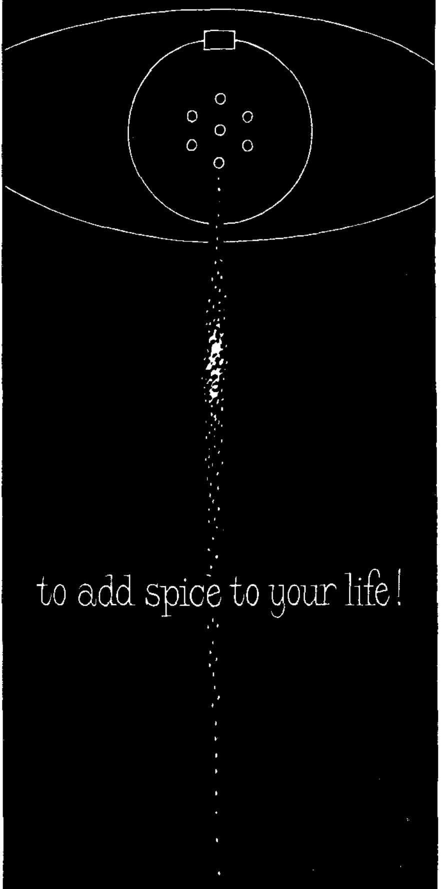

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when I came down with scarlet fever.

For several nights I was feverish, and the sound of my own voice, alternately muttering and shouting, would wake me up. My mother would be there, reassuring me and tucking in the dishevelled blankets. One night I woke up and was surprised to find that I was not thrashing about but that my legs and arms seemed remote and numb, as if, except for my eyes, every part of me were still asleep. Standing motionless beside the bed was a dim figure that I assumed was my mother, in her bathrobe. Neither of us spoke, and slowly, with no sense of shock but rather one of joy, it came to me that this was not my mother but a lady far more beautiful. A queer hum buzzed distractingly in my head and made all the air in the dark room vibrate. After a while, I discovered that the thrumming came from between the lady's teeth, which were exceedingly long and white, and were bared in a smile. On her pale-green dress were patterns formed by glassy ornaments. Every time I fixed my eyes on one of these, it broke apart and then re-formed itself, with a husky, dry whisper, like the fragments in a kaleidoscope.

Suddenly, from somewhere, a rude voice called out, "Are you a night nurse, or something?" Though I could not deny that the voice was mine, I was astonished at the idiotic question, and so was the lady, apparently, for her marvellous humming stopped. I thought she seemed not quite so close at hand now, and, afraid that she might leave me, I sat up in bed and reached out for her. My hands encountered nothing, but there she still stood, beyond my grasp. I threw back the covers and started toward her, and as she retreated, it became clear to me that she meant to escape through the open window. I made a lunge, and caught her around the skirt just as her feet left the ground.

As the lady whipped and twisted, trying to get free, I heard my mother's voice, first in the distance, then louder, calling my name. All at once, she shook me hard by the shoulder, loosening my grip on the lady, and I felt my visitor rise from my arms with a slow, exuberant lift. I tried to follow her, and then I found myself standing before my open window; the morning was beginning to grow light, my teeth were chattering, and my mother was unwinding me from the long curtain in which I was entangled.

For the first few days after this visitation, I could not bear to look at that window, which Mother had bolted shut, and think how the lady (who, I de-

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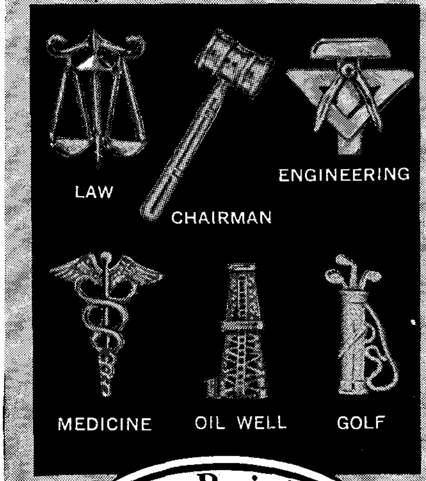

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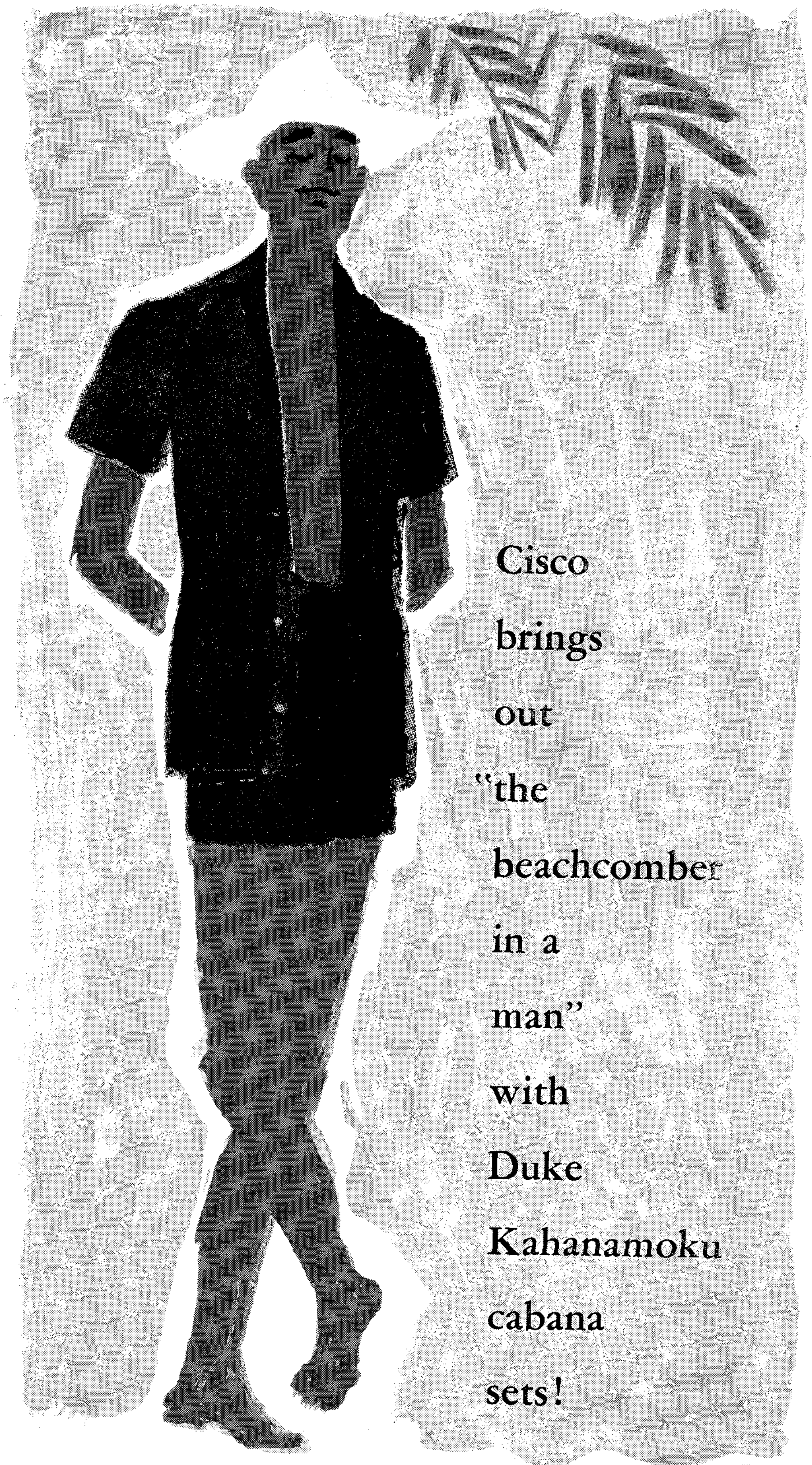
cided, must have been a fairy) had awakened me, smiled, and then left me. I convinced myself that it was not unkindness on her part; the grossness and impertinence of my behavior must have offended her. Next time she came—and I was sure she would come—I would do nothing to frighten her; I would neither speak nor pursue her but would let her creep as close to me as she liked.

IT wasn't until Unc came to work for us, in October, that I found out who my visitor had been. Mother had got hold of Unc through a neighboring farmer who was laying off men after the harvest. She wanted to raise milk goats in one of the old outbuildings behind our house. The proprietor of a health-food shop in the bank building had mentioned to her that he was willing to pay seventy cents a quart for goat's milk, and she had decided that if she had someone to tend the animals, she could take a can of fresh milk to town each morning when she drove in. Unc came around to our back door at suppertime one day. I was in the kitchen. He was only a sparse old colored man with a long nose, but his eyes made his face a marvel to me. The whites had gone quite orange and were elaborately streaked with veins, like polished agates. Annie gave him supper at a small serving table near the back door, and while he was eating, Mother came to talk to him. She said he could do odd jobs until she got hold of some goats. All the time she was speaking, he kept his richly colored eyes fixed on his plate. He crunched his potatoes into a fine paste and then laid his bread, torn into morsels, in a pool of gravy to soak.

Mother frowned at him. "Don't you have false teeth?" she asked severely. "You can't get an adequate diet if you don't chew." Her manner was so blunt that she sounded more accusing than concerned. But that was only Mother's way. She regarded tact as nothing but an elegant form of deceit, and if she helped a person (and she often did), it was simply because she felt she had to rectify error whenever she came upon it. "You certainly must get dentures," she said. "I'll drop you at the free clinic tomorrow on my way to work."

Unc did as he was told, of course, and some time later, with his new teeth—not to mention the glasses that the clinic discovered he also needed badly—he looked a different man. But it is only fair to say that his favorite food remained bread soaked in gravy, which he sucked between his dentures, though



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not quite so daintily and silently as before. As for his glasses, by the time he had had them a week, he was carrying them in his pocket whenever Mother was not around. "I sees as much as I wants," he told me crossly when I asked him why he didn't wear them. "All them things does is to show me folks lookin' old." He fished them out and peered at me through them, his orange eyes horribly magnified and distended. "*Look* at you!" he said. "Twelve years old, and them ugly bags under your eyes already!"

Not many days after Unc came to work, Annie and I were having an afternoon gossip in the kitchen. We could see the old man outside the window, raking dead leaves and pausing every now and then to pull his old denim jacket closer about his neck and to stare at us in the bright, warm room. "I believe that old fool wants to come in," Annie murmured, squinting out at him. And after a while she stood up lazily, rapped on the pane, and beckoned him.

She did not invite him to join us at the big table that first time. She gave him tea at his regular place, the serving table near the door, and, returning, resumed her conversation with me as if we were entirely alone. We had, in fact, almost forgotten him when he spoke up. "It's real nice to have folks in this fine ole house again," he said, in the most mannerly way imaginable. "I never thought to see it."

"My mother bought the place for taxes," I remarked with some pride, though I was not entirely sure what the term meant.

"Your ma is one smart and capable woman," he said. "That we *all* knows." At this, Annie pushed back her chair and took the two remaining buttered biscuits to Unc's table.

"I surely thank you, Ma'am," he said. And then, as Annie took her seat again, he began to mutter. His mouth was full, and I could make no sense at all out of what little I could hear. It was something like "Surely hope . . . you good ladies . . . this ole house . . . deep of night." But though the drift of his words eluded me, it made Annie open her eyes wide and swing about to face him.

"What you want to say, ole man?" she asked sharply.

Indeed, he seemed to be trying to tell her, though still keeping up his diffident, incomprehensible mumble. At last she patted the empty chair beside her impatiently and cried, "For Lord's sake, come where we can *hear* you!"

So Unc rose, carrying his cup in one

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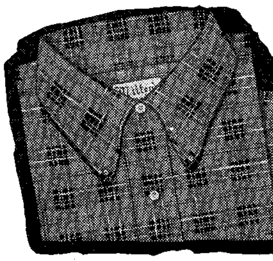

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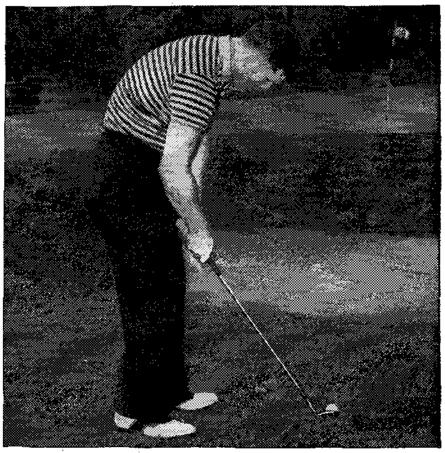

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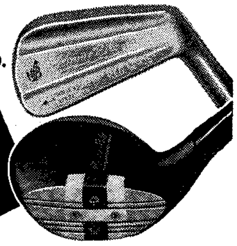

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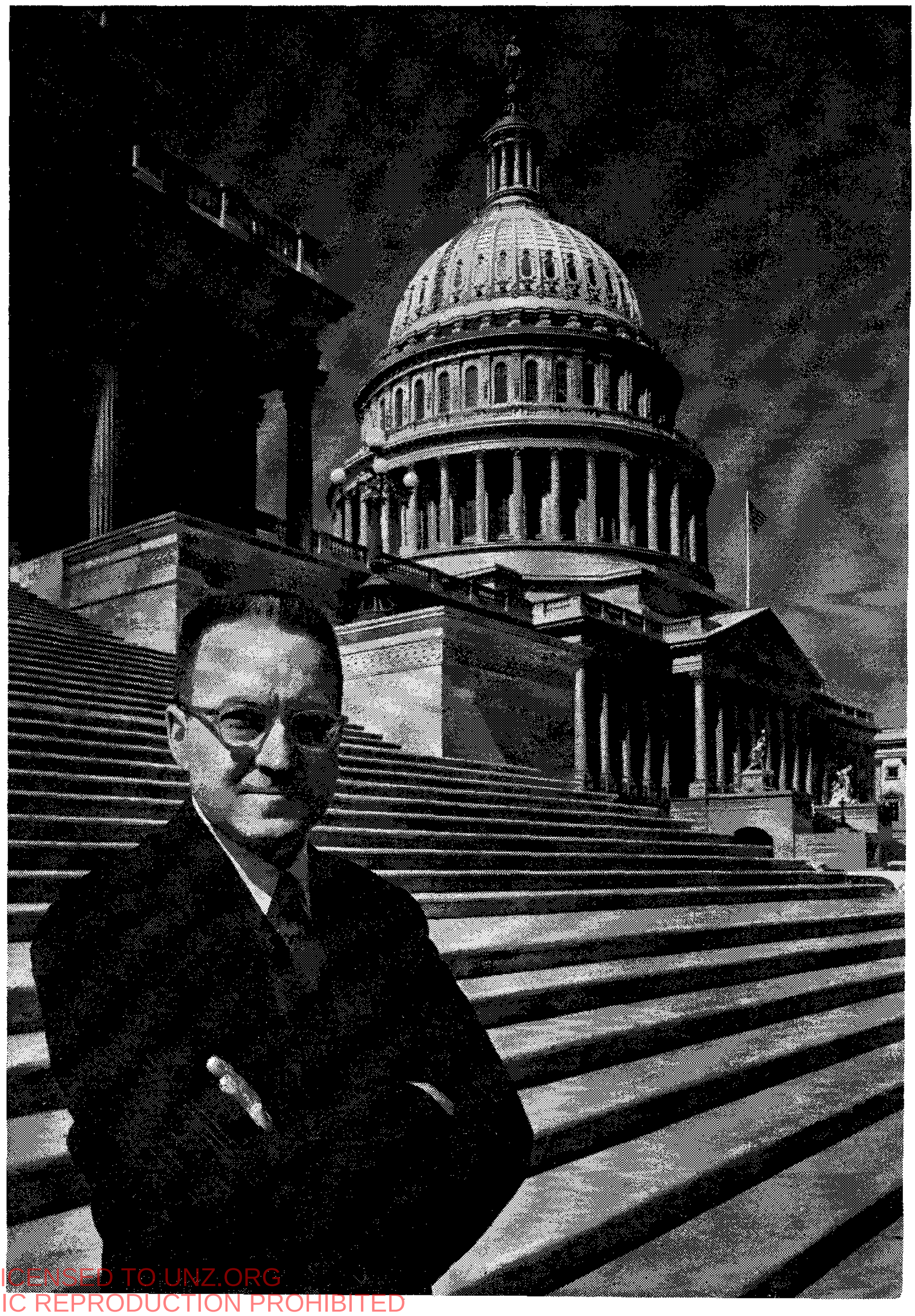

Arnold Newman

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When the Nazis struck Russia in 1941, Wally Carroll was on the first British convoy that carried aid to the Russians. He covered the defense of Moscow, won a National Headliners Club award.

Returning to London in 1942 by way of the Far East – he was one of the first correspondents to tour Pearl Harbor after the Japanese attack – he became London director of the Office of War Information, special assistant to the U. S. Ambassador, special advisor in psychological warfare to General Eisenhower. In 1944 he went to Washington as deputy director of the OWI's overseas branch, later served as consultant to the Army and the State Department.

His book "Persuade or Perish," published in 1948, is regarded as the definitive report of U. S. psychological warfare in Europe. In 1949 he became executive news editor of the Winston-Salem (N. C.) Journal and Twin City Sentinel. In 1955 he joined The New York Times.

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hand and the biscuit plate in the other, and gravely and decorously assumed the place at our table that was his from that day forth.

"I'M bound to tell you the whole story, since you ask it, Ma'am," Unc said to Annie. "Oh, they had some trouble in this house, and that's the truth!" He paused and winced and sighed at the prospect of bringing what he knew to light, and then, under Annie's unrelenting stare, he began.

"My ole daddy was the one tole me. He worked this place for Cleaver from the time he was a boy till the day he died. Eighty years back, Cleaver had a thousand acre here, and this house was called the Manse. Well, Cleaver married him a gal from town, and when Miz Cleaver first come out here, she set her heart to have a young'un. My daddy say she always was a quiet one, but when years go by and she don't get a baby, she take to setting and staring. By and by, she tell Cleaver she don't expect to live long if she can't have a chile to love.

"Well, sir, Cleaver bring her home a fancy little dog one day, and Miz Cleaver carry that pup all around, and walk it in the lane tied with a ribbon, and feed it at table, and hug on it and squeeze on it, and put it to sleep at night on a pillow beside her. So one summer evening Cleaver come in the parlor, and he can make out Miz Cleaver setting with that pup in her lap, and when he light the lamp, he can see that the dog's neck is twisted halfway around. Miz Cleaver just look up at him and give him a smile, and say, 'I guess I must have loved the poor thing to death.' "

Unc said that one day, soon after the dog died, Mrs. Cleaver noticed the youngest son of one of her husband's tenants—a man named Gordon—and she decided she wanted that boy to raise. So Mr. Cleaver went to Gordon and offered to let him live rent free the rest of his life if only he would let Mrs. Cleaver have the boy to bring up. Gordon saw it was for the best, right away, but at first the boy's mother took on and screeched and yelled. However, she finally let him go to Mrs. Cleaver.

"Once she got him, would she let that chile out her sight?" Unc said. "No, *sir!* She say she know his ma mean to steal him back some night. So she feed him herself, and tote him in her arms—big boy, five, six years old—and set him in a little gocart and pull him up and down the lane. She dress him fine, and let his yellow hair grow, and curl it up. First, that chile

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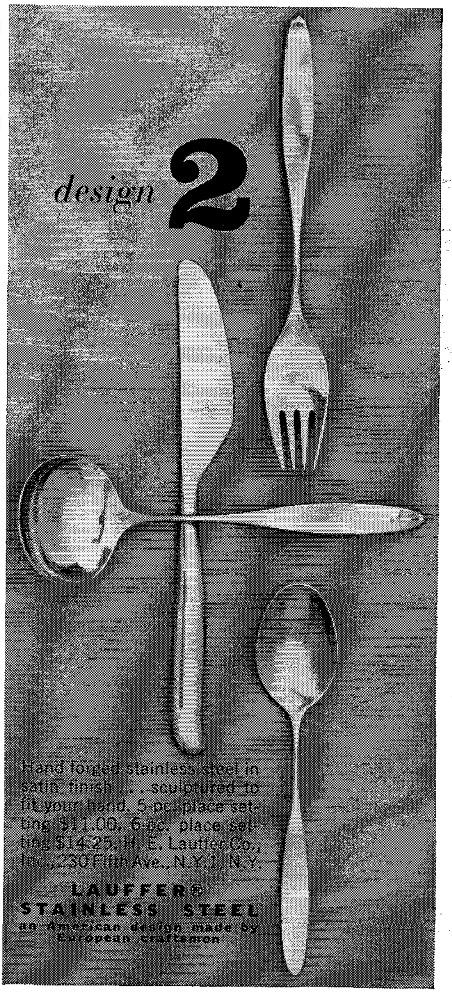

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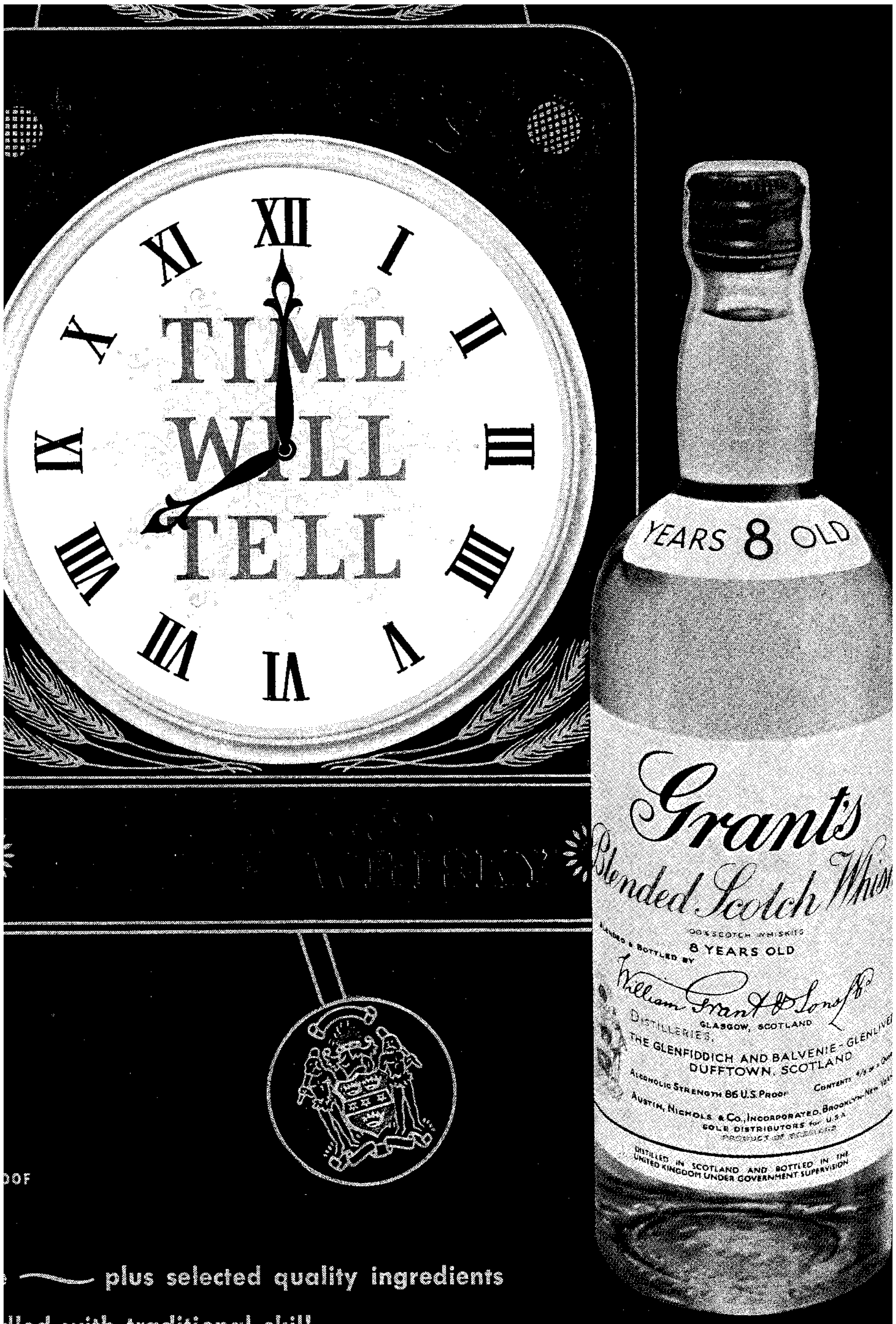
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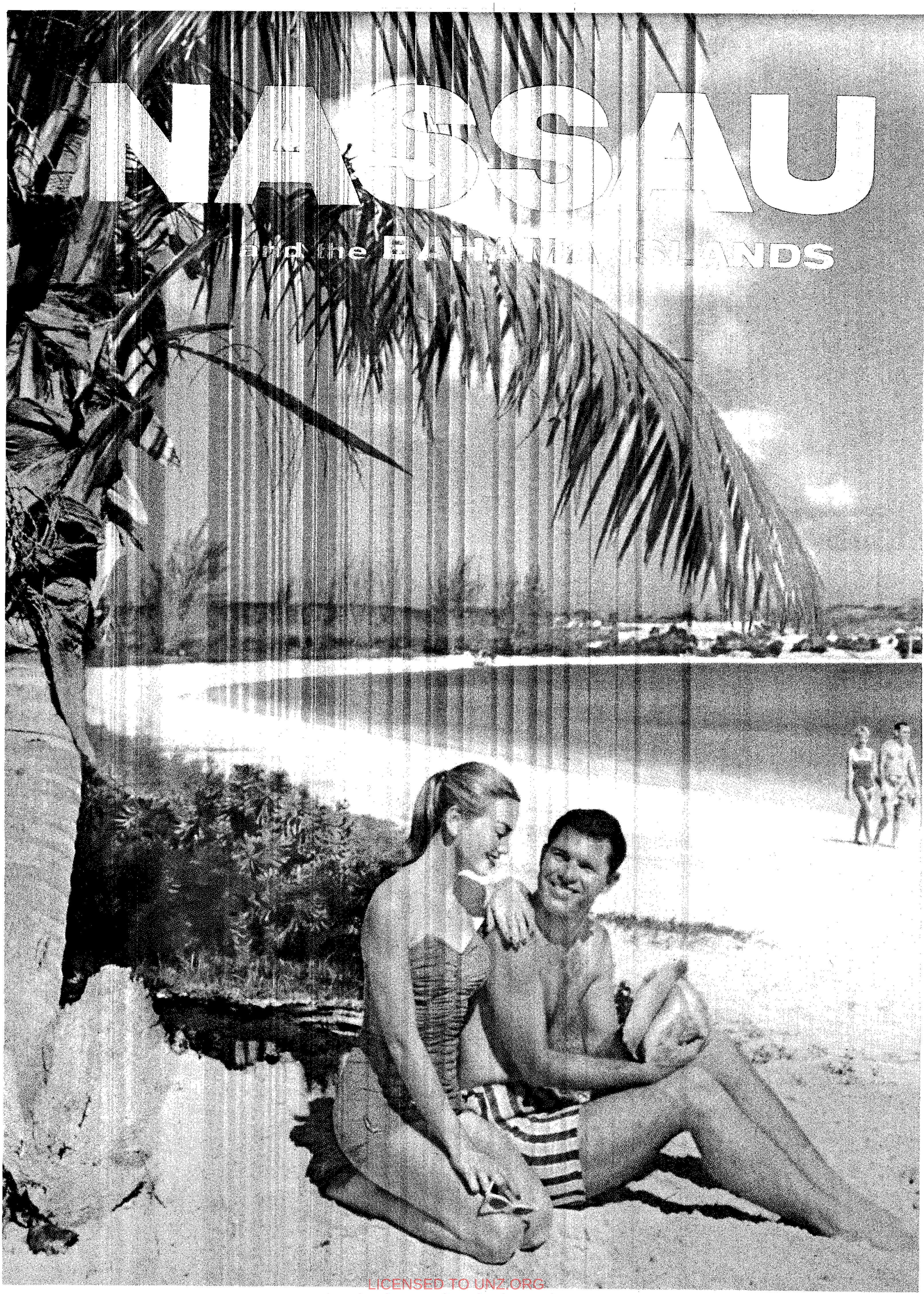
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just kick and fuss at her, but then he quiet down and get to where he seem to like it.

"One day, Miz Gordon come to the door. Miz Cleaver open a upstairs window and call down what do *she* want? 'I dreamed my boy was sick,' Miz Gordon say. 'I want to see him.' Well, Miz Cleaver bring the boy wrapped up in a blanket, with his head on her shoulder, to the window. His ma give a squawk to see him, and she shake her fist and holler, 'What you done to him? I'm going get the law!' But when Miz Cleaver hear what Miz Gordon say, she lean out the window and give Miz Gordon a funny smile. 'Oh, you shouldn't try to take him from me,' she say, and with that she shut the window."

Unc placed his small black hands before him on the table. His nails were as round and silver as ten full moons. "That very night," he said, lowering his voice suddenly, "that very night my daddy's in his cabin when Cleaver come pounding on his door. He pull my daddy outside in the dark, put his hands on his shoulders, and say, 'I need you, boy! You help me now, and you won't be sorry after.' Then they dig a hole. That's all my daddy tole me. Don't ask me where. Next morning, Cleaver hitch up the buggy, and he's off down the road to Gordons', and gone the whole day long, and by and by it come out how Gordon's got the deed to his fifty acres. And my daddy say it was wonderful the way them Gordons commence to prosper. But after that night nobody seen that boy again. Cleaver give out how he was took with a sudden fever and died, and they had to bury him quick, on account of its being catching. And it ain't but a month till they take Miz Cleaver down the stairs from her room in a box." He folded his hands. "And that's about it, ladies," he said.

Annie shifted irritably in her seat. "What you mean, that's about it? How she come to die?"

"Why, Ma'am, at the time some folks let on that Miz Gordon fixed a curse on Miz Cleaver so she couldn't swallow food. All my daddy tole me is that the gals in the kitchen say every tray they sent up full come down same way. They say she died looking mighty thin."

Annie cleared her throat. "You say folks seen her after she was dead?"

"Time and time," Unc said solemnly. "Last family lived here, some five years back, she worry them something awful." He suddenly leaned toward Annie, put his mouth against her ear,

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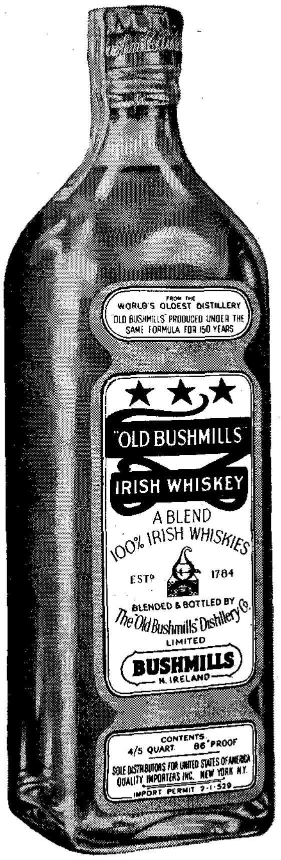
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and whispered "They had *kids*. It's young'uns she's after."

Annie gave him a terrible look, and then turned to see if I had heard him. Of course I had, and into my mind, disquietingly, there rushed the memory of my fairy. "I saw something once, in my room," I blurted, and I told them about my beautiful night visitor.

When I was through, Annie squeezed my arm fiercely. "The good Lord was watching when he sent your ma up to your room that night!" she cried. "That was no fairy, chile! That was Miz Cleaver, sure! Didn't you feel how she was luring you? Didn't you have no sense of *danger*?"

Danger was the last thing in the world I had thought of that night. I decided it was a mistake not to have kept my lady to myself. "Listen, honey," Annie said. "She was fixing to pull you over the edge. Over the *edge*, don't you see?"

Unwilling to concede that, I turned away from Annie and closed my eyes. But against my lids, as I pressed them tight, I caught one brief glimpse of the lady's face, and I saw, as I had not before, her blank, unreflecting eyes, and her bare smile showing all her teeth down to their forked roots. I knew then that all the time I had been trying to prevent her escape, she had indeed been drawing me to the brink.

At that moment, we heard Mother's car turning off the highway into our lane, and the three of us scattered as expertly as if we had been rehearsed. When Mother came in the back door a minute later, she found Unc seated at his little table, holding a fork in one fist and a knife in the other, like a good, patient child waiting for his dinner. Annie was moving about near the stove, preoccupied and out of sorts. I was reaching into a cupboard to get the plates for the dining-room table, which it was my regular chore to set.

UNC's joining Annie and me that afternoon had been so invigorating that we could scarcely wait until the next one, and from then on, our daily sessions ended only with Mother's return. If she saw anything suspicious in the three of us being in the kitchen together night after night, she never said so, but she was not a person to stoop to obtain evidence by sidelong glances. Whenever she entered a room, she looked straight ahead with a proud, frank gaze, and she was absolutely blind in the gray periphery of vision, where you find the significant things happening.

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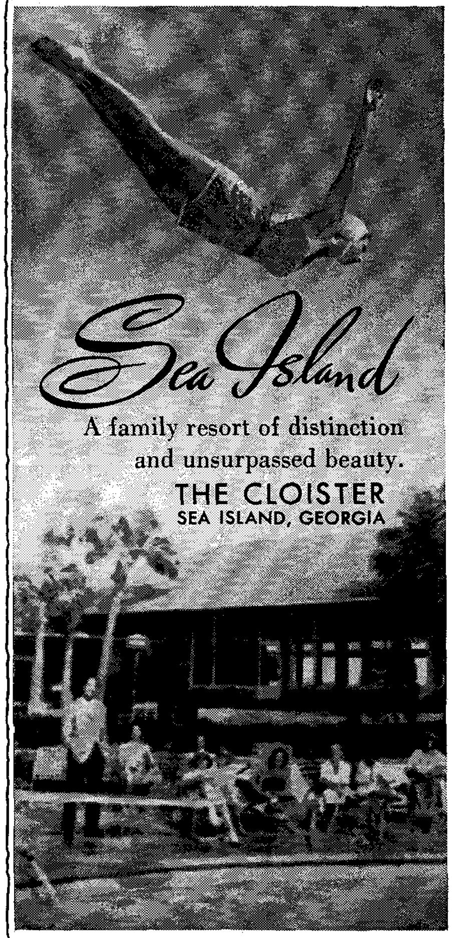

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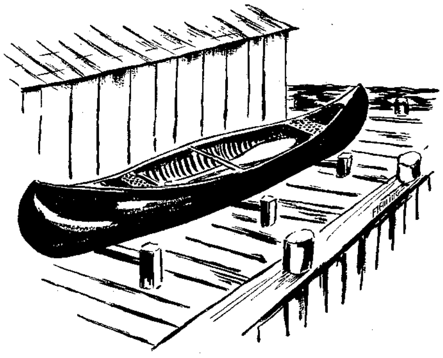
How can you *breathe*?" she invariably said as she came stamping in the back door.

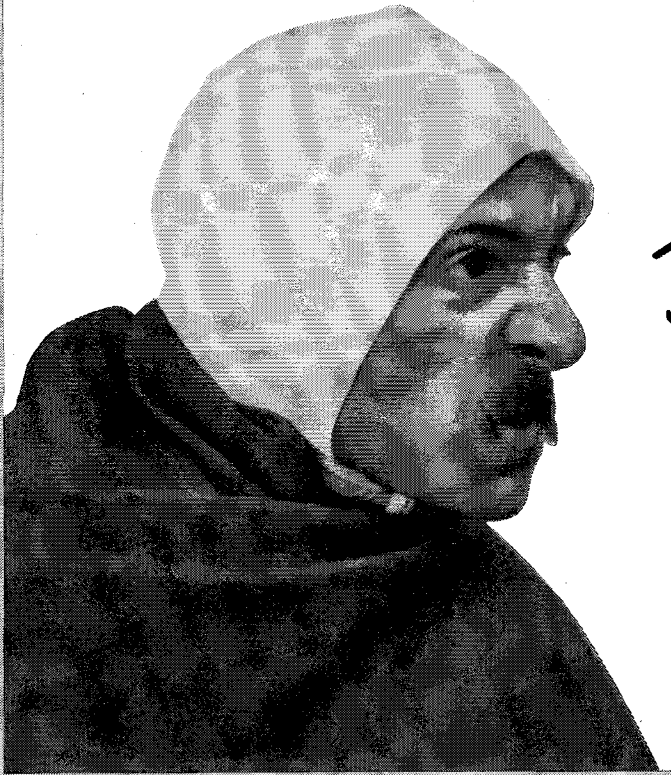
Of course it was hot in the kitchen. We liked it that way. No matter how fiery Annie's oven grew, we were certainly not going to open the door into the front of the house, where my piano squatted in the shadows, or the back door, either, which kept out the unfriendly country dark. And, above all, we were not going to open the door to the cellar steps, where Mrs. Cleaver liked to come and sit each afternoon (attracted by our voices) and press one eye against the keyhole.

With her coat off and over her arm, Mother would soon leave the kitchen and go into the dining room. Then we would hear her intrepidly crossing the black front hall, where she never bothered to turn on a light. After a moment, we could generally count on hearing her call back from the living room, in a tone of controlled exasperation, "Unc! Could I *please* have a little *kindling* in here?"

"Yes, *Ma'am!*" Unc always answered, with exaggerated eagerness. Then, with the swagger of a hero coming out to face a firing squad, he would stroll to the cellar door and swing it boldly back, and Annie and I would stare into the horrid shadows beyond. We never actually caught Mrs. Cleaver on the landing, though. She had always scuttled below, gnashing her teeth, at the sound of Mother's car on the gravel outside.

ONE April morning, as I was going down the stairs from the third floor on my way to breakfast, I heard my mother call. When I opened her bedroom door, which was on the second-floor landing, I found her still in her tester bed. Now, it was inconceivable to me that she should be ill. Never in all my life had I seen Mother in bed in broad daylight. Therefore I refused to permit the sight to penetrate my mind, and merely leaned in the doorway surveying her. She said hoarsely, "I must have caught a little chill, gardening in





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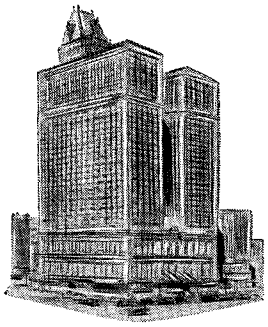

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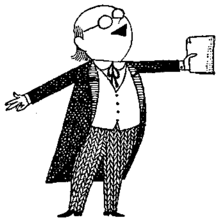

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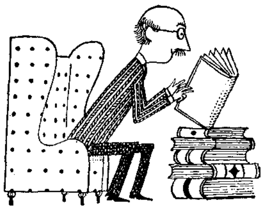

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the rain. You'll have to get the bus to town, I'm afraid."

I nodded, and went on downstairs. When Annie came into the dining room, bringing two glasses of orange juice, I remarked that Mother had decided not to get up. Our eyes met, and we quickly looked away, each of us uneasy at the alarm she saw in the other. "*Well*," Annie said after a brief pause, "I'm surely glad she's resting! I *know* she's been fighting a cold all week." And, talking brightly to herself in this vein, she retired to the kitchen.

Without going upstairs again, I grabbed my jacket and books and ran out to catch the bus. As soon as I was aboard, I forgot all about Mother, wedged myself comfortably into the seat, with my knees against the back of the one ahead, and fell to daydreaming. When I walked in the back door that afternoon, the first thing I saw was Annie in a chair with her apron over her face. "She's gone," Annie's voice said, behind the apron. "Doctor come this morning. Took her to the hospital in his car, say to me, 'Don't dress her, Annie! Jes throw a blanket round!' Oh, chile, chile! Jes a blanket round her shoulders, and off she goes!"

"Afternoon, ladies!" came Unc's meek voice from the doorway. "It's a sorrowful day for all of us, and that's the truth!"

He was coming in as usual for his tea and comfort, but at the sound of his voice Annie snatched down her apron, and I saw her reddened eyes bulging with fury. "What *you* doing here, ole man?" she said. "Ain't you got work to do? Can't get my own work done without you flopping into my kitchen ever' time I look around!"

She stood up and took a menacing step toward him, but he was already slinking out the door. For a while, she paced the kitchen, muttering and hitting her palms together, and then she spied her pail and mop in a corner. She went and snatched them up. "Come on!" she said to me. "Help me pile up these chairs! Can't you see I'm about to scrub my floor?"

So I helped turn all the kitchen chairs upside down on the table—a ritual I had never before observed. It had always been Annie's practice just to slide the mop casually under the kitchen table and nudge the chairs out of the way with it as she went. Now, she took her house slippers off and went strenuously to work.

When the floor was finished, she leaned on her mop handle, looking assuaged. Then she noticed me, perched on a shelf, with my feet pulled up, and

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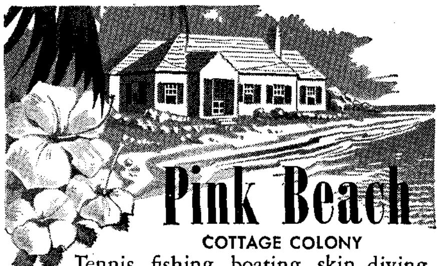

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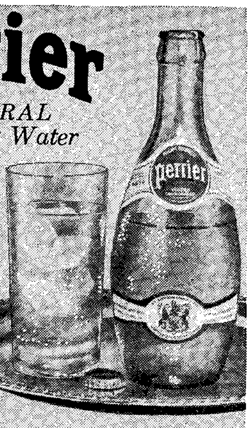

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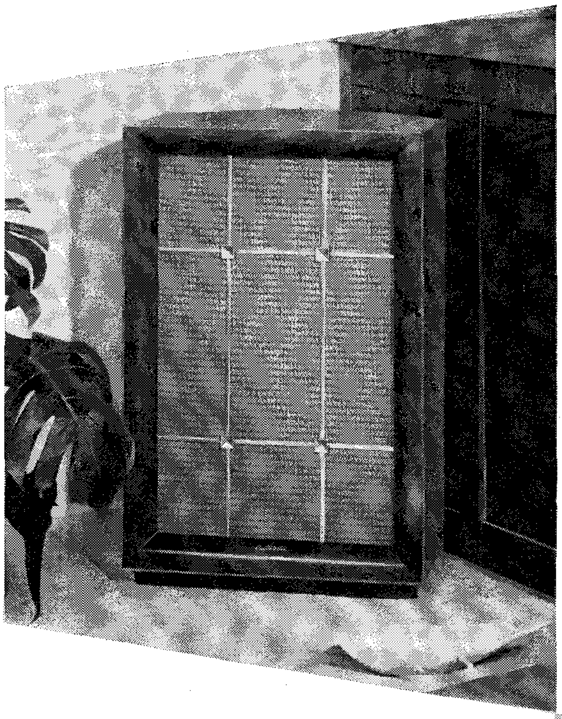
all her own anxiety returned at the sight of my long face. She took a few nimble, barefoot hops—in spite of her size, she was very light on her feet—across the glistening floor to where she had set her slippers on a stool. "Believe I'll fetch up some picklepeach for your supper."

She thrust her feet into her slippers, and no sooner had she started for the cellar door than I jumped off my shelf and followed. Though our haunted cellar was the last place I wanted to go, I needed to stay close to Annie.

Downstairs, we safely skirted Mrs. Cleaver's stone on our way to the cold closet. But when we started back, Annie, now holding several Mason jars, her forehead puckered with thought, made straight for that part of the floor. Just as one of her feet was about to set itself squarely upon the Hell trap, I shoved her violently aside. If Annie was swallowed, I would be utterly lost; Unc and I could never carry on alone. When she had caught her balance, she turned to me. "Martha, I got no time to fool with your spooks today!" she said ferociously, and, oddly, I was glad of her anger. Without Mother to stiffen all our spines, Annie—though she was frightened, too—was the only one who could keep the oven hot and full, and bully Unc and me out of absolute despair.

On the way up to the kitchen, I was unaccountably seized with a violent urge to practice. I darted past Annie's bulk, my fingers itching to be on the keys, and it was only after I had reached the piano and begun to play that I realized what had brought on my sudden conversion; it was the conviction that nothing would happen to my mother as long as I was at the piano.

MY mother was in the hospital with pneumonia for two weeks. She had been delirious when she got there. The doctor stopped in at the house a few times to see how we were getting on, and after the crisis of her illness was past, she had a nurse telephone us several times to inquire about us. During all this time, I did little when I was home but practice. I cared not a pin for my "pieces"—"The Ruins of Athens" and "Sounds from the Ball"—but, in a perfect ecstasy, fell upon the very scales and exercises that I had always found intolerably arduous and senseless. And during this period Annie and Unc and I did not once meet around the kitchen table. Unc was still sulking as a result of Annie's outburst, I was always practicing, and Annie had undertaken to wash down the walls of the kitchen,



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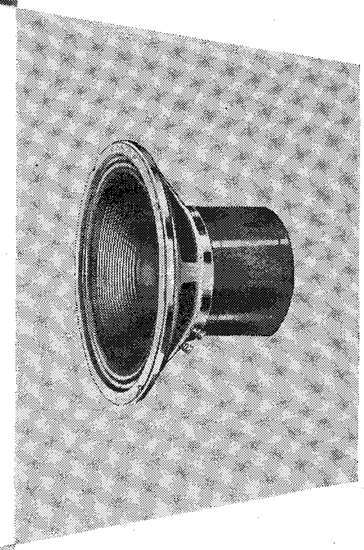

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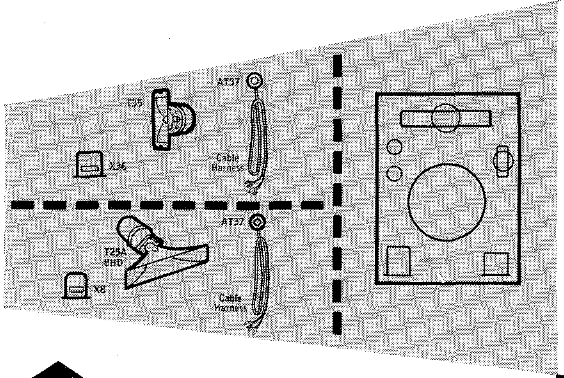

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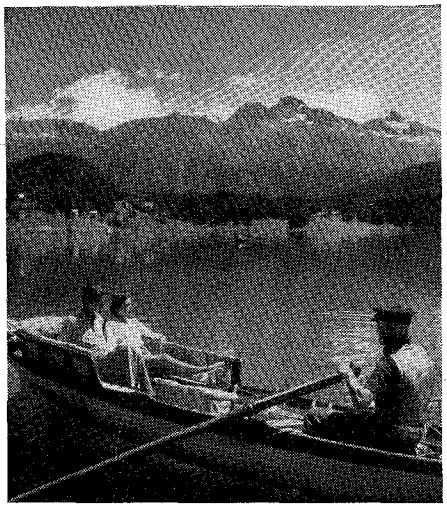

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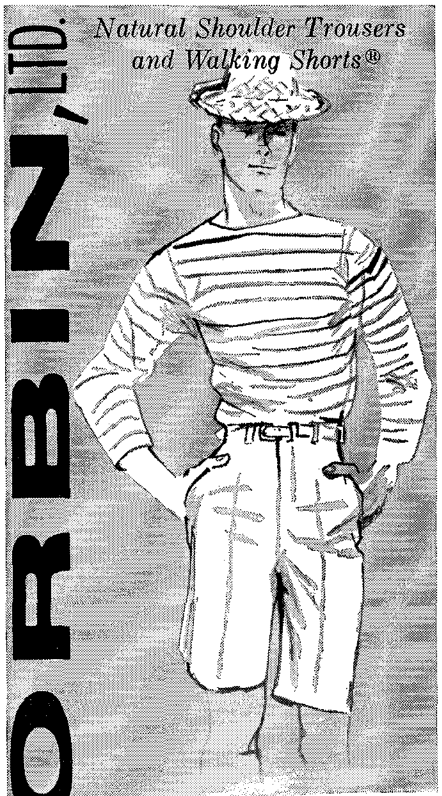

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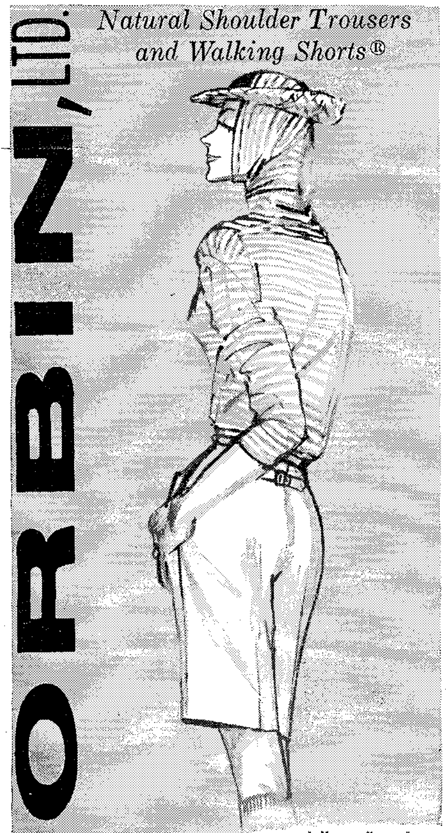
pantry, and back hall, which were high, rough, and larded with at least a decade of grease and soot.

On the fourteenth day after Mother was taken to the hospital, she called up and told Annie to pack her suit and coat at once and send Unc in the car to get her. When we heard the car returning, late in the afternoon, Annie and I rushed to the window and saw that Mother herself was driving and Unc was sitting in the rear. At this sight, we both began to giggle, and Annie patted my back spasmodically.

Mother came in the kitchen door, Unc following with her bag, and I scanned her face for some sign of suffering, some weakening or loosening of her resolute spirit. But though her color was less florid and her form, beneath her old brown coat, was a little spare, these things were no more than a fining down, a tightening and compression, of her force. There was not a hint of decay or defeat, nothing but triumph and resurrection in her aspect. After she had stood in the kitchen for a few minutes, asking Annie questions about the household, she announced in her businesslike way, "Well, they tell me I must rest, so I'll get right at it." She took her suitcase from Unc and started toward the dining-room door. There she paused. "I'll eat whatever is on the stove, Annie," she said. "I nearly starved, away from your cooking." She went on out the door and upstairs.

Unc began to sidle toward the back door, easing past Annie, but she was watching him, and when he put his hand on the knob, she called out, "Hey! Where you going, ole man? Set and rest." And in a moment the three of us had resumed our old, ceremonial places around the kitchen table.

Soon Annie got up and softly shut the door to the dining room, which Mother had left ajar, and the air in the kitchen began to thicken richly. Unc told us how Mother had refused to ride in the wheelchair that the hospital people insisted must take her to the car. He said a red-faced nurse had had to push it empty down the hall behind her. We grew very merry in the stifling room, obliged to suppress our laughter lest Mother hear us, but quite unable to contain the resurgent sense of her strong protection and our delicious license. On the cellars steps, behind the door, Mrs. Cleaver came once more and crouched to fit her eye against the keyhole, but we smiled to think of her there in limbo. We were as brave as three fat lions sprawled under a tree and watched by a shivering jackal, for from above we heard at intervals, muted but still



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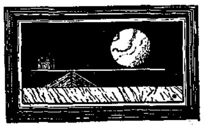

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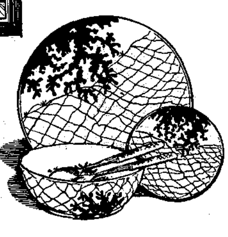

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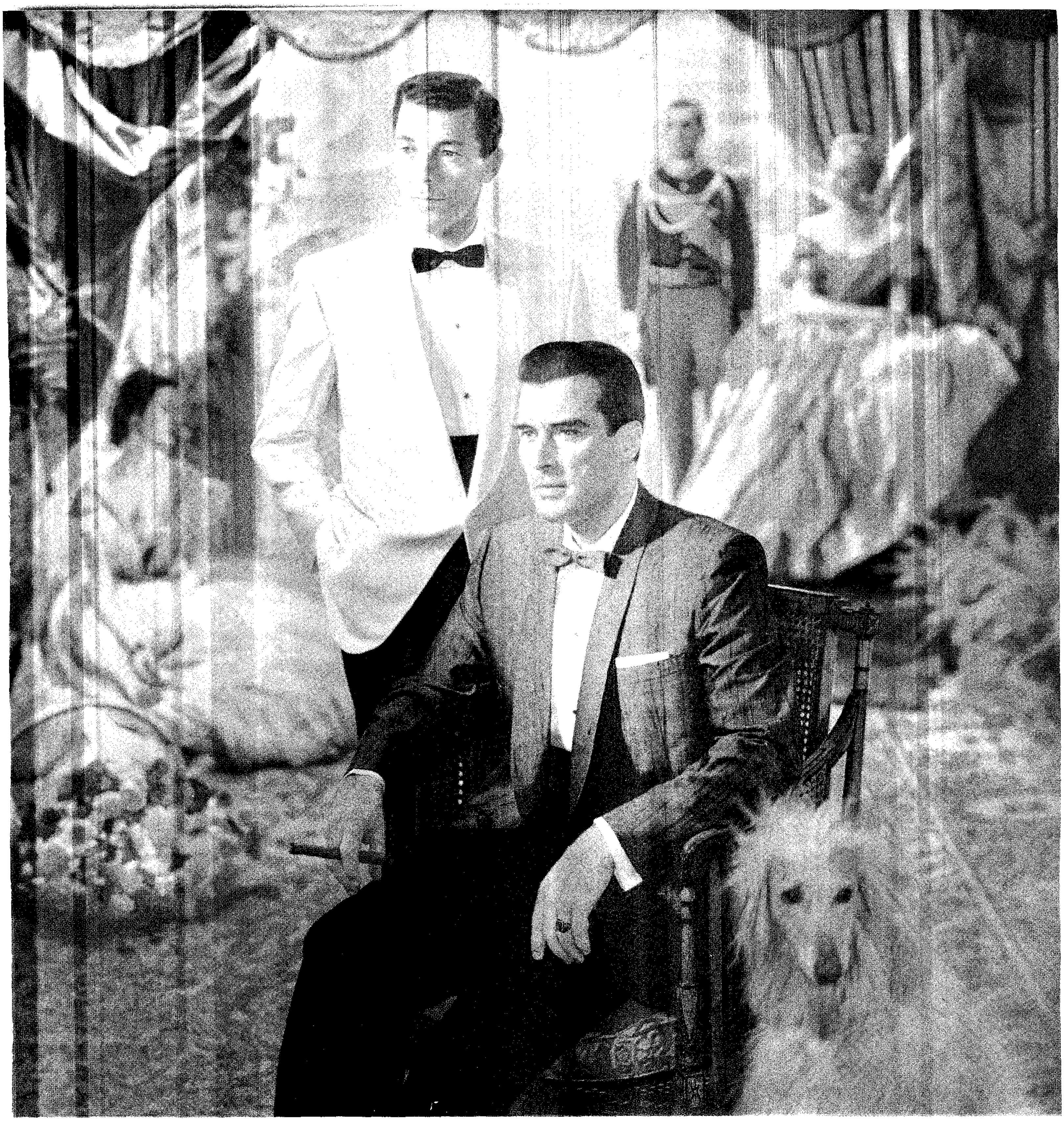

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sharp, the stern report of Mother's cough.

AFTER the three of us had eaten supper, Annie fixed a tray for me to take upstairs. "Do I *have* to?" I grumbled. Now that Mother was restored to us, it was enough to be aware of her presence in the distance; I had no wish to approach it. But Annie pursed her lips and put the tray into my hands, and I grudgingly accepted it and carried it upstairs.

My mother was sitting straight up in her bed. She took the tray from me and set it across her knees. "Sit here beside me," she said.

I let myself down as carefully as I could, and all the dishes on the tray quaked horribly. And then, as I had feared, there was nothing to talk about. I looked intently at the tall bureau standing between two windows across the room. "How did you three make out while I was gone?" Mother asked, at last.

"Oh, fine," I said. "Swell! Everything went O.K."

"Poor Martha," Mother said awkwardly. "I must have given you a real scare—so soon after Daddy. But I'm all right now—perfectly all right." I saw her hand coming slowly toward my own, which I clenched on the blanket. It seemed to me I could feel her grit her teeth and force her hand by sheer will through the painful barrier that separated us. Heavily, it came down over mine, and she pressed my fingers and looked earnestly at my face. It was clear that she was waiting for me to say something. I thought angrily of Annie, who had made me come up here. Unable to understand what Mother wanted from me, shamefully aware of my failure to come up to the mark, I felt that every instant carried us closer to some irredeemable debacle. Then Mother suddenly released my hand and said brusquely, "I haven't heard you practice yet."

Gratefully, I sprang up and hurried out the door and down the stairs. I paused when I got to the foot of them. A bar of light shone under the kitchen door, at the far end of the darkened dining room, and I could make out the faint sputter of laughter. I went into the living room and practiced vehemently until bedtime, and then, purified and tranquil, I turned off the lights and went back into the hall. No laughter now but a familiar, contented whine of voices came from the kitchen. It occurred to me that Annie and Unc didn't miss me in the least, as they let their small, silly sorrows run

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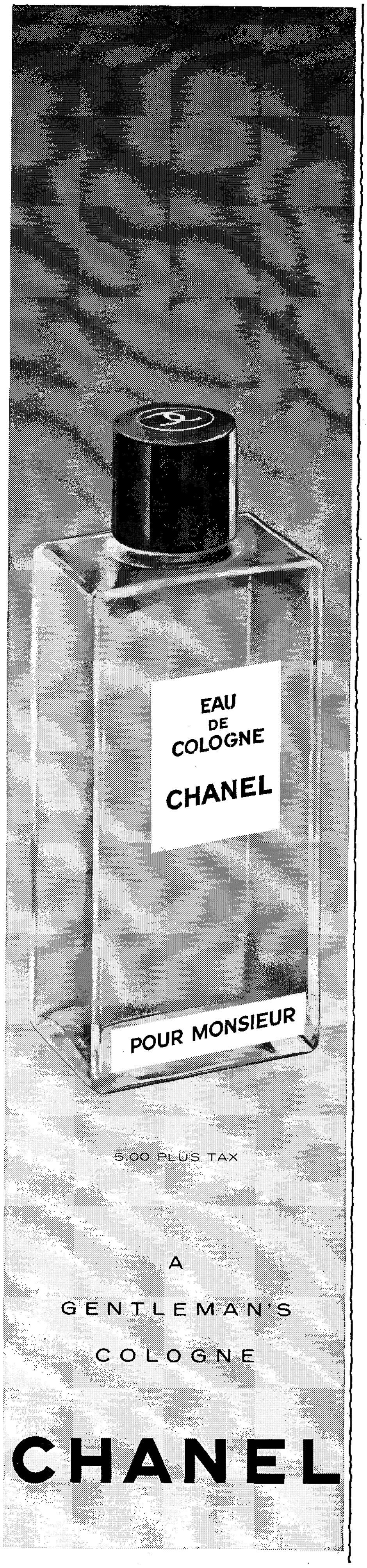

on and on, and I found that I had no wish to go back and join them. Already the hours I had spent with them seemed wasted. Upstairs, my mother cleared her throat loudly and called, "Are you coming up, Martha?"

I went up and found her sitting exactly as before. At the sight of me on the landing outside her doorway, she smiled benevolently. "I can hear real progress in your music," she said. "I'm proud of you. I believe you're at last discovering the rewards of hard work." She lifted her hand and extended it toward me, but I, unequal to accepting the splendid, sudden gift of her approval, could only stand there stupidly smiling, until she let her hand fall—a gesture I took for benediction and dismissal. I said "Good night—good night," and went up the stairs to my room. There, a little later, I lay with the door open, listening in the dark to my mother's intermittent cough—a cough in which there was nothing hectic or pitiful but which was, instead, a series of rich explosions in our silent house, like a succession of celebrant rockets. I knew it was an admonishment to any dark and tempting spirit to creep up the stairs no farther than her landing, so I closed my eyes in peace, sure that sleep was safe now, and that the sound had warned Mrs. Cleaver out of my dreams for good.

—MARY NASH

• •

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Too free with fists	Resorts to physical means of winning his point or attracting attention
Could stand more baths Dirty Has bad odor	Needs guidance in development of good habits of hygiene
Lies	Shows difficulty in distinguishing between imaginary and factual material
Cheats	Needs help in learning to adhere to rules and standards of fair play
Steals	Needs help in learning to respect the property rights of others
Insolent	Needs guidance in learning to express himself respectfully
Lazy	Needs ample supervision in order to work well
Rude	Needs to develop a respectful attitude toward others
Dishonest	See either Lies or Steals, depending on what is meant
Selfish	Needs help in learning to enjoy sharing with others
Coarse	Needs assistance in developing social refinement
Noisy	Needs to develop quieter habits of communication
Has disgusting eating habits	Needs help in improving table manners
Is a bully	Has qualities of leadership but needs help in learning to use them democratically
Babyish	Shows lack of maturity in relationships with others
Associates with "gangs"	Seems to feel secure only in group situations; needs to develop a sense of independence
Disliked by other children	Needs help in learning to form lasting friendships
Often late	Needs guidance in developing habits of punctuality
Is truant	Needs to develop sense of responsibility in regard to attendance

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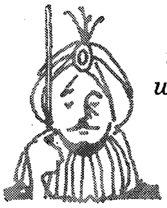

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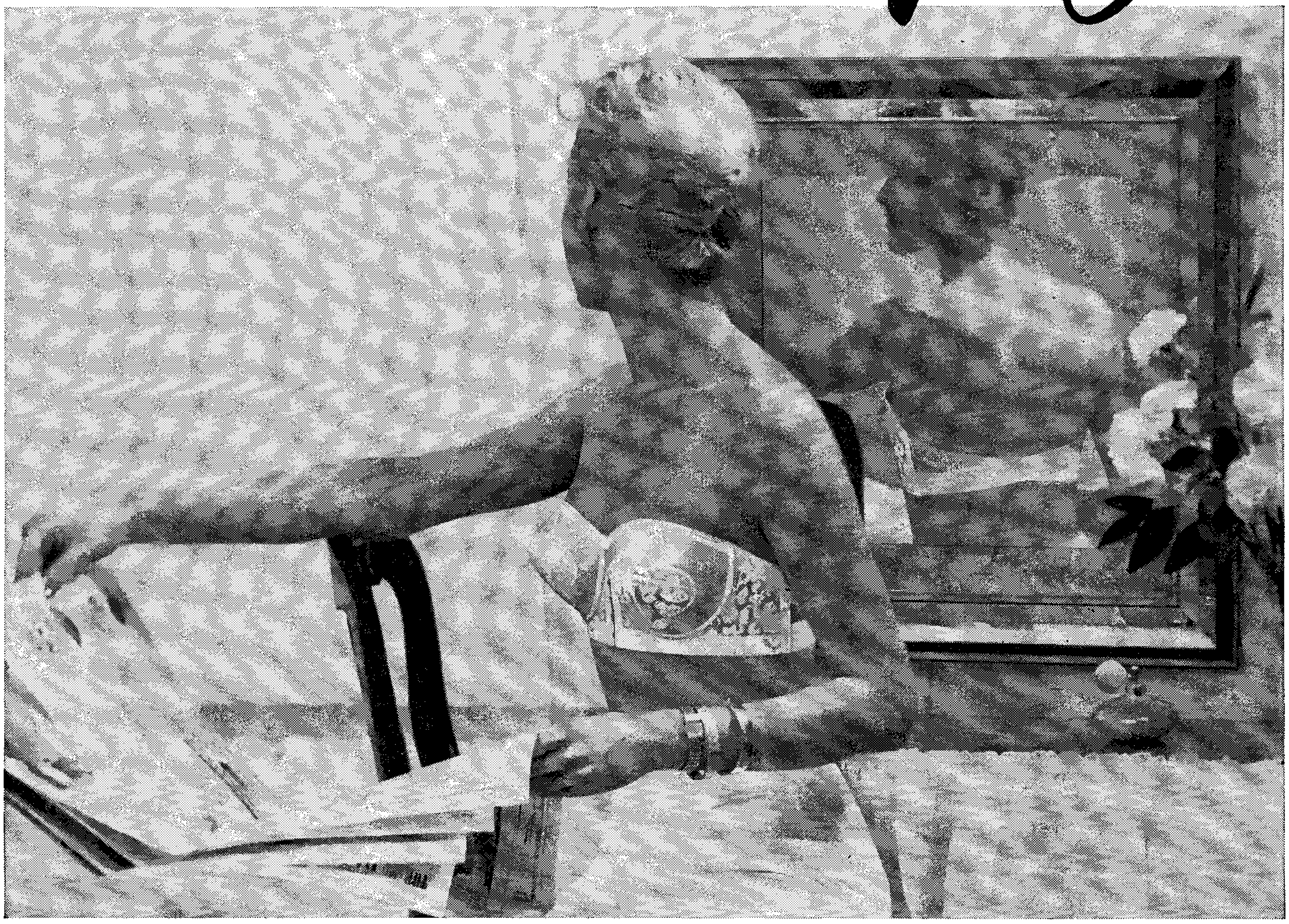

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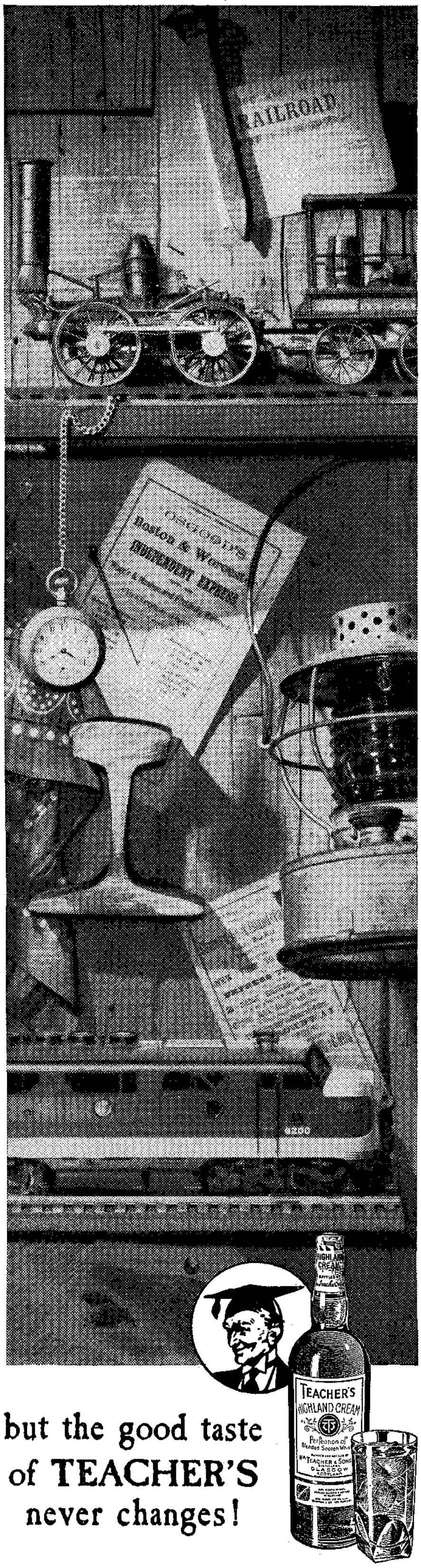
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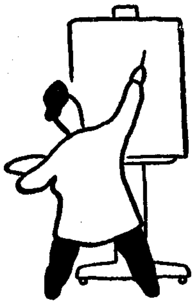

WHEN Jack Levine began exhibiting in New York—as I recall, it was around 1940—he was in his early twenties, but he attracted attention almost immediately, both for the forcefulness of his work and for the originality of its outlook. Darkly Expressionist and curiously distorted in style, it portrayed what I remember calling the "fire and brimstone" side of the city. It was Joyce's "nighttown" modernized, or Soutine transported to the American metropolis, with its wasted and vaguely evil faces peering from a lurid phantasmagoria of nocturnal street façades, and it seemed likely to establish Levine as a disturbingly perceptive, if perhaps a bit melodramatic, commentator on the seamier aspects of the contemporary city.

Like a good many other honest artists, Levine achieved this quickly won reputation only to discard it. His first trip to Europe, a few years afterward, apparently opened his eyes wider than ever to the broader, more smoothly integrated philosophic attitudes and the more highly refined painting styles of the Old Masters—particularly, I should say, of Rubens and Rembrandt—and perhaps because of this his work has since then undergone a gradual transformation that, if it has at times robbed him of some of his early fluency, has also contributed to his development as a mature artist. What he retained, fortunately, was his deep sense of social responsibility. Levine has always felt that he must use his art, if only obliquely, as a form of commentary, and this attitude appears again, though less aggressively, in the current showing, at the Alan. I also noticed what seemed to me the beginning of a return to his wryly moralistic point of view, now more muted and less melodramatic.

The main focus of the collection, at any rate (and it's not a big one—only eight oils and a small group of drawings), is a canvas called "Medicine Show," a street scene of a crowd before a medicine tent. It is not the largest painting in the show, but it is the most carefully conceived and executed, and I take it to be, in a sense, another of Levine's "summing-up" pictures, like his "Gangster's Funeral," of a few years back, in which he tries to suggest one aspect of contemporary society by portraying it at a somehow revealing moment of its activities. The present specimen is nowhere near so elaborately developed or so profound in its implications. But for all its superficial lightness—the girl in red toreador pants with her sailor boy friend, the tough guy, and the others in the crowd, all dominated by the fancy-shirted, sharp-faced barker—it has some of the same tense, uneasy atmosphere and slightly sinister suggestion.

"The Turnkey," a rather elliptically named study of Franco in full military regalia, sitting moodily in an exquisitely bourgeois interior, is a good deal more direct in its commentary, and—with its subtle tonalities of soft grays and browns—an adroit piece of painting. "Susanna as a Charro," a portrait of the artist's daughter in Mexican costume, and done almost entirely in blacks and grays, is handsome, too, and there are a couple of others—"Show Girl" and a study of two performers waiting their turn in the wings, called "Thirty-five Minutes from Times Square," to indicate that the artist has been prowling the burlesque shows of New Jersey in search of material. I liked, as well, "Medicine Show III," a small study for the final version of this particular theme, and his painting throughout has a textural richness and depth well beyond what he once commanded. Most of all, one feels oneself in contact with a mind that is not only constantly observing but thoughtfully considering the world around it.

HANS JAENISCH, a newcomer from Germany, whose works are on view at the Kleemann, is in almost all respects a quite different proposition. Now fifty and a professor at the Berlin Art Academy, he was in his youth a student at the Bauhaus and exhibited with Nolde, Barlach, and others of the modernist Der Sturm group in Berlin, and his work, which runs to small pieces, fancifully abstract in nature, represents a curious but not unattractive blend of these and other impulses. There are touches of Miró and still more of Klee and Kandinsky, while I found in his angular, elongated figures and stylized patterns suggestions of such wildly disparate influences as the comic artists of the *Simplicissimus* and *Kladderadatsch* period (Feininger, after all, was one of them) and the drawings of the American Plains Indians. My reference to the Indian drawings is not so farfetched as it may seem, for Jaenisch was a prisoner of war in Arizona. The mélange in general is not such a hodgepodge as it may appear in my recital, either. Though the work is far from profound, it is certainly carefree, and a number of the pieces—like "Cardinal's Hats," with its briskly simplified forms; the lively "Young Rooster;" and the squat, playful "Toads"—are attractively handled. Jaenisch's weakness is his color, which runs to the slightly drab or (as in "Bathing Scene") to the almost raucous. But even here there are exceptions, among them his charmingly blue "Unicorn" and the luminous "Rivals." I admired, too, his somewhat Miró-ish but spirited "Soap-Bubble Blower," as well as the bright, kite-shaped "Angel."

THE National Association of Women Artists is celebrating its sixty-fifth Annual in the galleries of the National Academy. Despite their corporate age, the ladies' level of accomplishment is high, and their attack lively and youthful. Especially in the sculpture section, they display a verve and a technical inventiveness surpassing that of their masculine counterparts in the Academy (which, of course, is a hundred and thirty-two), and I noted a number of excellent pieces—among them Ruth Vodicka's rhythmic bronze "Exodus," Anita Weschler's well-balanced group called "The Road," and Lily Ente's smooth, abstract "The Shell." Among the oils, as might be expected nowadays, the tendency is toward Expressionism, plus occasional dips into the abstract side of the school. But there are essays—not at all tentative ones, either—into Surrealism and pure abstraction, and the range is both wide and adventurous. I liked, among many others, Dorothy Ferriss's cool, nicely textured "Interior;" Mabel Scott Georgi's well-handled and slightly Hopperesque cityscape, "Skyline;" Ruth Winter's semi-abstract harborside scene called "Seascape;" and the dashingly Expressionist "Still Life," by Olivia Kahn.

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LETTER FROM COPENHAGEN

IF a city can be said to possess a highly individual nature, like a ship, then Copenhagen may be the happiest city in Europe. The Danes, naturally enough, are the first to say what a wonderful place this is, but their feeling goes considerably deeper than the customary national pride in a capital. In fact, they come close to a kind of worship of Copenhagen. This feeling extends beyond an appreciation of the city's natural charms, which seem to have survived intact from the stories of Hans Christian Andersen—its rows of multicolored houses on crooked, ancient streets and interlacing canals; its numerous palaces and parks; and its citizens' cheerful, almost childlike capacity for pleasure—and includes worship of coziness. *Hygge*, the Danish word for this quality, is an indispensable part of the language, and is commonly applied to people and behavior as well as to places and things. The cozy mood of Copenhagen is quickly discerned by the visitor, who within a few hours of his arrival is apt to feel that he has been in town for weeks. The sidewalks are filled with smiling, *hyggelige* people, who keep lifting their hats to each other and who look at a stranger with an expression that indicates they wish they knew him well enough to lift their hats to him, too. Like Americans, Danes are almost ingenuous in their desire to be loved. It is not hard to respond, but neither does it take long to discover that they are a lot more complicated than they pretend to be, and that their smiles cover a sizable assortment of fears.

Even more than other peoples caught up in the uncertainties of today's world, the Danes are seldom free of a sense of living on borrowed time. There is something sad about the many Copenhagen toy-store windows filled with small, beaming, unmartial wooden soldiers, for they symbolize the principal Danish predicament. As the Danes ponder their flat terrain and their virtually indefensible border, or the presence of Soviet jet planes only ten minutes away in East Germany, they are aware that there isn't much they can do about their unfortunate geography, but this awareness doesn't make them any less nervous. In the sixteenth century, Denmark was a major European power; then came a succession of wars that robbed it of most of its territories—southern Sweden, Norway, and Schleswig-Holstein—and in 1864, after being defeated by Prussia and Austria, the Danes decided that their best defense was no defense. The idea worked, keeping Denmark out of subsequent hostilities up to April 9, 1940, when the Nazis overran the country in a few hours. A relatively mild occupation ensued, and until late in the war, when activities of the Danish underground resulted in stern reprisals, Denmark was known as "the gangster's canary." The fact that their country had been invaded at all, however, was sufficient to bring the Danes into the North Atlantic Treaty Organization in 1949, even though a good many of them, remembering that the Germans had not deprived them of their butter and beer, suspected that neutrality might still be the best policy. There is now a growing acceptance of participation in Continental defense, but the Danes continue to regard the idea as more unavoidable than desirable, and with the exception of Iceland, Denmark is NATO's least enthusiastic member. Western military leaders have suggested that NATO jet interceptors based in Denmark would be a good deterrent against invasion, but the Danes have steadfastly refused to go along, saying that such a move would offend Russia unduly. It is enough, they feel, that they have granted permission to the United States to set up bases in Greenland, which is Danish soil. Some time ago, Soviet Premier Nikolai Bulganin warned Denmark against providing bases for American units with atomic weapons, and the Danish Premier, H. C. Hansen, after mulling the matter over for a month, replied the other day that his country would take whatever defensive measures it deemed fit, and would remain in NATO, but that Denmark was not "an advance springboard and base for attack against the Soviet Union."

It is not only their uneasy abandonment of neutrality that keeps the Danes alert to what is going on around them. They take the typically Scandinavian attitude that they are caretakers of a world in turmoil—an attitude that

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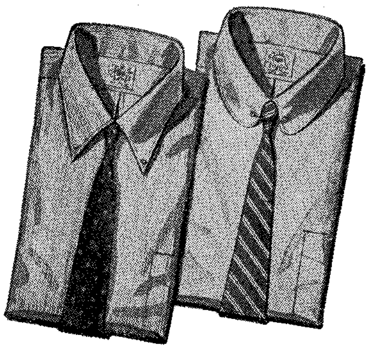

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arises, in part, from a sense of guilt over their non-participation in two World Wars. Denmark was among the first nations to respond to Hungary's plight, and sent a twenty-four-car train of food and supplies, including a fully manned field hospital, to Austria. There is a small contingent of Danish troops in the United Nations Emergency Force occupying the Suez Canal area. Such manifestations of generosity, humanity, and readiness to fill breaches indicate that the Danes, for all their troubles, are well aware of their blessings. Their largest blessing, of course, is Copenhagen itself—a city of a million two hundred thousand inhabitants, who constitute twenty-seven per cent of the population of Denmark.

FAR more than any other Scandinavian capital, Copenhagen belongs, in heart and mind as well as in climate and disposition, to Continental Europe. It has often been called the Paris of the North, but it must be pointed out that prices here are a lot lower today than prices in Paris, and that the Danes are more gracious hosts than the currently preoccupied and unhappy Parisians. As for climate, Copenhagen lies south of the area of harsh, gray coldness, which can be said to start at the latitude of Stockholm, three hundred and twenty-five miles to the north. Off-season tourist figures emphasize the difference between the two Scandinavian cities. Whenever the weather of their souls matches the weather outdoors, which happens regularly, large parties of Swedes board ships at Malmö, on the southern tip of Sweden, and come to Copenhagen to blow off their chilly steam. After two or three days of stoking themselves with fine food and liquor and enjoying the local fun, they return to their homeland, hung-over but happy.

Copenhagen's cheerfulness may make a visitor conclude that the Danes are a happier, better-adjusted people than the more isolated Swedes, to whom they are always comparing themselves, but sociological statistics intrude on this judgment. Denmark, along with Austria, has the highest suicide rate in the world (more than double that of the United States and a third again as much as that of the Swedes), and its divorce rate is the highest in Europe. A group of Danish sociologists and social psychologists are about to embark on a study to determine the causes of the large numbers of suicides, which have been going on for more than a century. The impact of loneliness on the aged and on

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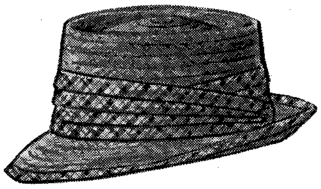

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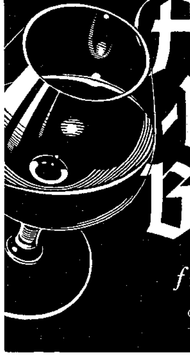

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divorced wives and mothers is believed to be a major cause, but another may be the lack of conflict and incentive in Danish life. For one thing, there are no important local political issues, and there is thus an odd flatness about the national scene—something that many Danes believe is the result of their country's success in establishing an almost perfect welfare state. The nation has one of the most comprehensive programs in the world for health and unemployment insurance, workmen's compensation, disability and accident insurance, and family and community assistance. The government's philosophy, as it was recently stated by the Ministry of Social Affairs, is that it should give help to all those who are in trouble through no fault of their own. This philosophy can be stretched pretty far. If a man cannot be proved in court to be the father of a certain illegitimate child, for example, he is nevertheless compelled by the state to pay three-fifths of the cost of supporting the child if it can be established that he had sexual relations with the mother around the time the child was conceived; if, as often is the case, the woman in question has been carrying on with a number of men, they all have to pay three-fifths of the child's support costs (the mother puts up two-fifths), and the surplus goes into the general Child Welfare Fund.

The Danish condition of hyper-security will be considerably increased by a new and extraordinarily comprehensive national pension scheme for the aged, which goes into effect next October. All parties, from the Conservatives, on the right, to the Communists, on the left, voted for the plan, and voted for it almost unanimously. The fact that the two leading parties of the opposition—the Conservatives and the Moderate Liberals—approved the scheme underlined the fact that no one really dares to oppose a welfare-state measure in Denmark today. The Social Democrats, who are currently heading the government, without a majority, like to say that this unanimity is a sign of "neo-realism," but it would be closer to the truth to say that those legislators who privately favor using part of the money now expended on social security to improve the country's physical security have learned to hold their tongues, for fear of losing their seats in the Folketing, the unicameral Parliament, at the next election.

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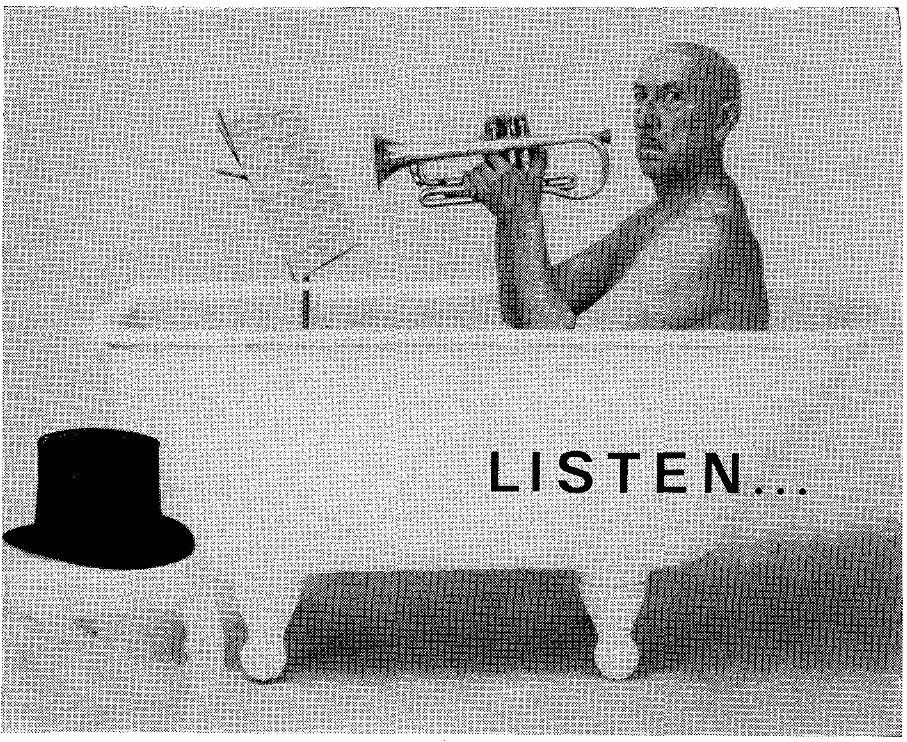

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will be increased later on, but when the plan goes into effect, single women of sixty and everyone else who has reached the age of sixty-five, with the exception of civil-service pensioners, will be eligible, and in Copenhagen, where the benefits are slightly higher than in rural areas, a single person earning up to three hundred and fifty dollars a year after taxes will get almost five hundred dollars as a pension, plus an allowance for clothing and fuel. As the income figures rise, the pension figures drop, but a husband and wife with what is considered the excellent income of twelve hundred and fifty dollars a year (the national average is a thousand dollars, compared to two thousand in the United States) will still get a pension of about a hundred and fifty dollars. By the end of 1958, the government will annually be spending a billion Danish kroner (the Danish krone is valued at 6.92 to the dollar), or about a third again as much as it is spending now, on its pension program, and Denmark's total welfare expenditure will absorb nearly twelve per cent of the national revenue.

One of the few prominent politicians who have publicly taken the unpopular stand of opposing the new pension scheme is Thorkil Kristensen, a member of the Moderate Liberal Party and a former Finance Minister, who thinks that the job of shoring up Denmark's economic structure should take precedence over any more welfare measures. Kristensen argues, with considerable logic, that a higher pension destroys a citizen's inclination to save voluntarily. As he sees it, decreased saving means more money spent on goods, and such spending constitutes a twofold threat to the national economy. For one thing, it causes a decrease in exports and an increase in imports; for another, it cuts down on the amount of money that can be invested to build up Danish industry and simultaneously attract foreign capital. There is no doubt that more industry is needed in Denmark, for at present the country, which is heavily dependent on agriculture, is having its difficulties with the marketing of bacon, butter, and cheese—products that earn less than they should abroad, because they keep running into other nations' protective tariffs. To be sure, some industries, such as shipbuilding and the manufacture of machinery and tools, electronic devices, cement, and chemicals, are growing—industrial sales as a whole now account for forty per cent of Denmark's foreign exchange, as against twenty-five per cent before the war—but they aren't grow-

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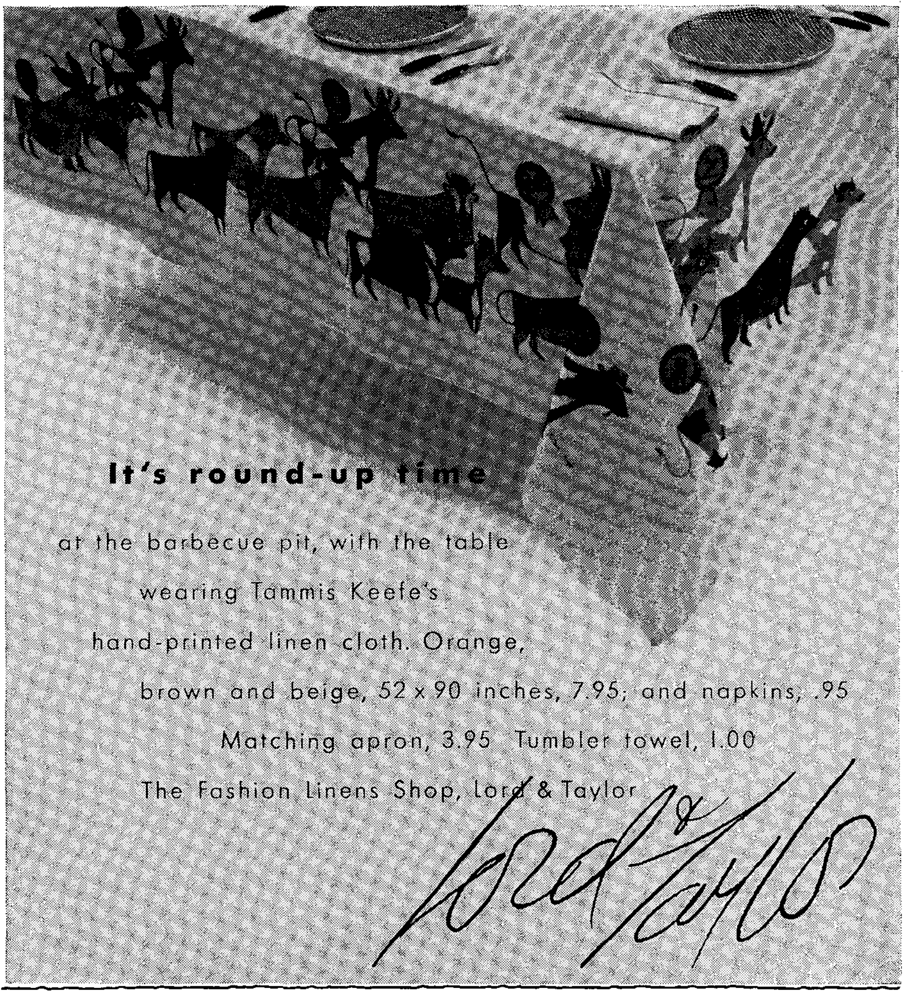
ing fast enough to hold their own in the increasingly competitive European markets. For the most part, Danish industries are very small; indeed, only a fifth of the hundred thousand registered enterprises employ as many as five men.

Kristensen also keeps emphasizing the fact that too much welfare threatens Denmark with a psychological crisis as well as an economic one, and in this he is strongly supported by Erik Seidenfaden, the brilliant editor of the newspaper *Information*—a former underground sheet that has become a successful postwar daily, whose editorials are quoted all over Europe. "We have now arrived at the point where we think life is chiefly a preparation for old age," Seidenfaden wrote not long ago, "and we are seeing to it that we'll be assured of a good time there. But as Denmark smiles happily in the evening of life, nothing is done about the things that are of real importance to the Danish people during the sad 'waiting' time of youth and middle-age—nothing about the technical education of youth or the proper encouragement of production." Another man who is worried about what is happening, despite the apparent prosperity, is the shipping magnate A. P. Møller, generally considered Denmark's No. 1 tycoon. Writing recently to the newspaper *Politiken*, which had congratulated him editorially on his eightieth birthday, Møller demurred. He saw no reason, he said, "to be shouting hurrah" about the "lie" on which he had based his life. "From my early youth, it has been the goal of my life to be creatively constructive for the good of Denmark and to bring foreign money here in order to further the country's possibilities," he continued. "This has been the basis of all my enterprise and labor. . . . I have lived and worked as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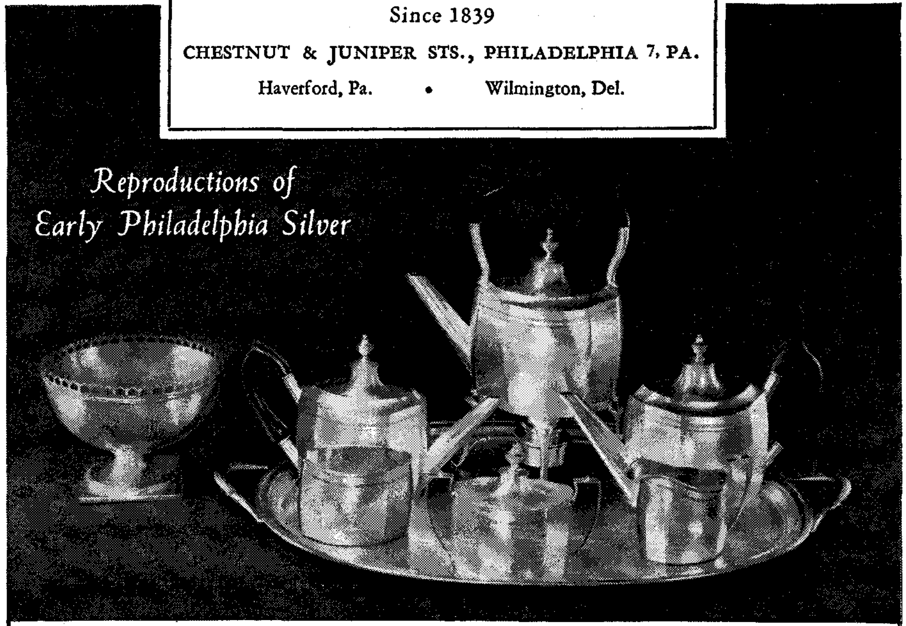

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a happy human being. But I owe to truth the following: I no longer think my work is of value and importance to Denmark, since the money that enters the country seems only to augment the undermining of the Danish people's character. I have no personal doubt that the economy of Denmark is also being undermined, but the character is by far the most important thing."

MØLLER's letter received a lot of attention and probably caused some uneasy stirrings of conscience, but on the surface, at least, the Danes seem content to go on enjoying themselves and let the next generation do the worrying. Their outlook, which they admit is not unrelated to the notion of escape, can perhaps best be understood by those who fully appreciate the meaning of that ubiquitous word *hygge*. It begins with the comforts of the home, and signifies being surrounded there by attractive, well-ordered, and thoroughly familiar objects, especially "the three Bs"—*Billeder* (pictures), *Bøger* (books), and *Blomster* (flowers). But the persons in the home are just as important; they, too, must be cozy and comfortable. "*Hygge* is something in the walls that comes from nice, kind people having talked in the house for years," a Copenhagen radio announcer I met at a party informed me. A young office girl had much the same notion. "It's cuddling up and reading a book and having a cup of tea, with nothing to worry about," she said. "If a man is *hyggelig*, the children love him and you'll want to sit in his lap yourself." Most definitions stress an intimate feeling of security and the total absence of anything disagreeable. "It's not sentimentality, as in Germany, and it's different from the sheer physical effect engendered by the hot sun of Latin countries," a rather scholarly Dane explained. "*Hygge* is the placing of a soft, warm shade over the harsh, bright bulb of the lamp in your living room."

The importance of *hygge* extends far beyond the home. *Hygge* is visible on the faces of pedestrians on Strøget, Copenhagen's principal promenade, which cuts through the center of town. It is jammed all day by Copenhageners moving back and forth on foot or on swarms of bicycles and adding to the general cosmopolitan coziness through sheer congestion. (Lovers have a habit of riding arm in arm, and that doesn't ease the traffic problem, either.) *Hygge* is demonstrated every afternoon after school by the scores of children who appear in Raadhuspladsen,

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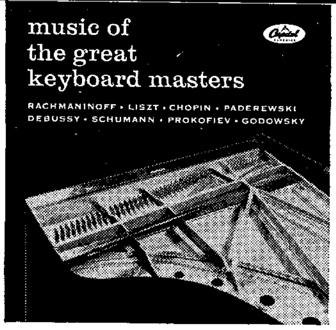

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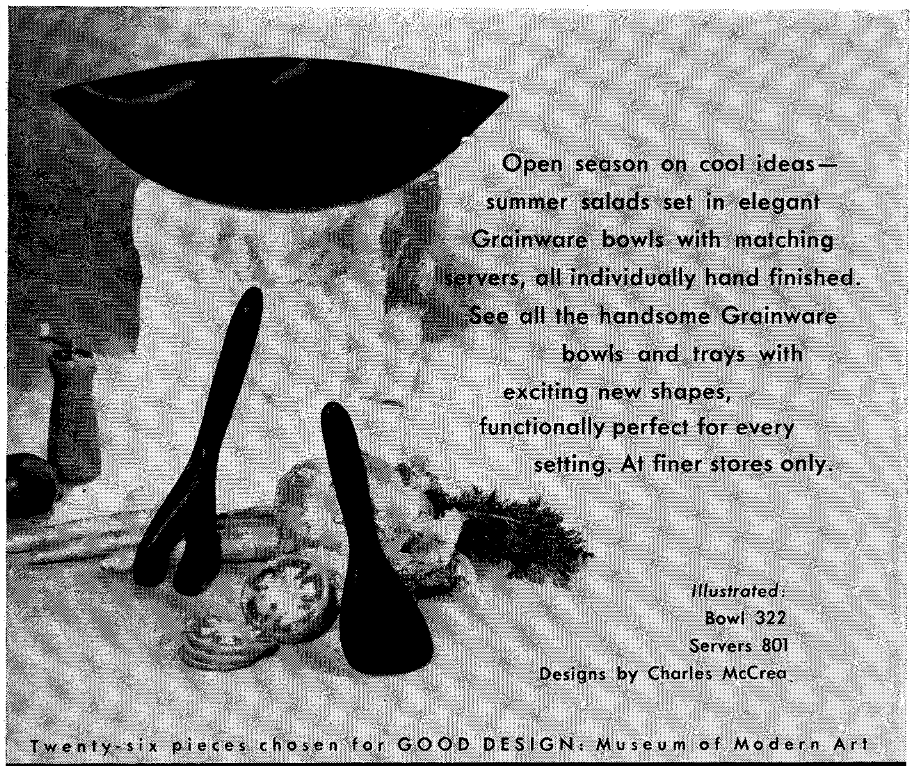
or City Hall Square, to feed the pigeons. (In consequence, there are so many of these ravenous birds that their ranks have to be thinned out every now and then by the rather un-*hyggelig* expedient of distributing drugged peas, which put the pigeons to sleep, and then destroying them.) Every day, the Copenhagen newspapers list the names of prominent local citizens who are having a birthday, and this reminds good friends to send flowers. Even the politeness and formality that distinguish the Danes' social conduct are part of the great game of *hygge*. Their wide use of titles, for example, is a manifestation of coziness, because it makes everyone a member of one big professional family. In Denmark, a title is automatically part of one's name. A chimney sweep named Jørgen Petersen, for instance, is not simply Mr. Jørgen Petersen; he is Mr. Chimney Sweep Jørgen Petersen, not to be confused with Mr. Garbage Collector Jørgen Petersen, and both men are so listed in the telephone book. This telephone book lists last names in the conventional alphabetical order, but the first letter of a man's title, rather than of his given name, determines where he will be listed among others of the same surname. This makes it practically impossible for a stranger to find anyone with a commonplace last name unless he knows exactly what his man does or used to do. Everyone here is title-bound. If an elderly gentleman catches a big fish, a paragraph in the papers will make it clear that Mr. Pensioned Clerk Sørensen or Mr. Former Brewery Worker Rasmussen was the happy angler. The custom endures even to the grave, where a stone inscription will read, "Here lies Assistant Department Chief Peter Lunning."

The largest visible local monument to *hygge* is Tivoli, the celebrated amusement park, which also epitomizes the city's solid nineteenth-century bourgeois inheritance. Tivoli was established in 1843 by Georg Carstensen, a well-known Danish showman, who convinced King Christian VIII that the way to stop the people's grumbling demands for a constitution was to give them an amusement center. (Carstensen later moved on to New York and helped design the old Crystal Palace.) Between two bastions that were remnants of the ancient defense works at the city's outskirts, Carstensen created a series of romantic gardens dotted with pagodas, mosques, temples, outdoor stages for tumblers, and merry-go-rounds, covering twenty acres and including a big lake. Tivoli is still charm-



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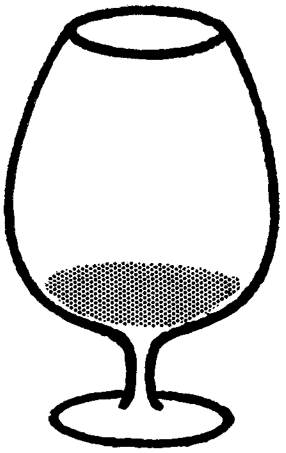

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ing, because its managers through the years have refused to make any alterations that might imperil the lighthearted mood and tone set by Carstensen. Its festive lights, for example, though now electric, still look like strings of old gas lamps, and there isn't a running foot of neon or a loudspeaker in the place. The famous old open-air Pantomime Theatre, where the classic *commedia dell' arte* has been preserved in its original form, with the familiar Pierrot, Columbine, and Harlequin, is probably drawing larger crowds today than it did a hundred years ago. Tivoli is now in the center of Copenhagen, and from May 1st to the middle of September it is the most conspicuously active place in town. Admission is ten cents, and last summer a record four million two hundred and sixty thousand persons visited it, only about twenty per cent of whom were children. Copenhageners flock to Tivoli from nine in the morning until midnight, often simply to stroll under the trees, to rest or read on benches, or to eat lunch in one of its twenty-three restaurants. Three of the restaurants and a new, two-million-dollar concert and exhibition hall have entrances on outside streets, and remain open all year. In the summer, the Royal Family are frequently seen in Tivoli, wandering about like everyone else, doffing their caps and enjoying fireworks, Ferris wheels, and a truly staggering assortment of food.

Food, of course, is one of the basic components of *hygge*, and it can safely be called the chief driving force in Copenhagen life. One often sees Copenhageners standing in front of restaurants between meals and examining the menus in the windows with the air of connoisseurs of art or students of the stock market. Many of the restaurants serve food cooked in the French style, but with Danish trimmings and specialties, such as the famous local *smørrebrød*—a great variety of open sandwiches, piled high with meat, poultry, cheese, or fish. (Baby shrimp, dripping with butter and heaped on dark bread, is the best-known.) One restaurateur, Oskar Davidsen, prints a menu four feet long, listing a hundred and seventy-seven different kinds of *smørrebrød*. The Danes don't stop eating after dinner but are apt to go on all night, and some of the city's clubs and restaurants are crowded at three o'clock in the morning. Real, old-fashioned Danish food, I am told, is served almost exclusively at home. It includes an unlikely-sounding but delicious soup

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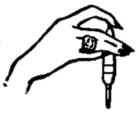

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called *øllebrød*, which is made from whole-meal rye bread soaked in light, sweet beer and served with whipped cream. Danish beer is among the world's best, and is often drunk as a chaser after akvavit at meals, the alternation of akvavit and beer frequently continuing through all courses. In view of the copious amounts of beer and sandwiches consumed, it is not surprising that most Danes over forty should become rather plump. Though women drink nearly as much beer as the men do, and also join them in smoking cigars, Denmark is a man's country, especially when it comes to food. Not long ago, a well-known painter called his family doctor to announce that his wife was ill in bed. The doctor's concern was immediate. "But, my good man," he said, "how are you getting your food?"

The Danes are hungry not only for food but for culture. They publish more books per capita than any other country in the world except Iceland, and the titles include an ample selection of books in English (which many people here read and speak). The two big breweries in town, Carlsberg and Tuborg, support the arts and sciences through generous gifts to organizations and individuals; the Glyptotek, which possesses one of the finest permanent collections of French Impressionism in the world, is sustained largely by Carlsberg. The Ministry of Education supports writers and painters and composers with annual grants of as much as a thousand dollars, and the subsidy for the Royal Theatre, which presents drama, opera, and ballet, and is one of the oldest theatres in Europe, comes to three-quarters of a million dollars a year—a sum that is more than offset by the state's share of the national football pools.

DESPITE their interest in culture, the Danes wouldn't be as psychologically interesting as they are, and life here might be simple to the point of tedium, if there were not an opposing force to the drive for security and *hygge*. One word for this opposite tendency is "*skadefryd*," which denotes, separately or simultaneously, envy of someone else's good fortune, skepticism about whether it is really deserved, and glee over another man's uncertain predicament, or even his misfortune. In many ways, Andersen's story of "The Ugly Duckling" typifies *skadefryd*, in the cruel behavior of the barnyard creatures toward the duckling, and the hero's ultimate triumph over his tormen-

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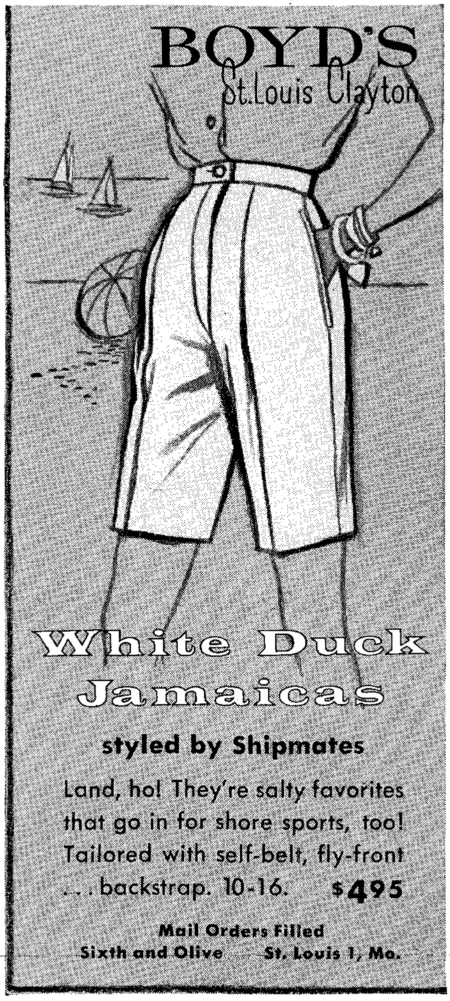

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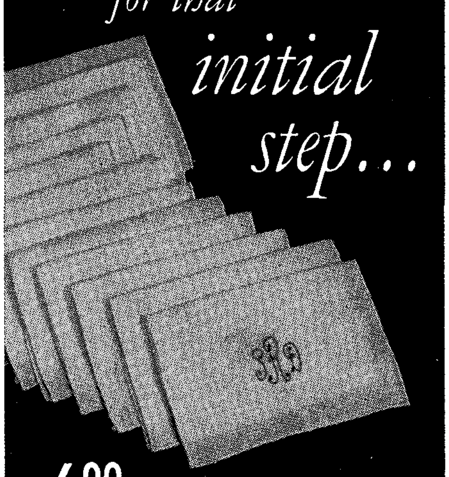
tors. (Andersen's own ungainliness made him a constant victim of *skadefryd.*) One Danish observer says, "*Skadefryd* is compensation for the lack of excitement in our lives—for our lack of political issues, among other things. Without it, we would choke on our own *hygge.*" Another man, a sociologist, has noted the fact that there are relatively few avenues to high-status jobs, and has concluded that this lack of opportunity accounts for the Danes' common tendency to engage in backbiting and cruel demonstrations of humor against one another. "Denmark is a small country with a sense of inferiority," he says, "and our people are inclined to take their sense of inferiority out on each other, by making invidious comparisons. It is for much the same reason that the Danes are always looking for praise from foreigners." Still another student of the Danish character, a Copenhagen psychologist, declares, "A foreigner shouldn't be too different from us if he wants to be liked, or he'll be subjected to *skadefryd,* too. We want everybody to be the way we are, because it gives us confidence in ourselves. But if someone else is *really* different—if he is an American Negro, say, and therefore represents a problem—he'll be accepted and loved and explained to death. He'll be victimized by *hygge.*"

The endless gossip of the Danes ranges from what is politely described as "the comfortable exchange of information" to what amounts to slander. A Copenhagen journalist who has worked all over Europe and in America told me, "Nothing is really secret here," and added that he has never seen a place where a reporter "can get so far with a lunch and a box of cigars." This is particularly true, he said, when he's looking into what the Danes call a *ballade.* A *ballade* can be either a storm in a teacup or a real scandal, and it can monopolize dinner-table conversation, newspaper space, and radio time for weeks on end. Last year, there was a fine *ballade* about the efficacy of a newly discovered contraceptive for cats that could be insinuated into their food. Another concerned a veterinary whose doctorate was withheld by the Agricultural College. The faculty disputed his claim that he had developed a new method of curing race horses of lameness, and he was reluctant to name the horses he had cured, because, as it turned out, he had been betting on them himself, but when he finally did divulge them, along with the story of his financial success, he got the degree. A third *ballade* centered on the adventures of



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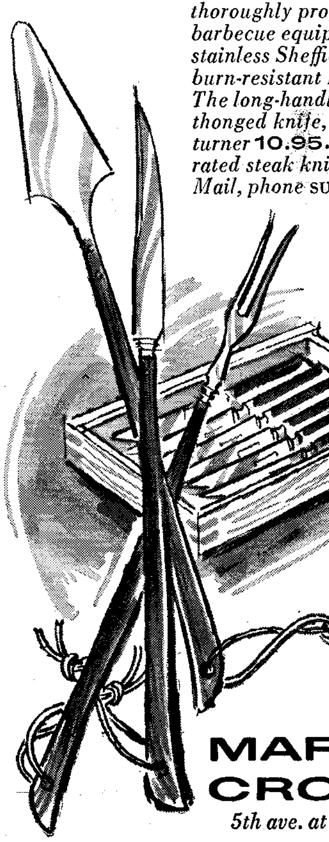

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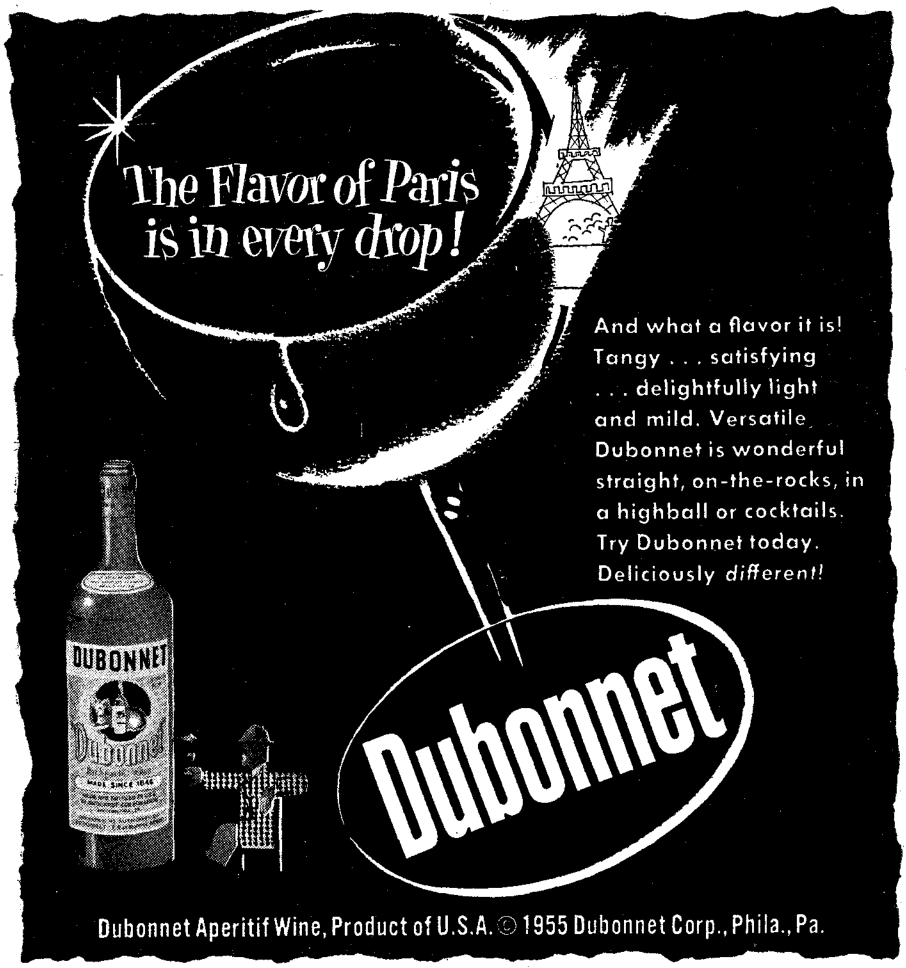
two young reporters who broke up a ring of black-market automobile dealers. (One of the young sleuths spent so much time consorting and drinking with criminals while on the story that he became a drunkard.) Then, there was the celebrated case of a director of the excellent Royal Danish Ballet, who, the story goes, was involved in love affairs with young female dancers in his troupe. The man was forced to resign, and went on to a job with the Paris Opéra Ballet (his many supporters in Copenhagen considered this step a vindication of his honor), but the story was kept alive when his immediate successor, a man of lesser talent, quit under critical pressure. Since then, a third director has done well (the company concluded a successful American tour last October), while the first director has run into new professional difficulties. The ballet *ballade* continues, therefore, revolving around the question of whether a great artist's private conduct is anybody's business but his own, and there are many Danes who would like to see the first director back here.

Far too serious to be called a *ballade* is a case that has kept all Denmark enthralled for six years, since it combines murder, which is uncommon here, and hypnosis, which is currently enjoying quite a vogue. The protagonists are a pair of former Nazi collaborators named Palle Hardrup and Bjørn Schouw-Nielsen, who met while they were in jail after the war. Schouw-Nielsen was a spiritualist and mystic, and while the two men were cellmates, they began dabbling in hypnotic experiments, which they called "concentrations." Within a short time, Schouw-Nielsen, who was hardboiled and cynical, began to exert a strong influence on Hardrup, and convinced him that he, Hardrup, had a guardian spirit that would help him become a kind of Nordic saviour. Schouw-Nielsen was released from prison in 1948 and Hardrup a year later. In 1950, in order to get money to obey the guardian spirit's continuing call for the salvation of Scandinavia (there was a distinct Nazi tone to all this), Hardrup held up a small bank in the suburbs of Copenhagen and got away with twenty thousand kroner, which he promptly gave to Schouw-Nielsen. A few months later, the two men plotted another hold-up, with Hardrup again doing the dirty work. They planned it down to the last detail, but it ended disastrously. When a teller refused to hand over any money, Hardrup shot and killed him, and then killed another clerk. The police quickly captured him, and subsequently, acting



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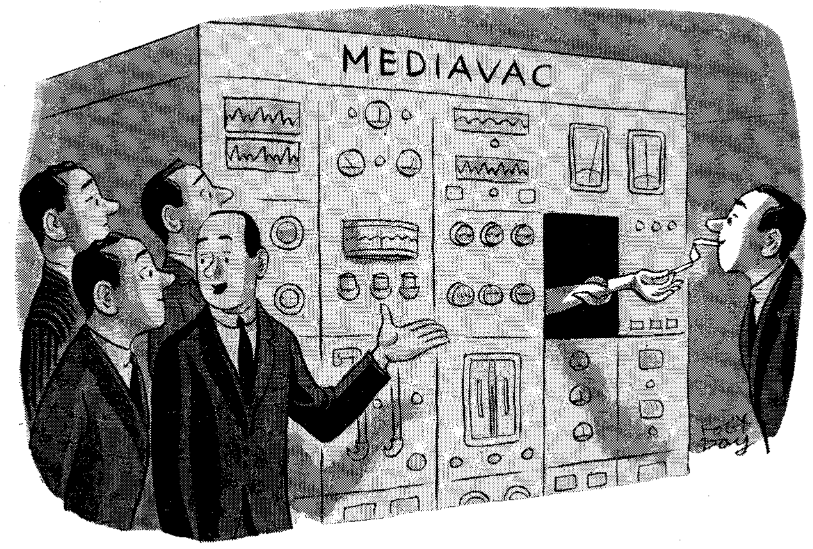

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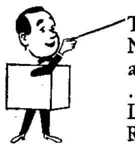
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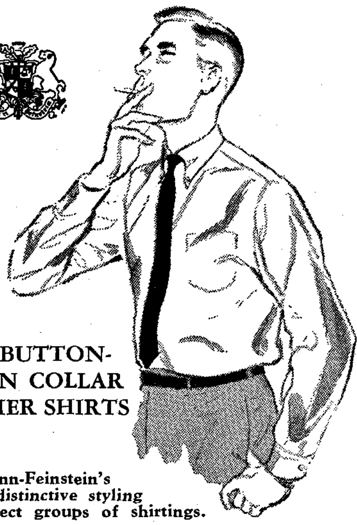

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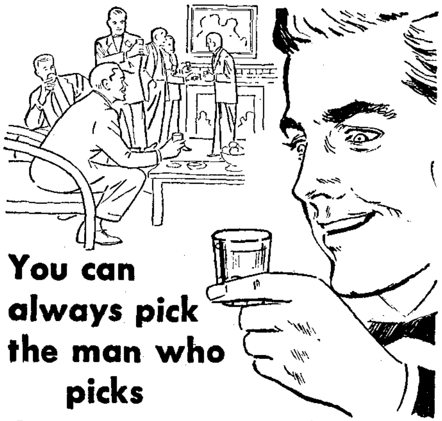
on information from the pair's former fellow-prisoners, they arrested Schouw-Nielsen as well, though he had been on the other side of town at the time of the stickup. Hardrup, however, would admit nothing about either robbery, and after a time the police released his friend for lack of evidence. Prison psychiatrists concluded that Hardrup was a schizophrenic. Finally, a policeman who had gone to great trouble to obtain his confidence, got him to give an account of the hypnotic experiments Schouw-Nielsen had conducted, and to confess that Schouw-Nielsen had inspired both robberies. Though Schouw-Nielsen denied the whole thing, he was sentenced to life, while Hardrup was sent to an asylum. Then, a few months ago, Hardrup, who had perhaps been brooding about his patsy's role in all this, suddenly reversed himself. In a letter to Schouw-Nielsen's lawyer, he claimed that the guardian spirit was his own invention, and said that it alone had been responsible for his decision to commit the crimes. His reasons for wanting to exonerate Schouw-Nielsen are not clear, but he is a bitter and confused man, and it may even be that he thinks society deserves the punishment of having Schouw-Nielsen at large in its midst. At any rate, the court hasn't yet ruled on whether a reopening of the case is warranted. The affair has remained very much alive in popular conversation, and people here especially like to argue about its undoubtedly fascinating spiritualistic and hypnotic aspects.

FOR all their preoccupation with large and small scandals, the Danes prefer not to talk to strangers about such dark matters. They assure visitors that the world is difficult enough as it is, and that a sojourner in Denmark should give his attention to the gay and the beautiful, rather than to the obscure and the macabre—an attitude that may represent simple chauvinism or the self-consciousness of the gossip who is not among his cronies. In any case, no description of Copenhagen should omit mention of some of the beautiful things that are made here and are on display all over the city—especially the toys, silverware, ceramics, and furniture. Some of the best of these are exhibited and sold at a unique institution known as Den Permanente. A coöperative exhibition hall and store, Den Permanente was started in 1931 by a group of talented craftsmen. There are now three hundred and fifty member artisans, including such celebrated figures as Georg Jensen, the silversmith; Bjørn



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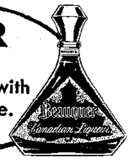

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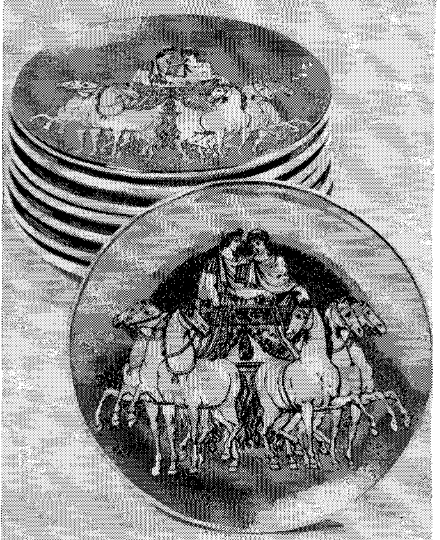

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Wiinblad, the ceramist; and Finn Juhl, the furniture designer. Some of the members, like Jensen, also have their own shops, but for the work of many others Den Permanente is the sole outlet. The stocks are frequently replenished with new things, so although the exhibition is called "permanent," it is in fact constantly changing. The most popular objects on display are modern furniture, principally of teak (Danish furniture design, with its clean lines and its concern for utility and comfort, has won a world market); colorful, whimsical, and often boldly designed ceramics; and toys. Among the finest toys are those of Kay Bojesen, the man who originally conceived the idea of Den Permanente; today, in his seventies, he makes ingenious wooden animals, including some delightful long-armed, potbellied monkeys. Bojesen, who is also a silversmith, is admired not only as a fine workman but as one of the most *hyggelige* men in all Denmark. "He's funny, that's all," one of his many friends said not long ago. "And he's so nice and kind." Funny, nice, and kind! What greater compliment could one Dane bestow upon another?

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

•

When John Donne wrote "No man is an Iland, intire of it selfe; every man is a peece of the Continent . . . any mans death diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankinde," I am sure this 17th Century poet would not have resented my using any portion of his devotions or referring to any of his dialogue in hell as a basis for an article on movies.

"Any mans death diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankinde" has, I feel, a direct bearing on the movie business. Many of us feel that any man's movie, when it flops, diminishes us, because we are involved in more than rivalry, we are involved in movies as a way of living.—*Samuel Fuller in the Hollywood Reporter.*

Let's get back to that Iland—there might be a story idea there. You could have this girl . . .

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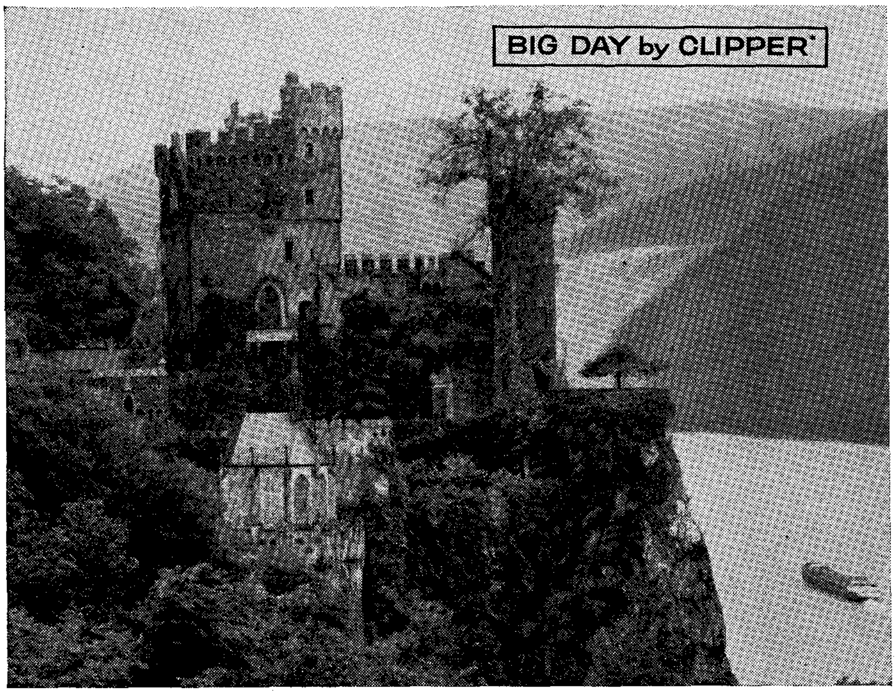

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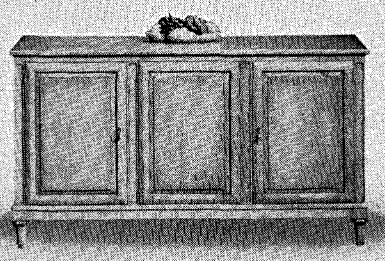

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MUSICAL EVENTS

A Plague

Although I have been listening to the symphonic compositions of the Mexican composer Carlos Chávez off and on for many years, I have never been able to detect anything much in them besides noise—not the sort of meticulously organized noise that I expect from, say, Roger Sessions or Bernard Rogers but noise of a particularly disorderly and haphazard kind. This impression of mine may have congealed into a prejudice, but I did not take any such prejudice with me to a performance of his opera "Panfilo and Lauretta" at the Brander Matthews Theatre on Friday evening of last week. In my experience, opera is a very different thing from symphonic music, and a composer who fails to interest me with work in one form may quite possibly interest me with something he has done in the other. Moreover, in opera there is always a story to give some sort of continuity to the proceedings, and enough often happens onstage to take one's mind off the music, so one needn't base one's critical reactions on whatever abstract virtues the music itself may possess. I must say, however, that where "Panfilo and Lauretta" is concerned, what happened onstage—the fruit of a libretto concocted by Chester Kallman and evidently derived from Boccaccio's "Decameron"—left me somewhat bewildered. The story, as near as I can make out, concerns a group of people—a soldier, a young lady, another lady, who is described as the daughter of a wealthy merchant, and a poet—who have immured themselves in a villa outside Florence to escape the ravages of the bubonic plague, and who there undertake a series of amateur theatrical performances to while away the time. Anything, I suppose, is preferable to a plague—even the dull and wordy little playlets that Mr. Kallman has arranged for his characters to perform. But this innocent revelry is soon disturbed by a monk, who wanders in from the outside world and joins in the theatricals, playing the part of Lazarus rising from the tomb and giving things what is apparently intended as a rather sinister turn. From here on, I confess, I am completely at sea. The monk is greeted with a relentlessly repetitious canonic madrigal almost wholly made up of the words "We have to laugh, ha, ha, ha, at him," but this rather studied merriment doesn't last very long, and following some further histrionics the monk drops dead, presumably of the plague but perhaps merely of boredom. I left the auditorium at the end of the second act, at a point when a number of people dressed in gunnysacks were engaged, for reasons altogether mystifying to me, in beating the corpse of the monk with their fists.

As for Mr. Chávez' music, it turned out to be very much what I might have expected. It was loud, and its incessant thumping, tooting, and scraping seemed to cover Mr. Kallman's drama like a strong but emotionally neutral gravy, further obscuring flavors that were sufficiently obscure to begin with. Some of the singers—notably Craig Timberlake, in the role of the monk—showed abilities that were worthy of far better surroundings, and the sets, by Herbert Senn and Helen Pond, were quite charming.

On Thursday evening, in Carnegie Hall, the Philharmonic opened the final week of its season with a program that strayed very agreeably from the beaten track and, in consequence, seemed to me of special interest. It consisted entirely of contemporary music, some of it extremely distinguished in quality. Most of it was music for chorus and orchestra—a combination that appears to be becoming more and more popular among today's better composers—and a great deal of it was the highly charged, dramatic sort of thing that Dimitri Mitropoulos, who directed, does particularly well. The lungs of the Schola Cantorum got a hearty workout, and there were many moments during the evening that were positively stirring.

Most of these moments occurred in Zoltán Kodály's "Psalmus Hungaricus" and Sir William Walton's "Belshazzar's Feast," two monumental choral works that are fairly familiar but stand up well on repetition because of their genuine inspiration and emotional power. Neither shows any evidences of the dry intellectual formulas that are so apt to dominate music nowadays. Both Mr. Kodály and Sir William are capable of writing with great individuality, and both succeed—in these works, at any rate—in conveying sober religious ideas with vigor and poetic feeling.

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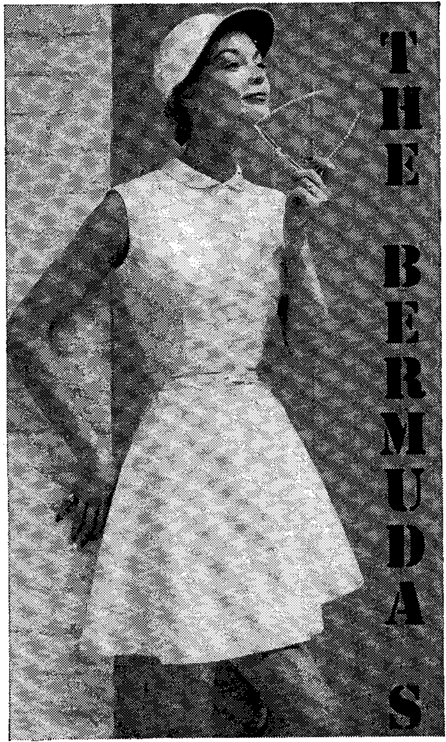

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premières—the first hearing in this country of an orchestral composition called "Variazioni Brevi," by the Scandinavian composer Niels Viggo Bentzon, and the first hearing anywhere of Lukas Foss's "Psalms," for chorus and orchestra. The former struck me as a dour, somewhat theatrical and barbaric, but by no means negligible work, and whetted my curiosity about the rest of Mr. Bentzon's music, which is virtually unknown here. Mr. Foss's "Psalms," on the other hand, proved to be a fairly pallid affair with no perceptible emotional content, though the mannerisms of its rather self-conscious style were handled with considerable expertness. On the whole, the program showed that the Philharmonic is now in a mood to reach out beyond the routine of standard classics that seemed to be its sole preoccupation during the earlier months of the season. I sincerely hope that this adventurous mood carries over into next winter.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ

The Duke at Play

DUKE ELLINGTON, the ingenious composer, arranger, and band leader, is reportedly staging a comeback—the mysterious, often imaginary trek that almost every American artist who is worth his salt and has an acute press agent makes at least once in his career. Ellington, whose music continues to color nearly every corner of jazz, and whose songs and serious works rank with any produced in this country, has, of course, been suffering not from oblivion but from a combination of personnel problems within his band and the generally watery economic condition of the big-band business. In its resurgence, his outfit is playing with more punch and persuasiveness than it has in a decade, and Ellington himself, who has always used his orchestra as a proving ground for his compositions, has begun to write large, ambitious pieces again. In the past year or so—in addition to bringing the Newport Jazz Festival to a memorably ringing climax—he has composed and performed a suite based on Shakespeare's plays, and has concocted a musical and dramatic fantasy, "A Drum Is a Woman," which was presented Wednesday night last week as an hour-long show on C.B.S. television. The show marked the first time that a full-length musical-dramatic creation written by Ellington (and Billy Strayhorn, his musical right hand) had been presented

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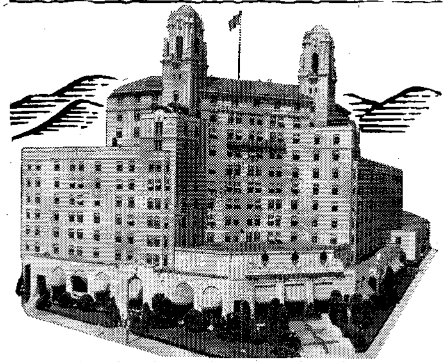

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anywhere, but, aside from its inspired title, it was, unhappily, an almost embarrassingly flimsy affair, which failed both as a piece of light nonsense and as a true indication of Ellington's abilities.

The work was adapted for television, with only minor changes, from a recently recorded version, and is, loosely, a symbolic, tongue-in-cheek retelling of the history of jazz. It revolves around two figures—Carribee Joe, a jungle drummer, who represents the African origins of jazz, and Madam Zajj, who is the music that has evolved. Madam Zajj, at first a drum, metamorphoses suddenly into a flashy, snaky woman, who travels by hurtling through the sky on the trade winds or by driving an eighty-eight-cylinder car at four hundred and forty miles an hour. She and Carribee Joe sing and dance heatedly to express their love for one another, in a series of episodes, introduced and commented on by Ellington, that are set in Barbados, in New Orleans at Mardi Gras time, in a Chicago night club, in a Fifty-second Street night club, and on a spot near the moon. The rest of the work, for the purposes of television, was filled, rather desperately, by an extraordinary amount of sinewy, perspiring modern ballet, which was choreographed by Paul Godkin and executed, with a lot more gesture than meaning, by a sizeable group. Margaret Tynes, a dramatic soprano, and Joya Sherrill, a singer who has worked with Ellington in the past, shared the role of Madam Zajj (she was danced by Carmen de Lavallade) and sang it with ease and clarity, and Carribee Joe (danced by Talley Beatty) was handled more than adequately by Ozzie Bailey. Unfortunately, the Ellington band was seen and heard only fitfully, but there

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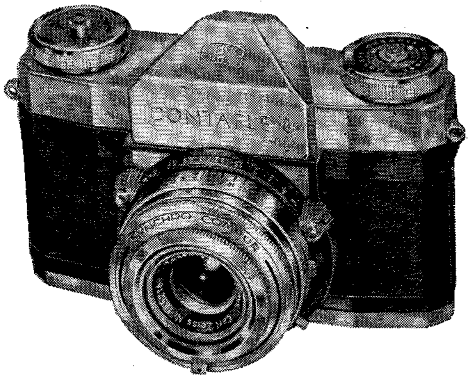

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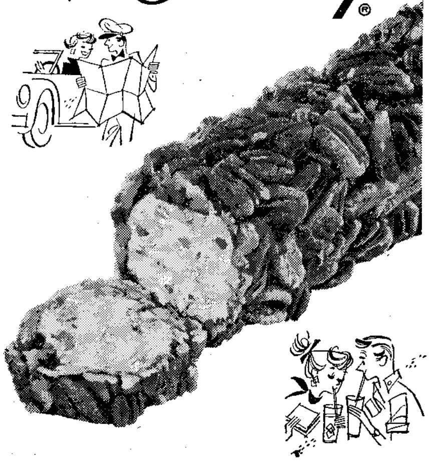

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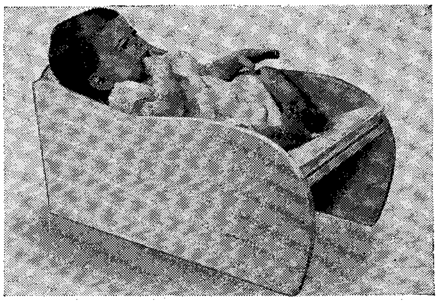

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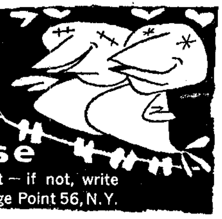

were brief, spirited solo passages by nearly everyone, including Clark Terry and Ray Nance, trumpets; Russell Procope, clarinet; Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone; and Sam Woodyard, drums. The music, which consisted of thirteen numbers, some of them instrumentals, seemed incidental at times. It ranged from a calypso ("What Else Can You Do with a Drum?"), which had a good deal of melodic charm, to a couple of dramatic, almost operatic laments (the title song and "Carribee Joe"). Ellington appeared half a dozen times or so, resplendent in white tie and tails, and delivered such Technicolor periods as "The Mississippi River, a puddle of Pekin blue pudding, pistachio and indigo" and "His heartbeat was like bongos" with so much conviction and charm that they seemed almost possible.

ON Saturday evening, a new big band, led by Johnny Richards, gave a concert, along with the Horace Silver Quintet, at Town Hall, and it may well have been the most stentorian event of its kind ever held. Richards' group, which played for roughly two-thirds of the time, was a thunderous, seventeen-piece organization that demonstrated much of the polish and all of the alarming, froglike volume of Stan Kenton. (Richards has worked for Kenton as an arranger and composer off and on for the past ten years.) In addition to piano, bass, and drums, its brassy, basso-profundo instrumentation included four trumpets, three trombones, a French horn, a tuba, a bass saxophone, a baritone saxophone, timpani, and an alto and a tenor saxophone. All but two of the dozen-odd pieces heard were by Richards. Top-heavy structures, full of tight, convoluted scoring that was frequently punctuated or underlined by the timpani and bongo drums, they seemed to keep toppling over on the many soloists, who could be heard only in bursts, like voices shouting into the wind. Among these all but submerged performers were Burt Collins, a pleasant, neo-bop trumpeter; Doug Mettome, a restless trumpeter who favors generous, legato swoops; Jimmy Cleveland, a masterly trombonist, who ripped off phenomenally rapid, burrlike strings of notes; and Gene Quill, an alto saxophonist, who shrilly emulated all the worst tonal aspects of Charlie Parker's style.

Although the Silver Quintet—Art Farmer, trumpet; Hank Mobley, tenor saxophone; Teddy Kotick, bass; Louis Hayes, drums; and the leader, piano—

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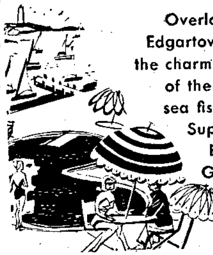

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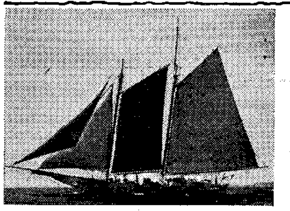

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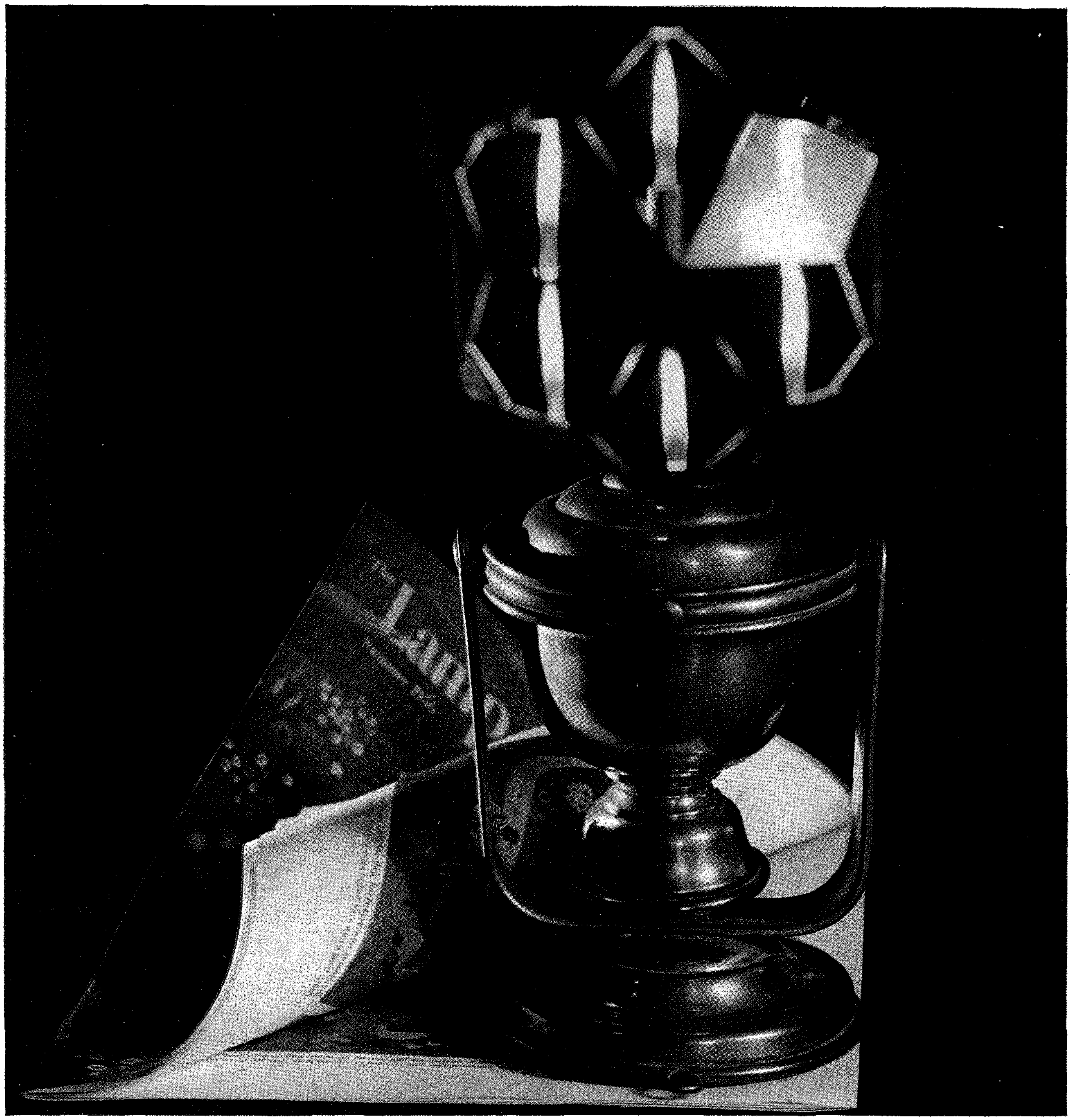

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played with considerable heat, in the manner of many small modern-jazz groups, it sounded, in contrast to Richards' aggregation, somewhat like the Camp Fire Girls in song. Of its four extended compositions—all of them by Silver—perhaps the most striking was a rollicking blues, "Señor Blues," played in six-eight time, in which Silver, a dissonant and engagingly earthy pianist, and Farmer, a forceful, highly lyrical performer, produced an eloquence that seemed—partly, at least—the result of their restricting themselves to blessed everyday volume.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

"I wouldn't care if you did," he answered. "It's the indirect influence I'm thinking of—the indirect influence that a beautiful, pure-hearted, noble-minded woman spreads around her wherever she goes. I know what it has done for me. And I know that not only my little micks, but every teacher and every superintendent in that school would be inspired, and stimulated, and born again so soon as ever you set foot in the building. Men need good women, Miss Dearborn. Men who are doing the work of the world. I believe in women as I believe in Christ. But I don't believe they were made—any more than Christ was—to cultivate—beyond a certain point—their own souls, and refine their own minds, and live in a sort of warmed-over, dilettante, stained-glass world of seclusion and *ex*clusion. No, sir, that won't do for the United States and the men who are making them the greatest nation of the world. The men have got all the get-up-and-get they want, but they need the women to point them straight, and to show them how to lead that other kind of life that isn't all grind. Since I've known you, Miss Dearborn, I've just begun to wake up to the fact that there *is* that other kind, but I can't lead that life without you. There's *no* kind of life that's worth anything to me now that don't include you. I don't need to tell you that I want you to marry me. You know that by now, I guess, without any words from me. I love you, and I love you as a man, not as a boy, seriously and earnestly. I can give you no idea *how* seriously, *how* earnestly. I want you to be my wife. Laura, my dear girl, I *know* I could make you happy."

"It isn't," answered Laura slowly, perceiving as he paused that he expected her to say something, "so much a question of that."—*From "The Pit," by Frank Norris.*

Say something, Laura, even if it's only goodbye.

•

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

The count of referee Frank Sikora was inaudible, so was the count of the knockdown timekeeper in the roaring tumult of the arena.—*The Herald Tribune, May 2nd.*

As referee Frank Sikora began the count, a hush came over the crowd of 14,000.—*The News, same day.*

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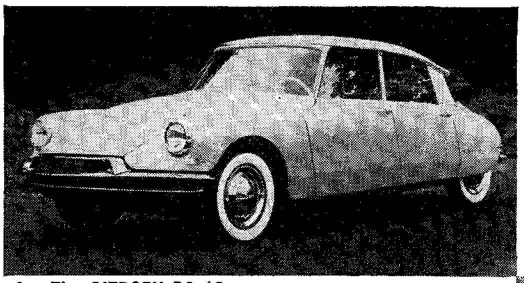

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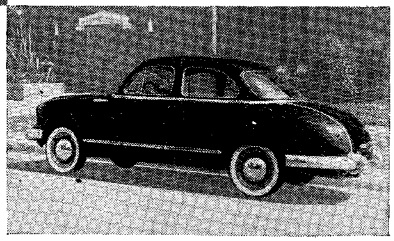

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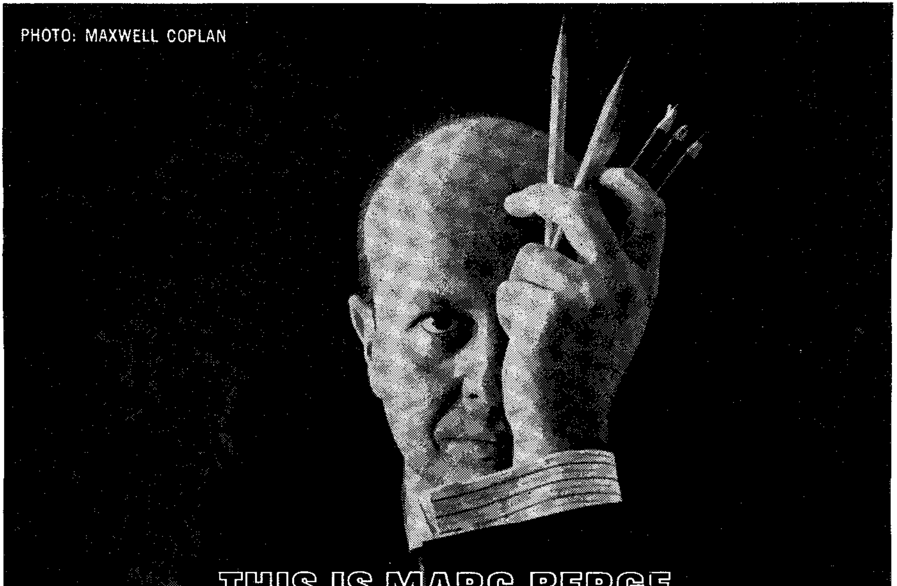

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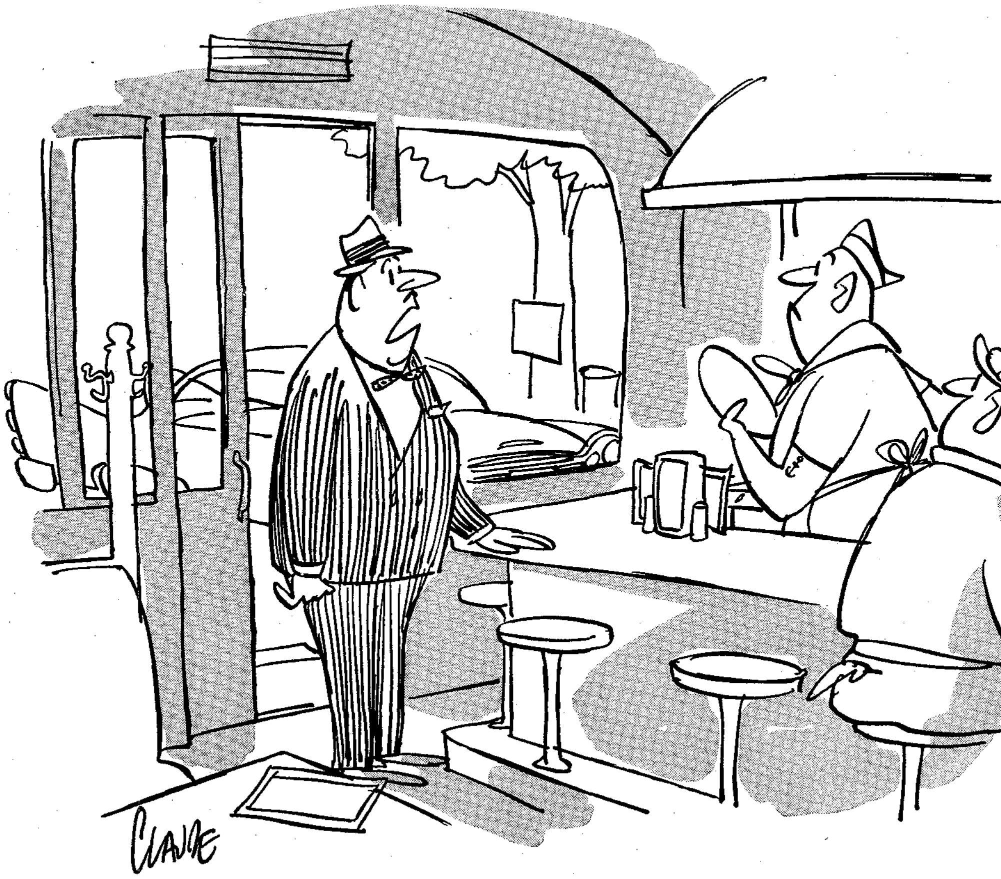
BOOKS

A Particular Kind of Joking

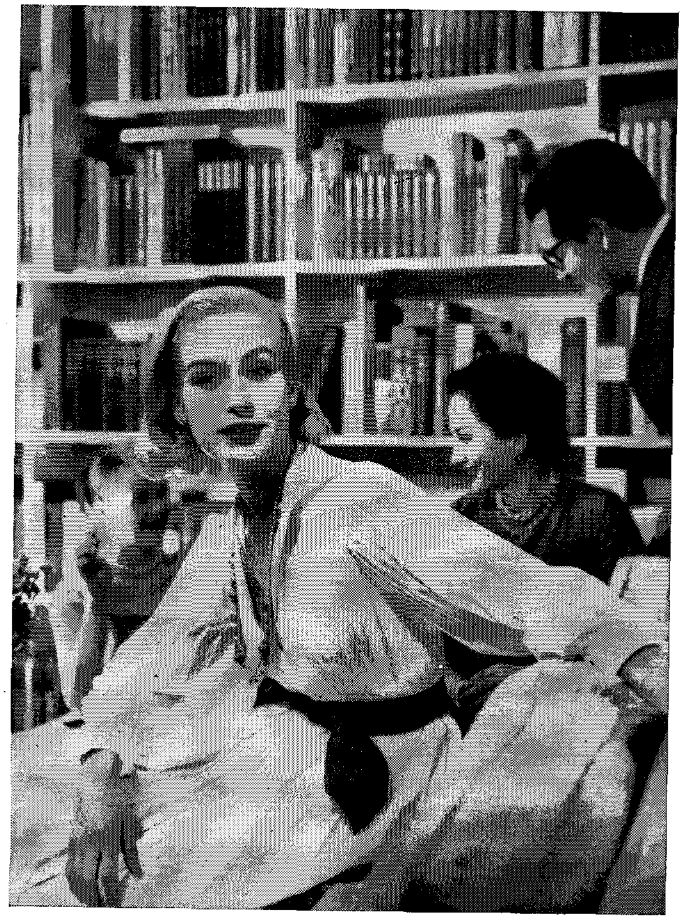
“The Complete Works of Nathanael West” (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy) comprises four short novels amounting to only four hundred and twenty-one pages—West was killed in an automobile accident in 1940, at the age of thirty-seven—but it contains some of the best writing that has been produced by an American in this century. During the thirties, West earned the admiration of several important critics, and his two most impressive novels, “Miss Lonelyhearts,” and “The Day of the Locust,” are still widely circulated and praised; the others, “The Dream Life of Balso Snell” and “A Cool Million,” have only now been rescued, by the publication of this collected volume, from virtual oblivion. But though West has not exactly been ignored, neither has he been given the close attention he deserves. His name seldom comes up in discussions of modern American literature, and even now it is not clearly realized that, for all the “bitterness” and “savagery” people find in his work, he was first and last a writer of comedy. A year before his death, West complained that his novels were disliked because they fell “between the different schools of writing.” He considered himself, he said, on the side of the “radical press,” but it objected to his “particular kind of joking,” and the “highbrow press” accused him of avoiding the “big, significant things.” It is difficult to imagine what the “highbrows” (whoever they were) could have meant; the big, significant things are precisely what West pursued, to greater effect, in my opinion, than Fitzgerald, who lacked West’s capacity for intelligent self-criticism, or even Hemingway, whose view of life seems to me rather more limited than West’s. But the “radical press” was right in being disturbed by West. Nothing could be further from the spirit of his work than a faith in the power of new social arrangements or economic systems to alleviate the misery of the human condition. West was one of the few novelists of the thirties who succeeded in generalizing the horrors of the depression into a universal image of human suffering. His “particular kind of joking” has profoundly unpolitical implications; it is a way of saying that the universe is *always* rigged against us and that our efforts to contend with it invariably lead to absurdity. This sort of laughter—which, paradoxically, has the most intimate connection with compassion—is rarely heard in American literature, for it is not only anti-“radical” but almost un-American in its refusal to admit the possibility of improvement, amelioration, or cure.

Yet West was capable of lesser kinds of joking. His first novel, “The Dream Life of Balso Snell”—written mainly during a two-year stay in Paris, when he was in his early twenties, but not published until 1931—is a brilliantly insane Surrealist fantasy that tries very hard to mock Western culture out of existence. Balso, who seems sometimes to represent the naïve romantic poet and sometimes the Philistine American, comes upon the Trojan horse while wandering on the plains of Troy and gets literally inside Western culture by entering the horse (which is, of course, a symbol of that culture) through “the posterior opening of the alimentary canal.” He meets a series of strange characters who inhabit the horse’s innards, and each encounter is an occasion for West to deride art, religion, or civilization itself in the most shocking terms he can think of. There is, for example, Maloney the Areopagite, “naked except for a derby in which thorns were sticking” and “attempting to crucify himself with thumb tacks.” Maloney, a mystic, is compiling a biography of St. Puce, “a flea who was born, lived, and died beneath the arm of our Lord.” This trick of associating a pious idea with physical images evoking disgust is used generously throughout the novel, which overflows with references to diseased internal organs, mucus, and the like.

But it is all done much too innocently



“Buddy, could you spare a cup of coffee until I can get to a Diners’ Club restaurant?”



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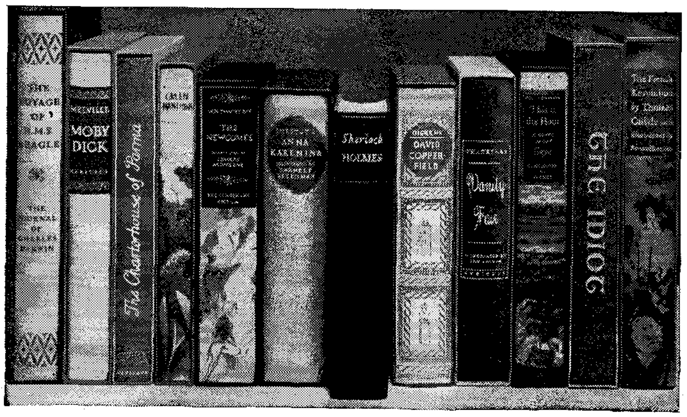

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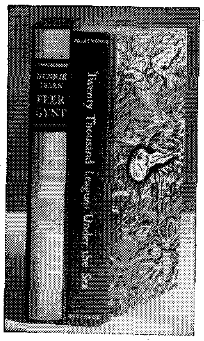

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and exuberantly to be as offensive as West seemed to want it to be, and in any case the effort to *épater le bourgeois* is by no means the main purpose of "Balso Snell." West incorporates into the novel several self-contained short stories that he obviously composed with intense seriousness. The most interesting—the confession of an insane intellectual who has murdered an idiot for what he calls purely "literary" reasons—is a precociously accomplished imitation of Dostoevski, and West might well have regarded its extravagant relish of the grotesque and the diseased as a form of deep spiritual insight. Instead, he attributes the story to a twelve-year-old brat named John Raskolnikov Gilson, who informs Balso that he wrote it to seduce his eighth-grade teacher, Miss McGeeney, a great reader of Russian novels. Mocking his own work in this fashion was West's way of telling himself that merely to indulge his feeling for the grotesque and the diseased was morbid sentimentality, that he had to do more with this feeling than take it at face value if he was going to produce mature fiction. The assault on culture in "Balso Snell" is really part of West's assault on himself; he is sneering not so much at Western civilization as at his own ambition to become a part of it. This novel, then, is a battleground on which West the sentimentalist is pitted against West the cynic, each party asserting his claim to superior wisdom and refusing to concede any value to the other. Though the battle ends in a draw, the fighting of it must have helped West achieve the astonishing control over his feelings that makes his second novel, "Miss Lonelyhearts," one of the masterpieces of modern literature.

Miss Lonelyhearts (West never gives him any other name) is a young newspaperman who conducts a column of advice to the unhappy and confused. At first, his job had seemed a great joke, but after several months—the point at which the novel begins—the letters from his readers begin to trouble him deeply. Brooding over his inability to help the wretched people who turn to him for advice, he decides that love is the only answer; he must bring Christ to them. His colleagues, and particularly the feature editor, Shrike, have a fine time ridiculing this "Christ complex," and his fiancée, Betty, insists on driving him out to the country to cure what she believes is an urban malaise. He himself tries to escape from "the Christ business" through several mechanical ventures into sex and cruelty, but the

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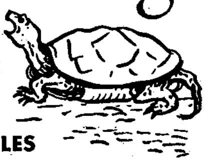

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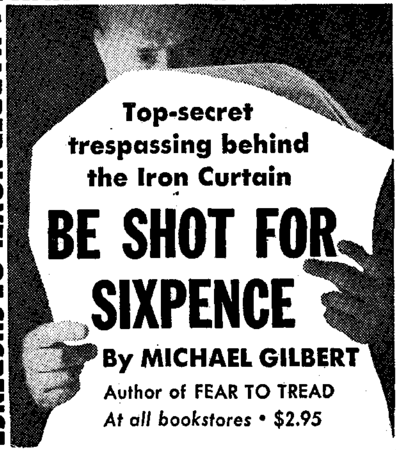

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complex only gets worse. In the end, driven almost insane by his sense of religious mission, he is murdered by one of his correspondents, a cripple whom he has first cuckolded and then attempted to "save."

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> I am 15 years old and [my sister] Gracie is 13 and we live in Brooklyn. Gracie is deaf and dumb and biger than me but not very smart on account of being deaf and dumb. . . . Mother makes her play on the roof because we dont want her to get run over as she aint very smart. Last week a man come on the roof and did something dirty to her. She told me about it and I dont know what to do. . . . If I tell mother she will beat Gracie up awfull because I am the only one who loves her and last time when she tore her dress they loked her in the closet for 2 days and if the boys on the blok hear about it they will say dirty things like they did on Peewee Conors sister the time she got caught in the lots.

The letters make the fact of evil a concrete presence in the novel, and it is in relation to this fact that West forces us to measure the responses of his characters. What we learn is that Miss Lonelyhearts' sentimental spiritualism is no more adequate than Shrike's intellectual cynicism or Betty's naïve unconcern; all three attitudes are equally valid and equally futile, and they constitute, for West, the three possibilities of life in a world whose one ineluctable reality is the letters. And when, in the last chapter, Miss Lonelyhearts rushes feverishly to embrace the cripple who has come to kill him but who he imagines is crying out for salvation, we realize that Miss Lonelyhearts, like Shrike and Betty, suffers in the same degree as "Desperate," "Harold S.," "Catholic-mother," "Broken-hearted," "Broad-shoulders," "Sick-of-it-all," "Disillusioned-with-tubercular-husband." That is West's profoundest joke, and it incorporates all the other jokes of the novel.

The formal perfection of "Miss Lonelyhearts"—the spareness and clarity of the style, the tight coherence of the conception, the delicate balance between opposing points of view—is an aesthetic reflection of the harmony that West had established, in the years since the completion of "Balso Snell," between the conflicting elements of his own character. The tone never falters in "Miss Lonelyhearts," because the strong-minded, intelligent compassion that emerged from this harmony and that was West's special and most precious quality as a writer gave him a firm perspective from which to judge experi-

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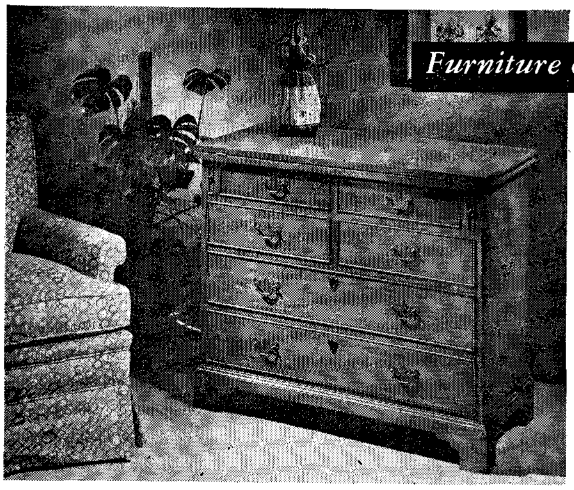

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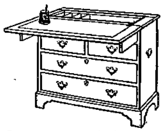

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ence. The impulse toward cynicism that ran wild in "Balso Snell" gets some play in Shrike, but it is now put into its proper place in a comprehensive and complex scheme of things. West regards Shrike's cynicism as a stunted form of wisdom, deriving from the recognition that all talk of salvation through love is irrelevant cant beside the reality of the letters, but he also perceives that the price of hiding behind a jeer is an inability to communicate with others—Shrike can neither give nor accept love. By contrast, Miss Lonelyhearts, the embodiment of the morbid sentimentalist in West, does have the power to reach out to others, but West knows that Miss Lonelyhearts' spiritualism also involves a failure of intelligence that drives him to foolishness and ultimately to insanity and death. And the portrait of Betty, whose refusal to be bothered by the letters leads to the frustration of her ambitions for a normal domestic life, can be understood as an assertion by West that his preoccupation with the halt and the sick is not the sign of a decadent or an immature sensibility but a necessary concern with the problem of evil.

Having accomplished that much, West had earned a vacation. "A Cool Million," published in 1934, a year after "Miss Lonelyhearts," seems to me the sort of venture that a novelist who has achieved confidence in his powers feels he can afford to play around with. There are many amusing things in the story of Lemuel Pitkin, who leaves Rat River, Vermont, to make his fortune in another part of the land of opportunity and is dismantled step by step, losing all his teeth, one of his eyes, a leg, even his scalp, and then winds up as the martyred saint of an American Fascist movement. But this obvious satire on the Horatio Alger myth, done in mock-heroic prose, must have come right off the top of West's head. And I suspect that he may even have been trying to satisfy the prevailing Left Wing *Zeitgeist*, which demanded that a novelist be explicitly political. But that was a mistake for West; what he had to say about Fascism he said much better in "The Day of the Locust," his very unpolitical last novel.

"The Day of the Locust"—written while West was doing screenplays in Hollywood and published in 1939, nineteen months before his death—is a difficult book to get one's bearings in. It lumbers along at a queerly uneven pace, and one is never sure what West is up to. There is also an ambiguity in the treatment of locale and characters,

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both of which he portrays with meticulous regard for realistic detail while contriving to make them seem unnaturally grotesque. But once we understand that "The Day of the Locust" is intended as high comedy, and once we see that the slight touch of unreality in the narrative is West's method of trying to convey the feel of Hollywood, this apparently weird, disjointed book begins to assume meaningful shape.

A young painter, Tod Hackett, has taken a job at one of the studios as a set and costume designer. Hollywood fascinates him, but not the Hollywood of the big stars and the important producers; he is obsessed with the people on the streets who "loitered on the corners or stood with their backs to the shop windows and stared at everyone who passed. When their stare was returned, their eyes filled with hatred." The only thing Tod knows about these people is that they have "come to California to die." Later, he learns that

> All their lives they had slaved at some kind of dull, heavy labor, behind desks and counters, in the fields and at tedious machines of all sorts, saving their pennies and dreaming of the leisure that would be theirs when they had enough. Finally that day came. . . . Where else should they go but California, the land of sunshine and oranges?
>
> Once there, they discover that sunshine isn't enough. . . . Nothing happens. They don't know what to do with their time. . . . Their boredom becomes more and more terrible. They realize that they've been tricked and burn with resentment. . . . Nothing can ever be violent enough to make taut their slack minds and bodies. They have been cheated and betrayed. They have slaved and saved for nothing.

These living dead—together with the religious crackpots who worship in all manner of insane churches, venting their rage at the betrayal of their dreams in mad apocalyptic rhetoric—are the people Tod wants to paint. He is planning a painting to be called "The Burning of Los Angeles," in which—anticipating similar Fascist outbreaks throughout the country—they gather, like "a holiday crowd," to set the city afire. "He would not satirize them as Hogarth or Daumier might, nor would he pity them. He would paint their fury with respect, appreciating its awful, anarchic power and aware that they had it in them to destroy civilization." And so, indeed, West paints them in "The Day of the Locust."

So, too, he paints the still living creatures who inhabit Hollywood. The living are tyrannized by dreams, possessed of the same "need for beauty and romance" that once animated the

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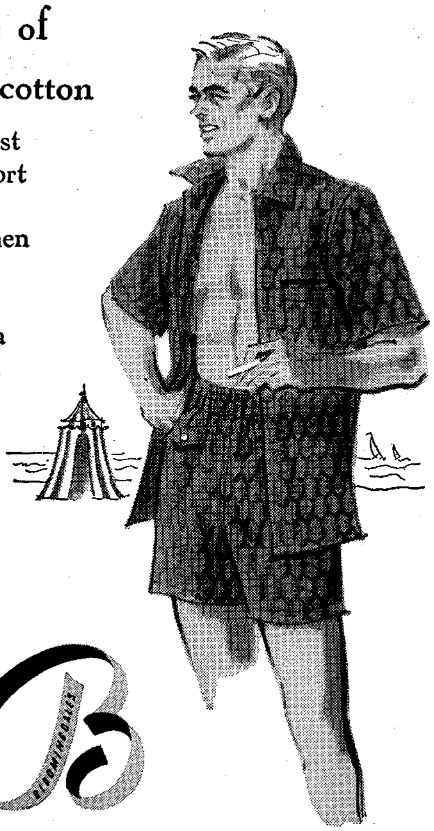

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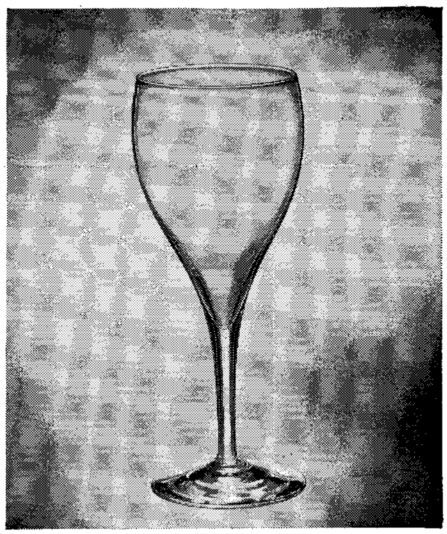

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cheated people now waiting for death, but they have not yet acknowledged the futility of their dreams, the inexorability of their betrayal. In another of a series of pictures he calls "The Dancers," they are driven by the stares of the cheated ones "to spin crazily and leap into the air with twisted backs like hooked trout." This is a precise description of the way they look in the novel. Their bodies move uncontrollably, in jerks and spasms, as though refusing to coöperate in their struggle to achieve grace and dignity. They are "hooked" to the most elaborate, most awkward, most obvious of pretenses. Harry Greener, the broken-down old clown whose gestures all come out of an unfunny vaudeville act; his daughter Faye, who wants to be a star but whose affectations are "so completely artificial" that to be with her "was like being backstage during an amateurish, ridiculous play;" Earle Shoop, the cowboy from Arizona, who goes through life giving an unconvincing, incredibly stiff performance of the strong, silent Western hero; Abe Kusich, a pugnacious dwarf who tries to appear big and tough—these sad creatures make up the living populace of Hollywood. Tod, the artist, associates with them, implicated in their antics (he is in love with Faye), aware of their pretenses, but eager to see value and meaning in their grotesque dance of life.

West's Hollywood is a world in which the alternatives are the bitterness of a living death that is consummated in an orgy of destruction, and a convulsive reaching after nobility and grace that culminates in absurdity. There is no escape from these alternatives: Homer Simpson, the bookkeeper from the Midwest to whom nothing has ever happened, whose dreams are suppressed even in sleep, who has been reduced to a subhuman, almost vegetable condition, is finally "hooked" by the dream of love. In the last scene, Homer, maddened by the cruelty and infidelity of Faye, attacks a child who has annoyed him on the street and is mobbed by a crowd waiting outside a theatre at a movie première. It is this incident which sets off a riot that finally unleashes the "awful, anarchic power" of the cheated and betrayed of Hollywood.

"The Day of the Locust" was West's first attempt to explore the implications of the compassionate view of life he had arrived at in "Miss Lonelyhearts." Gloomy as it seems, this view of life provided a sound basis for writing comedy. "Miss Lonelyhearts" and

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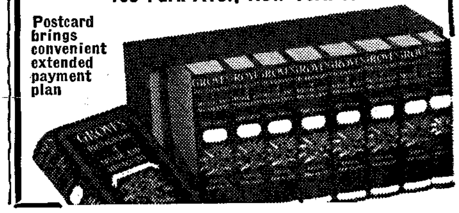

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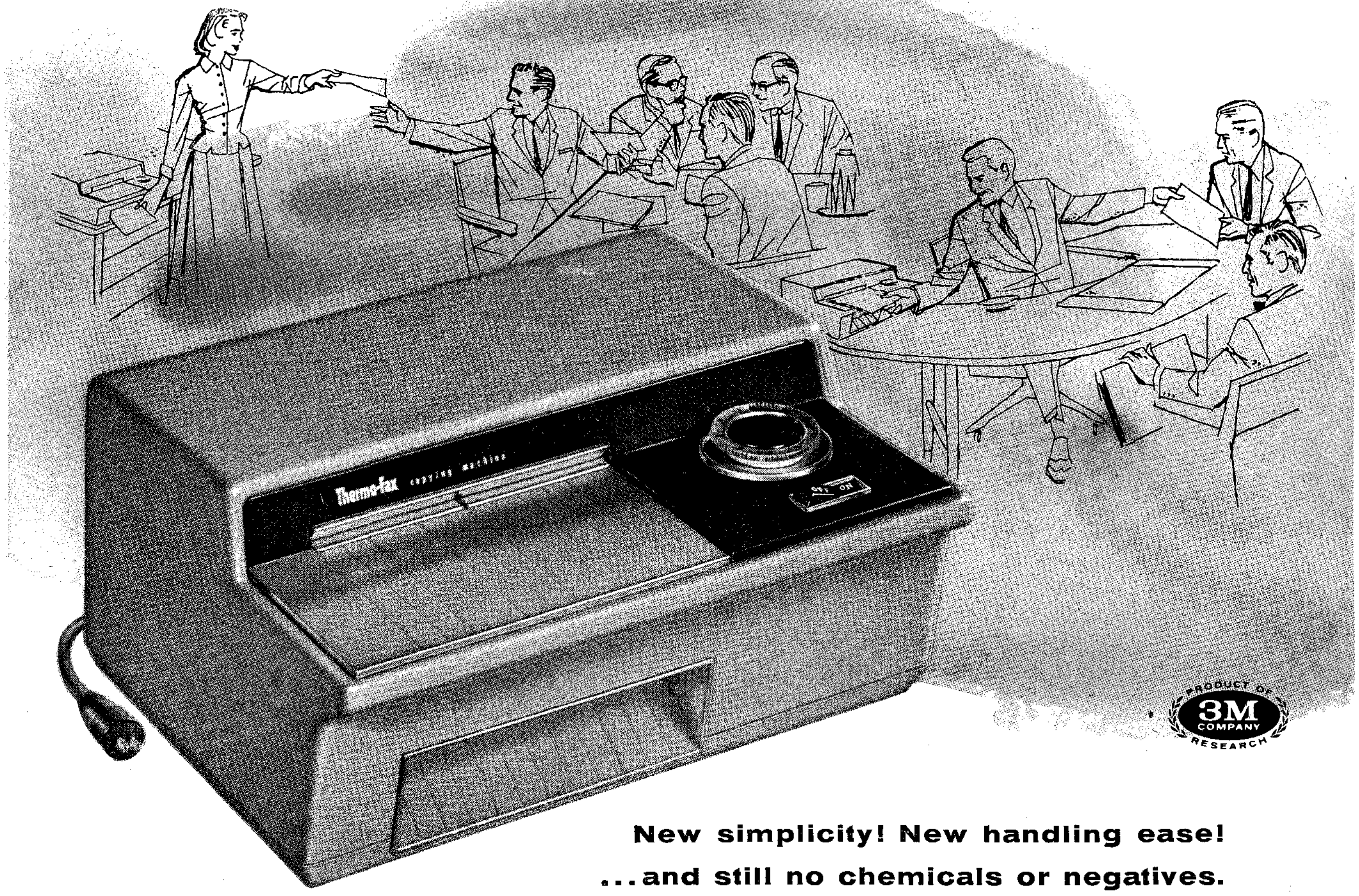
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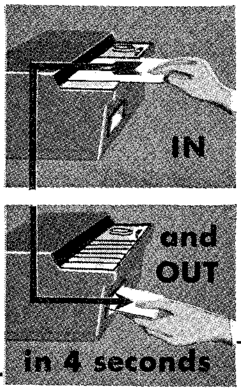

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"The Day of the Locust" are comic novels, not simply because they contain funny passages but because they are about the inability of human beings to be more than human, the absurdity of the human pretense to greatness and nobility. The fact that West has enormous respect for the fury and the hunger behind these pretensions, the fact that he does not demand of people that they surrender their dreams, the fact that he responds to the pathos of their predicament—none of this compromises the comedy. "It is hard," West tells us in "The Day of the Locust," "to laugh at the need for beauty and romance, no matter how tasteless, even horrible, the results of that need are. But it is easy to sigh. Few things are sadder than the truly monstrous." This is one of the lessons that comedy teaches—neither to laugh at the need nor to be taken in by the results. It is also the animating principle of true sympathy, which is why West's "particular kind of joking" has so deep a kinship with the particular kind of compassion that is allied to intelligence and is therefore proof against the assaults of both sentimentality and cynicism.

—NORMAN PODHORETZ

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

FAR, FAR THE MOUNTAIN PEAK, by John Masters (Viking). Mr. Masters' story of the ambitions and loves of a young English empire builder, Peter Savage, begins before a May Week ball at King's College, Cambridge, in 1902 and ends on the icy slope of an unconquerable mountain in India shortly after the First World War. The characters, in addition to the dynamic but penniless Peter, include Peter's rich and wellborn wife, Emily, and Emily's faithful lover, a gentlehearted, wealthy viscount who has wanted her for his own since they played together as children. These three and all the others, who appear in roles suitable to their years and appearance, are seen in the glorious, if blinding and somewhat unsteady, light of history, but the clipped bravado of Mr. Masters' style falls in confusion during his frequent passages of domestic or romantic intimacy.

HER GRACE PRESENTS, by March Cost (Lippincott). This silly, often delightful story describes the career of the beautiful Duchess of Dunster, an agreeable, dependent woman who

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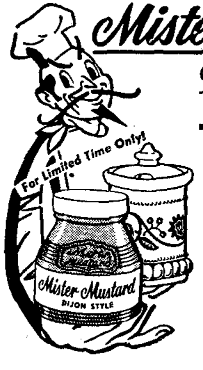

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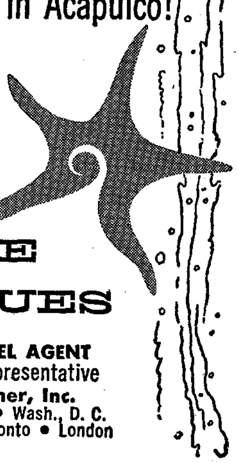

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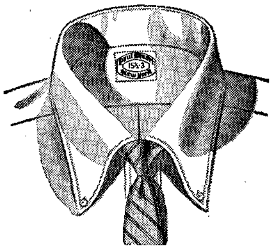

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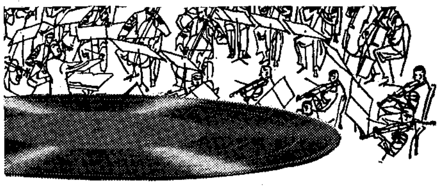

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has had her share of adventure thrust upon her. The Duchess is now in her fifties and ready to meet romance again, but the book deals mainly with her early and middle twenties, when she was the star fitter, in London, for an internationally celebrated Paris corsetière.

SUNK ISLAND, by Hubert Nicholson (Coward-McCann). While Mr. Nicholson's strong, natural style is a pleasure to read, his story of the doomed, irresistible passion existing between a young Yorkshire farmer and a forbidden young woman is unconvincing, because one never believes that the young woman did not really *will* herself to be destroyed, and her brief triumph seems merely pathetic in the light of her final fate. It is a story of farm families, living their hard and isolated lives in the eternal echo of their neighbors' gossip.

DEADLY PATROL, by Laurie W. Andrews (McKay). This confident and conventional novel deals with a British patrol that is sent—at the cost of nine of its eleven men—into the Burmese jungle during the Second World War to destroy a dangerous Japanese artillery team. Although Mr. Andrews writes about the moist horrors of jungle combat with a kind of pushing clarity, the endless seminars that his men hold on war and home eventually bring his narrative to a dead stop.

GENERAL

TIDES OF CRISIS, by Adolf A. Berle, Jr. (Reynal). This book, which may well be one of the most important works on America's role in world affairs to have appeared in a long time, is subtitled "A Primer of Foreign Relations." Simplification, however, is not the author's purpose. What he has done here is to use history, economics, and the wisdom he has gained from long experience in workaday diplomacy as tools to open up an understanding of the dilemma that the modern world faces in deciding between the two ideologies that have split it down the middle—Communism and the philosophy of a free society. Mr. Berle then goes on to spell out how, in terms of leadership, concerted action, and economic justice, a positive peace (which is not the same as the absence of war) can be achieved and the great objective of free men and free women, "working in a framework of universal order permitting them to attain and use the

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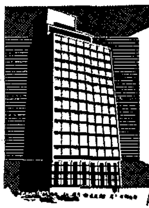

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resources of the twentieth century" realized. Along the way, he makes side excursions into the troubled areas of crisis (Central Europe, the Middle East, and the Asian coast) and into the workings of the United Nations—an organization, he believes, that is indispensable to the final solution of the world's ills, and one that would have to be instantly reinvented if it should fail. Mr. Berle writes with his customary clarity and vitality, and ends his book with a critique of American foreign policy that has moments of acerbity but is generally fair and constructive.

THE HIDDEN PERSUADERS, by Vance Packard (McKay). This brisk, authoritative book is a funny and frightening report on how such pressure groups as manufacturers, fund-raisers, and politicians are attempting, with the help of advertising agencies and publicists, to turn the American mind into a kind of catatonic dough that will buy, give, or vote at their command. This is being achieved with marked success, the author points out, through a variety of mass interviewing techniques, generally called "motivational research," that have been developed in the past decade or so by a continually swelling battery of psychologists and social scientists working in independent agencies or as built-in parts of major advertising firms. Motivational research, which charts the subconscious mind of the average consumer and then tells the merchandiser how to take advantage of the findings, has discovered, for example, that a recent widespread slump in prune sales was partly the result of prunes' being associated with old maids and stinginess (the cure: bright-colored ads depicting prunes as a new "wonder fruit"); that tea had suffered a similar decline because consumers had it entangled with the Boston Tea Party and sissies (the cure: ads showing perspiring men drinking iced tea straight out of the pitcher); and that long cigarette holders went into eclipse because they were connected with the idle rich or with F.D.R. (the cure: new, stubby holders, designed in "masculine browns and blacks"). At the end of the book, Mr. Packard sternly questions the morality of mass persuasion and mentions some of the already envisioned ends of such techniques—Presidential campaigns controlled entirely by advertising agencies, and the use of bio-electronics, whereby the population could be manipulated

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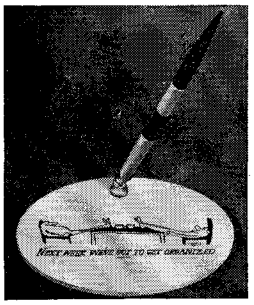

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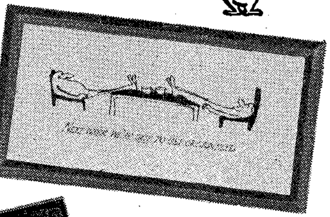

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completely by an electronic receiver painlessly and permanently attached to the head in childhood.

ATOMS FOR THE WORLD, by Laura Fermi (University of Chicago Press). An eyewitness account of the International Conference on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy, which met in Geneva in the summer of 1955. As the readers of "Atoms in the Family" know, Mrs. Fermi is a skillful popularizer of science, with a nice, easygoing style, and here she tells us, informally and non-technically, of discussions held by the physicists, biochemists, biologists, and other scientists who went to Geneva to exchange ideas about such things as the use of radio-isotopes in the treatment of cancer and the "slow neutron capture therapy" of brain tumors. As she goes along, she provides some fascinating glimpses of the Russian nuclear scientists, and her remarks on their eagerness both to absorb and to impart knowledge are the high spot of the book, leading one to hope that there is a widely shared urge to employ the atom for peace. Many photographs.

"WHERE DID YOU GO?" "OUT" "WHAT DID YOU DO?" "NOTHING," by Robert Paul Smith (Norton). A classic evocation, unashamedly full of nostalgia and sentiment, of the sort of childhood that the author (who is forty-one) had somewhere in New York State and that he feels the children of today, with their three-speed phonographs and Disneyed imaginations, sadly don't know anything about. It was a time when knickerbockers could be filled with chestnuts or stolen nails; when mumblety-peg, immies, and Two-for-Biting were common coin; when doing absolutely nothing was the epitome of busyness; when three children read a new Tom Swift simultaneously; when the turntable of a windup Victrola shot marbles straight across the room; and when all adults misunderstood. None of this, of course, is particularly new—not even to at least *some* contemporary children—but Mr. Smith writes about it in a prose that is a masterly mixture of up-country drawl and "Huckleberry Finn," and in a way that makes one know exactly what he means when he says, "You may think [the treehouse] was only one story up in the air. How, then, do you account for the fact that the air was thin, and we were continually surrounded by eagles?"

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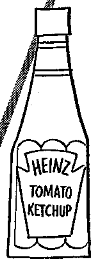

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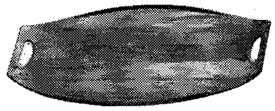

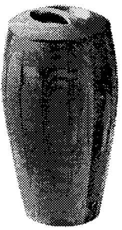

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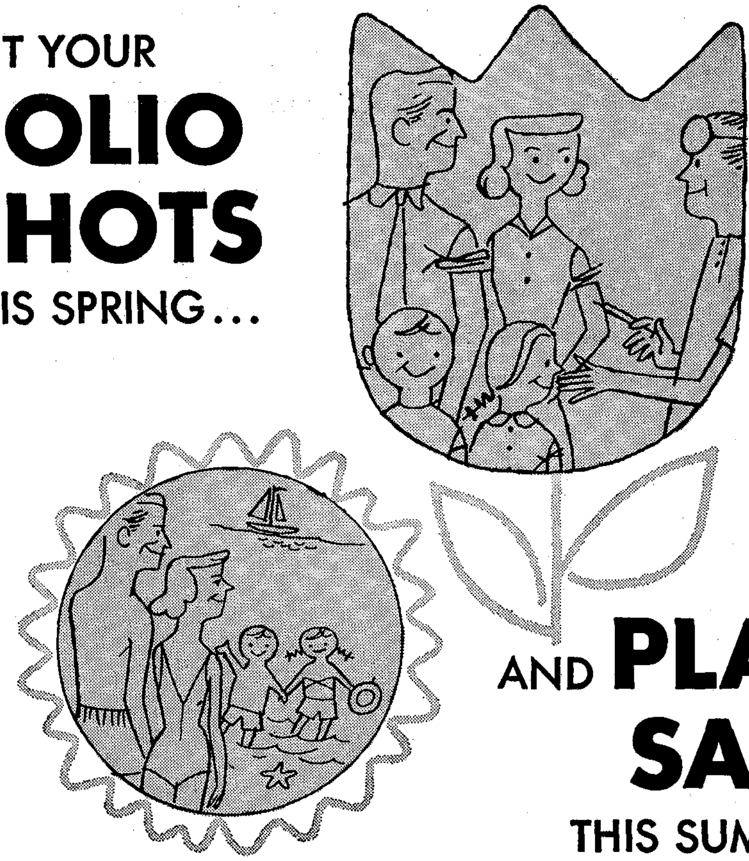
First-rate line drawings by James J. Spanfeller.

Devil's Brood, by Alfred Duggan (Coward-McCann). An agreeably mannered political-military history of twelfth-century Europe, with emphasis on the house of Anjou, whose satanically ambitious members—Henry II, the first Plantagenet king of England; his wife, Eleanor of Aquitaine; and their sons, Henry, Geoffrey, John, and Richard Cœur de Lion—dominated the period. The author, who is thoroughly at home in the Middle Ages, also finds time to instruct us in such marvels of human ingenuity as feudal law, courtly love, and chivalry. Popular scholarship at its best. Illustrated with drawings by Georg Hartmann and an end-paper map.

Any Old Place with You, by William K. Zinsser (Simon & Schuster). A waggish chronicle of two recent trips that the author, a film critic for the *Herald Tribune*, made with his wife through Africa and Southeast Asia, where they encountered, among other things, the Watusi, armies of tourists from the Midwest, an American film company, and a Hong Kong tailor who would make up three perfectly fitted suits, of the best materials and in any style, in twenty-four hours at thirty-five dollars apiece. Drawings by Robert Day.

The Day Christ Died, by Jim Bishop (Harper). The sublime story of the Last Supper, the betrayal, and the Crucifixion, as recorded by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, is here recited with painful piety in the accents of modern documentary journalism. The result is long, leaden, and wholly lacking in nobility. A Literary Guild selection.

Drum, by Anthony Sampson (Houghton Mifflin). An account of the three and a half years, from 1951 to 1955, that the author spent as the editor of *Drum*, a monthly magazine written for and mostly by the Negroes of South Africa and published in Johannesburg. When Mr. Sampson, who was fresh out of Oxford, took on the job, *Drum* was only four issues old and had a shaky circulation of twenty thousand. When he resigned, its circulation had been quintupled and it had been officially blessed as a legitimate voice of the urban African Negro by being frequently and roundly attacked in the white press. Mr. Sampson's book is not primarily a record of the magazine's grow-



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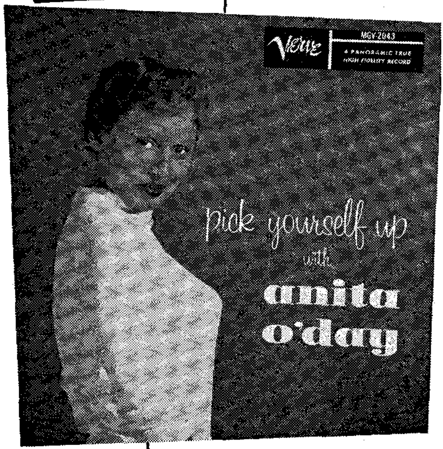

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ing pains but, rather, a series of jaunty, almost novelistic episodes—set in a Negro prison in Johannesburg, in a Negro home in a suburb, in various Negro night clubs, on a forced-labor farm in the country—that document, sometimes with a face-to-face intensity, the way South African Negroes talk, act, and think when the white *baas* is not around. Unfortunately, however, the telling effect that he might have achieved by his casual approach to tragic material is lessened considerably by his style, which seems to have been squirted out, instead of written. Good photographs.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY AND HIS FRIENDS, by Henry James (Grove). William Wetmore Story (1819-95) was the son of Supreme Court Justice Joseph Story, of Boston. He himself studied and practiced law, but he gave it up to become a sculptor and poet, and lived for many years in Italy. On his death, the Story family engaged Henry James to write his life. James made what he could of the papers that were given him, which included correspondence with the Brownings and reminiscences of Lowell, Landor, Tennyson, and others, but, though scrupulously tactful as ever, he made no attempt to pretend that he considered Story any more than mediocre either as a sculptor or as a writer, and the book becomes an elegy, full of pathos and a sense of futility, on the type of old-fashioned Bostonian who tried to put Boston behind him and come to flower in Europe as an artist. But this version of Story's career was unpalatable to the family, who would not accept James's biography and had a more flattering one written. James's book, which has been out of print for years, stands up on its own merits. Since it includes many personal impressions of Americans in Italy and such celebrities as Mrs. Browning, it really belongs among his autobiographical writings, and in this vein it contains some of his most exquisite pages.

G. M.: MEMORIES OF GEORGE MOORE, by Nancy Cunard (Macmillan). Miss Cunard first knew the subject of this pensive memoir as a frequent visitor to her parents' country house in Leicestershire in the years before the First World War, and he so beguiled her with his antic imagination, his spinsterish wit, and his artistic integrity that she remained his devoted friend until his death in 1933. Her attempts to recapture his elusive

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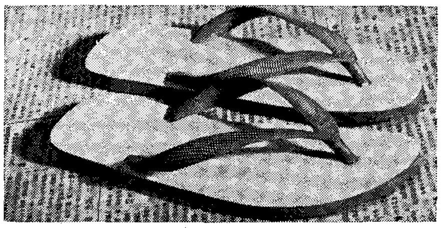
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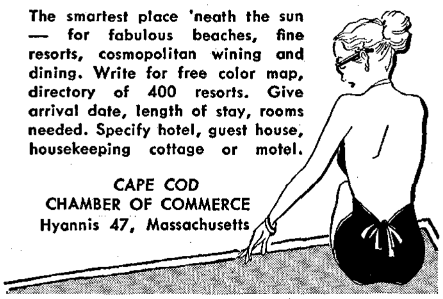
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appeal are not, it must be said, entirely successful (indeed, his fussy frivolity is often downright embarrassing), but when she shows us the man in relation to his craft, we can easily understand both her affection and her respect. Illustrated.

The Unheroic Hero, by Raymond Giraud (Rutgers). An unusually lively Ph.D. thesis on the far from Byronic bourgeois hero in the novels of Stendhal, Balzac, and Flaubert. Dr. Giraud has some shrewd things to say about the writer and the new mass public of the nineteenth century (he prints an amazing letter from Baudelaire to his publisher, in which the poet offers to share the cost of billboard advertising for "Les Fleurs du Mal"), and he concludes with some disturbing parallels to our own time.

Poets in a Landscape, by Gilbert Highet (Knopf). Mr. Highet has rescued seven Latin poets, beginning with Catullus and ending with Juvenal, from the library shelves and has set them down in their native towns and villages, described their characters, and then taken them to the streets of Rome, re-creating the atmosphere of their times with charm and lucidity. He has also supplied translations of their work that keep close to the form of the originals, as well as a set of photographs of Rome and of the poets' countrysides. A delightful book, by a scholar in whose mind the ancient world has evidently remained vividly alive.

The Loves of Krishna, by W. G. Archer (Macmillan). The author has had the excellent idea of telling the story of Krishna in order to provide a key to Indian painting; as he reasonably points out, a cultivated Indian would want to know the life of Jesus before trying to understand Italian and Flemish art. After Mr. Archer has synopsized relevant parts of the "Mahabharata," the "Bhagavata Purana," and such later erotic poetry as the "Gita Govinda," the reader has some appreciation of the marvellous complexity of Krishna, who is at once an amorous cowherd pursuing the cowgirl Radha; an unprincipled warrior and counsellor; a great king married to 16,108 queens, by each of whom he has ten sons and a daughter; and the supreme earthly incarnation of the god Vishnu. Thirty-nine plates of Indian paintings are reproduced in halftone at the end of the book, and these are so much more meaningful and impressive after the text has been read

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that Mr. Archer's experiment can only be called a brilliant success.

GOYA, text by Xavière Desparmet FitzGerald, plates by Annibale Belli (Scribner). The text of this book is a bit dry, but that may be an advantage, for Goya's life, with its endless quarrels, lawsuits, and love affairs, was stormy enough to require no literary pyrotechnics. Dry as it may be, however, it is also highly informative, describing the complicated and, in the end, tragic course of the artist's long career in full, if somewhat terse, detail. The thirty-six plates, all in color and of small-folio size, are extremely handsome, and while many of the better-known paintings, like the famous portrait of Don Manuel Osorio de Zuñiga, are left out, there are, by way of compensation, a considerable number of much less familiar ones. Most interesting, perhaps, is a rarely reproduced series that Goya painted late in life as decorations for his country house, outside Madrid. Painted swiftly, and in generally sombre tones, these present the artist in his most savagely ironic mood.

NOTE: "Memories of a Catholic Girlhood," a series of autobiographical pieces by Mary McCarthy, most of which first appeared in this magazine, has been published by Harcourt, Brace. Miss McCarthy has written a long introduction and has also provided notes between the chapters.

•

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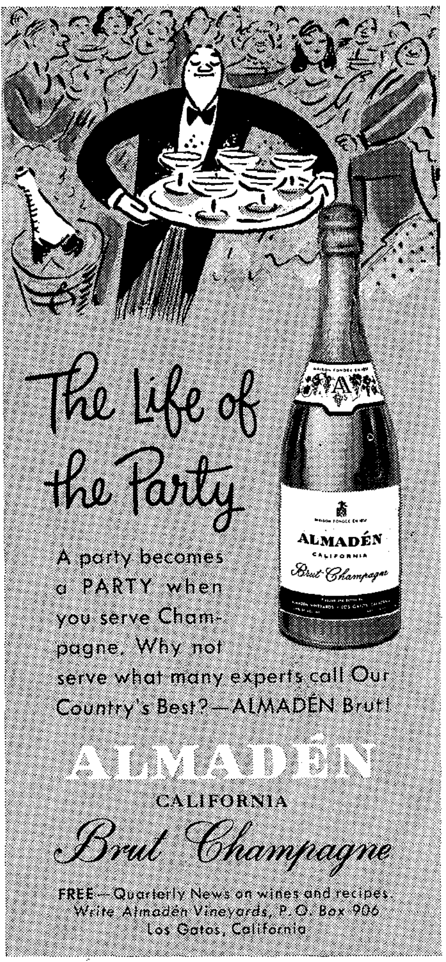

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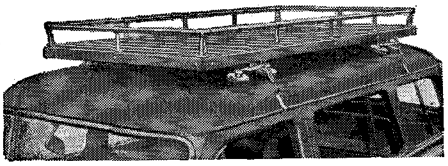

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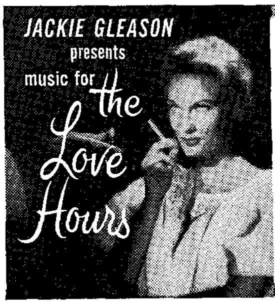

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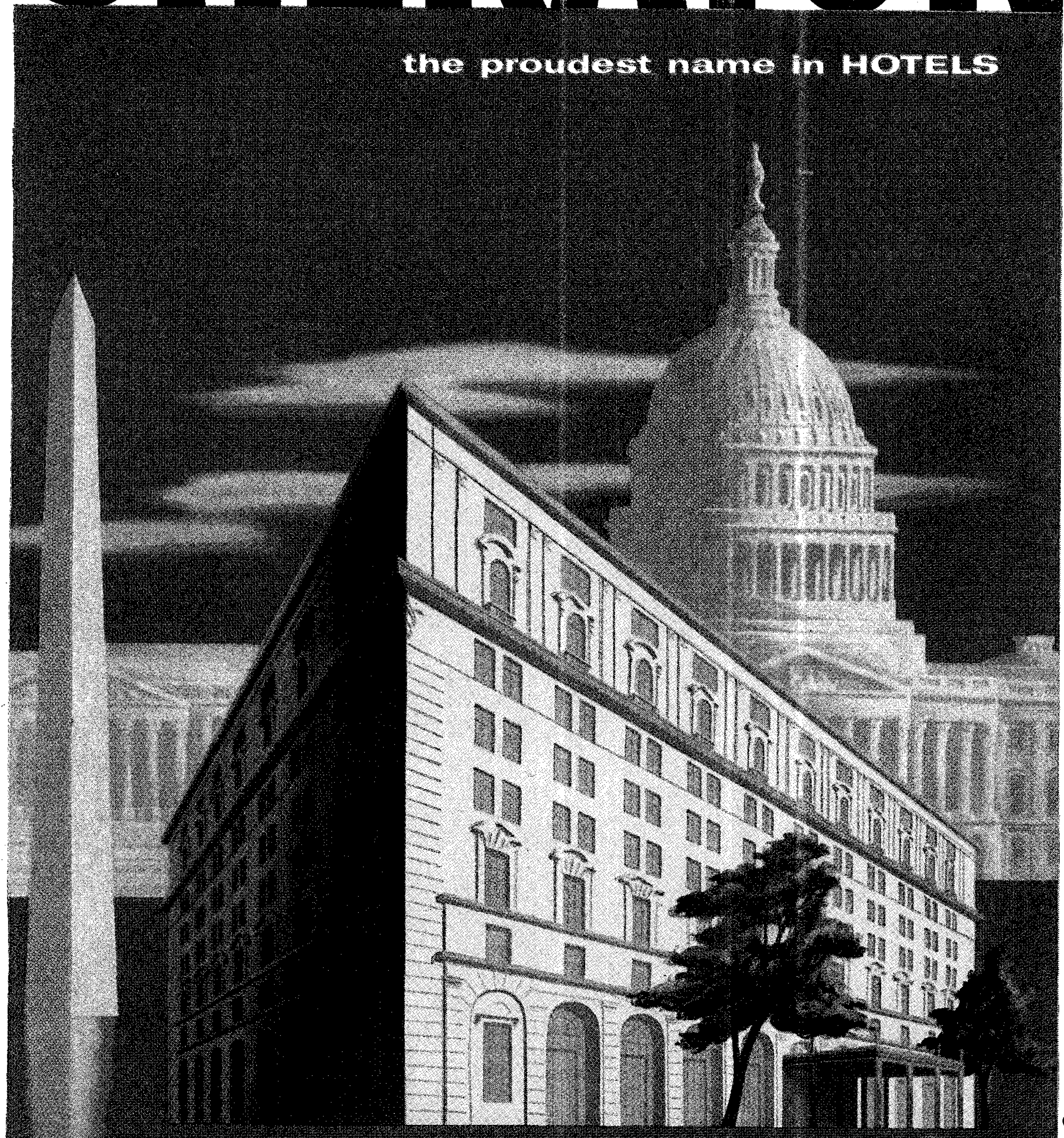

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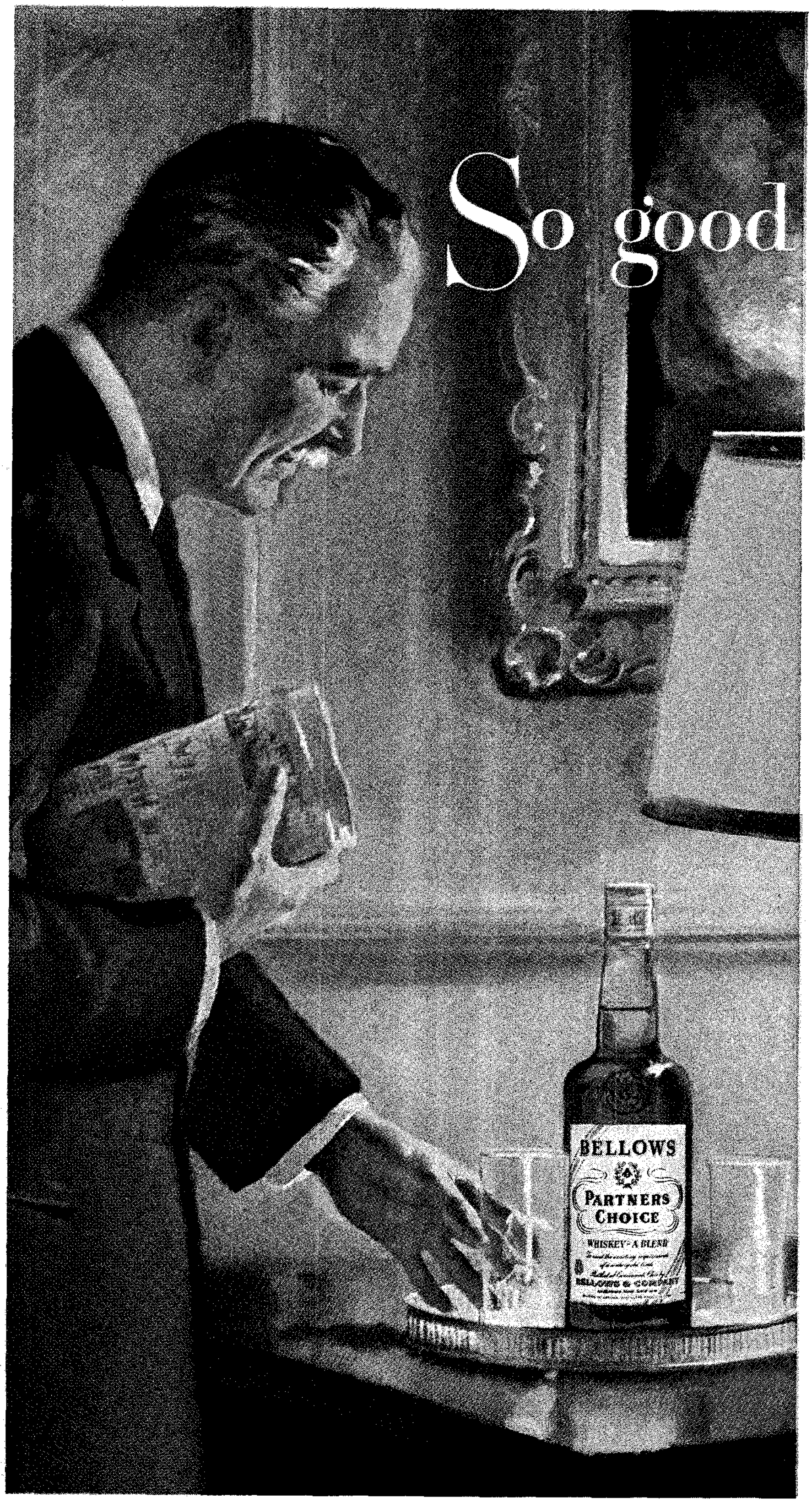

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